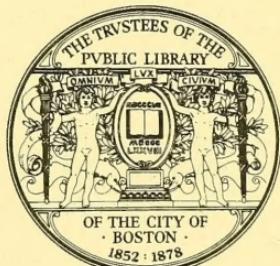


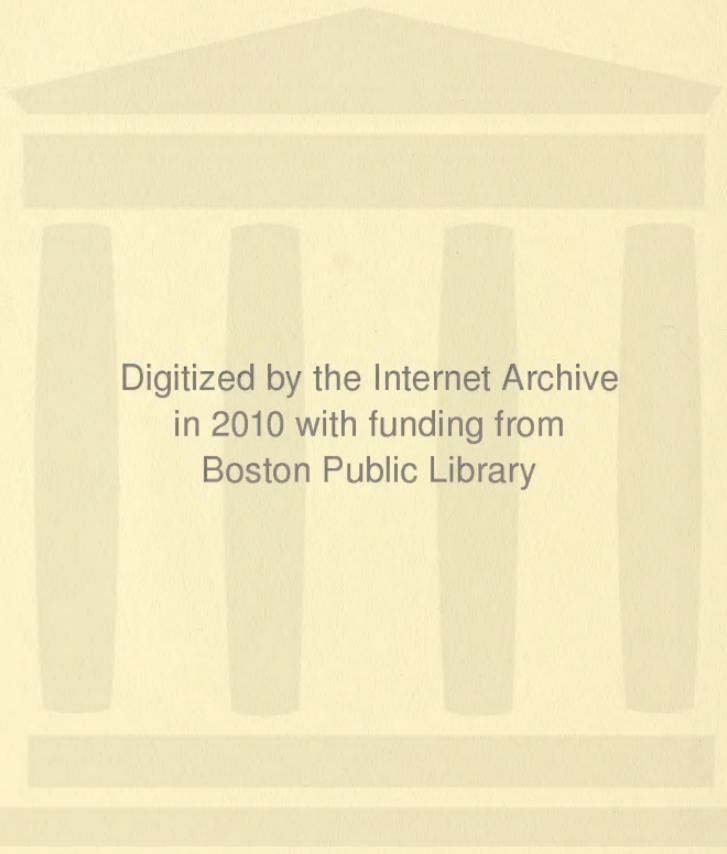
Rev. T. J. Woods

Boston,
Public Library



Patrick Donahoe, 1811-1901
Gura slán do'

Given by
James Ford



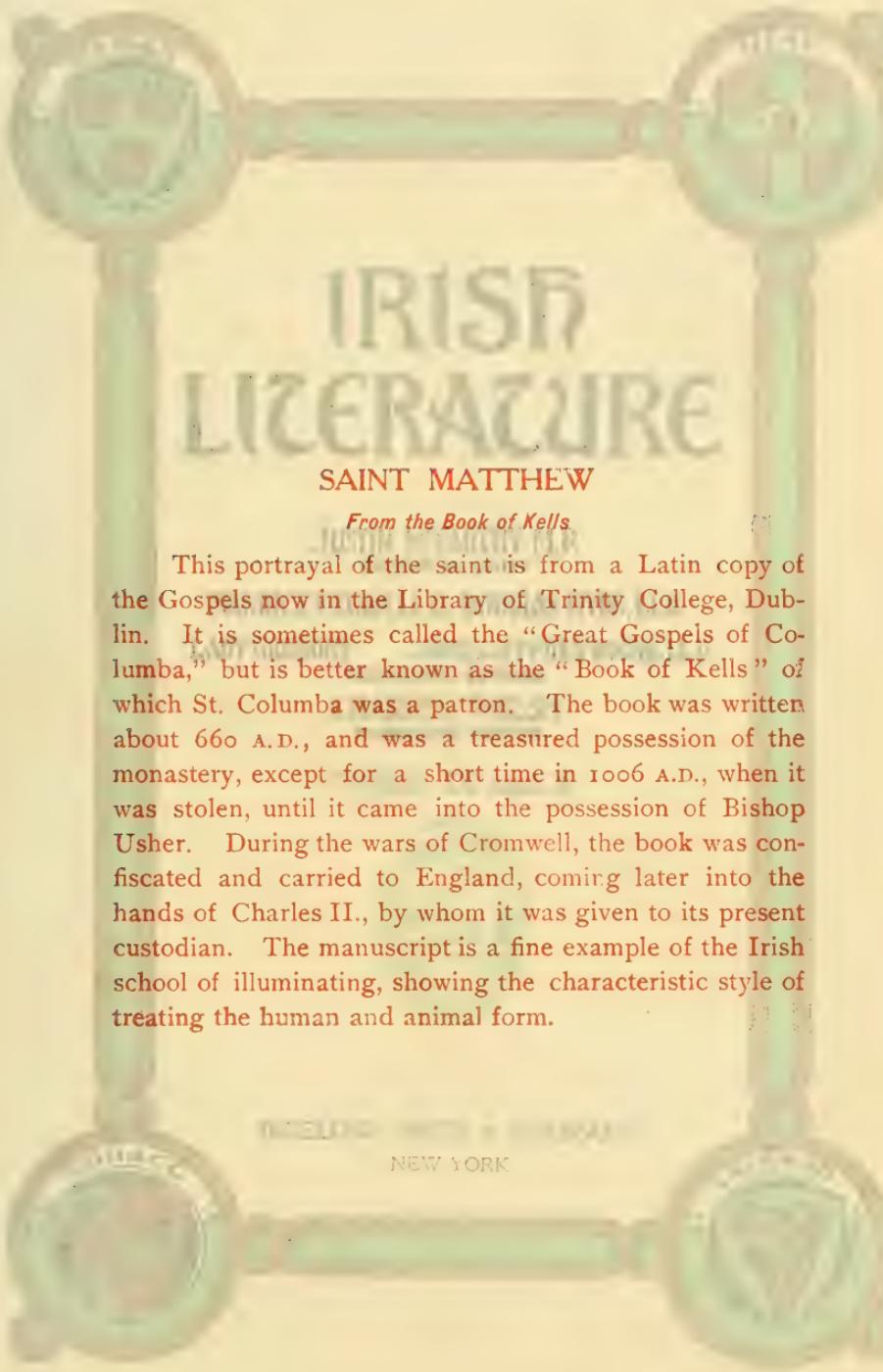
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
Boston Public Library

IRISH LITERATURE

EIRE







IRISH LITERATURE

SAINT MATTHEW

From the Book of Kells.

This portrayal of the saint is from a Latin copy of the Gospels now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is sometimes called the "Great Gospels of Columba," but is better known as the "Book of Kells" of which St. Columba was a patron. The book was written about 660 A.D., and was a treasured possession of the monastery, except for a short time in 1006 A.D., when it was stolen, until it came into the possession of Bishop Usher. During the wars of Cromwell, the book was confiscated and carried to England, coming later into the hands of Charles II., by whom it was given to its present custodian. The manuscript is a fine example of the Irish school of illuminating, showing the characteristic style of treating the human and animal form.

NEW YORK

• 7.000 - 8.000

IRISH LITERATURE

JUSTIN McCARTHY M.P.
EDITOR IN CHIEF

MAURICE F. EGAN,LL.D. DOUGLAS HYDE,LL.D.

LADY GREGORY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE,LL.D.
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
CHARLES WELSH
MANAGING EDITOR

VOLS. IX and X



BIGELOW, SMITH & COMPANY
NEW YORK

12733

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY
JOHN D. MORRIS & COMPANY

EDITORIAL BOARD AND ADVISORY COMMITTEE

THE HON. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL.D., of the Catholic University, Washington	DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.
LADY GREGORY	JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, LL.D., Editor <i>The Pilot</i>
STANDISH O'GRADY	G. W. RUSSELL ("A. E.")
D. J. O'DONOGHUE	STEPHEN GWYNN
Prof. F. N. ROBINSON, of Harvard University	Prof. W. P. TRENT, of Columbia University
W. P. RYAN	Prof. H. S. PANCOAST
	JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P.

CHARLES WELSH, Managing Editor

Author of 'The Life of John Newbery' (Goldsmith's friend and publisher).

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND THEIR WRITERS

IRISH LITERATURE	Justin McCarthy
MODERN IRISH POETRY	William Butler Yeats
EARLY IRISH LITERATURE	Douglas Hyde, LL.D.
IRELAND'S INFLUENCE ON EUROPEAN LITERATURE	Dr. George Sigerson
IRISH NOVELS	Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D.
IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES	Charles Welsh
THE IRISH SCHOOL OF ORATORY	J. F. Taylor, K.C.
THE SUNNINESS OF IRISH LIFE	Michael MacDonagh
IRISH WIT AND HUMOR	D. J. O'Donoghue
THE IRISH LITERARY THEATER	Stephen Gwynn
A GLANCE AT IRELAND'S HISTORY	Charles Welsh
STREET SONGS AND BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE	

BIOGRAPHIES AND LITERARY APPRECIATIONS

BY

GEORGE W. RUSSELL ("A. E.")	W. B. YEATS
W. P. RYAN	S. J. RICHARDSON
CHARLES WELSH	STANDISH O'GRADY
DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.	D. J. O'DONOGHUE
T. W. ROLLESTON	AUSTIN DOBSON
G. BARNETT SMITH	DR. G. SIGERSON
H. C. BUNNER	N. P. WILLIS
G. A. GREENE	LIONEL JOHNSON

A GLANCE AT IRELAND'S HISTORY.

WE shall arrive at a better appreciation of Irish literature, if we know something of Irish history, for history is one expression of life, as literature is another. The first step, and the easiest and quickest way of getting a general idea of the history of a country is to acquaint one's self with the lives of the great men and women who have figured in it;—develop centers of interest along the line of biography, and the setting of the rest is easy. This the reader will have ample opportunity to do in the pages of '*IRISH LITERATURE*'.

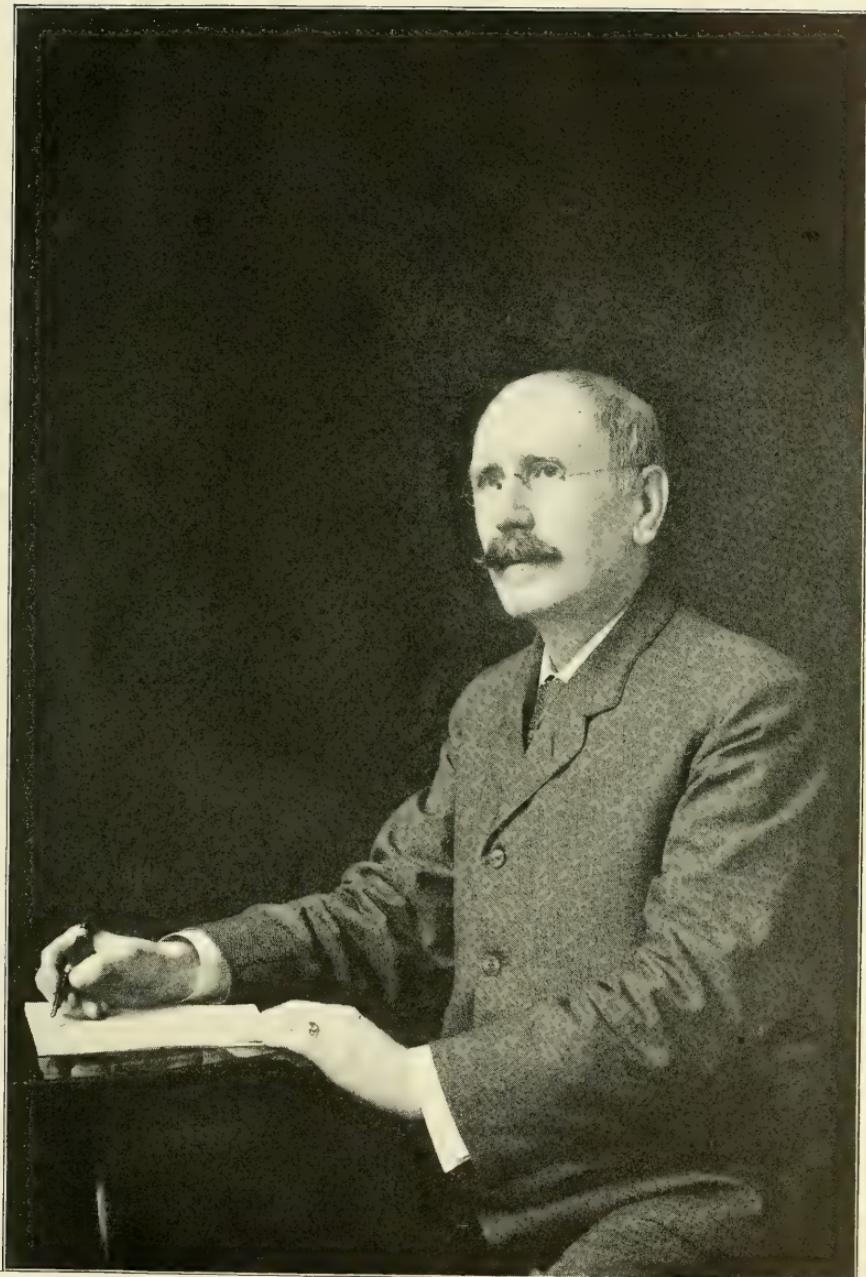
It is impossible in the brief space at our command to do more than rapidly sketch the outline of Irish history, pointing out as we go on some of the great figures who have helped to make it, the study of whose lives is absolutely necessary if one would understand the relation in which the history and the literature of the country stand to each other.

How or when Ireland was first peopled we have no means of knowing. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries the earlier history of the country, which had been preserved by a special class in order to keep the genealogical records of the ruling families and the memories of their deeds, was fitted with a chronology and synchronized with the annals of historic nations. These ethnic legends of Ireland no doubt contained the main facts as to the early peopling of the country, though there must be much confusion and lack of proportion as to both the relative and the absolute time. These Irish legends record the invasion of six successive races: the Parthalonians, the Nemedians, the Fomorians, the Firbolgs, the Dedannans, and the Milesians. These names are given in the supposed order in which the invasions took place, but the dates usually assigned to them are purely mythical, and the directions from which the invaders came are not exactly known. The country of Ireland was referred to by various pagan writers before Christ, but little is known with certainty of its inhabitants until the fourth century after Christ, when they began to invade Roman Britain.

It is a little curious that the Roman invasion never became permanent in Ireland. There are no place-names in Ireland embalming a history of Roman civilization, as do those of Chester, Leicester, Manchester, etc., in England. There seems to be little doubt that Christianity and the use of letters were introduced by St. Patrick into Ireland, about A.D. 450, although until St. Columba, or Columkille, came, one hundred years later, their influence was not very widely felt. From that time onward, while the hordes of the North were sweeping over Europe and breaking the power of Rome, Ireland, being off the beaten track, in what may be called a remote corner of Europe, became the seat of Western learning, and for nearly four hundred years was known as the Island of Saints and Scholars. Monasteries and places of learning sprang up all over the country, and learned men from Ireland were welcomed with distinguished honors at every court and seat of learning in Europe.

With the ninth century came, however, the first invasion of the Danes, and for two hundred years the arts of learning and of peace were banished from Ireland. Had the people been able to present a united front to the foe, however, there is no doubt that the invasion could have been speedily repelled. Unfortunately, the country was governed by a number of petty chiefs headed by an over-king. They were constantly at war with each other, and therefore became easy prey to the Danes, until there arose in the eleventh century the ever famous Brian Boroimhe—the conqueror. He succeeded in uniting the numberless factions and in driving the invaders back to their own coasts. Next to St. Patrick, Brian Boroimhe stands out as the most colossal and striking figure in Irish history. Much that is legendary has grown up around his memory and his deeds, but enough of fact is known to make his life and character as well worth study as that of King Alfred or of George Washington.

At his death division and anarchy again set in, and lasted for one hundred and fifty years. Profiting by this condition, Henry II. of England, at about the end of the twelfth century, determined to conquer Ireland. For the next six and a half centuries the history of Ireland is a long, black catalogue of wars of conquest and obstinate



CHARLES WELSH
Managing Editor Irish Literature

resistance; of confiscation and plunder, of tyranny and injustices, nay, even of extermination itself. It will, of course, be impossible within the limits of this article to enumerate the events of that dark and bloody period, or to give the names of the long list of martyrs who perished for their country.

In the reign of Edward III. the use of the Irish language was forbidden, the ancient laws abolished, and intermarriages of English and Irish declared criminal.

The infamous Poynings Act of 1495 still further muzzled the Irish people.

Till the time of Henry VIII. the tyranny was directed to the whole race of native Irish, and with the coming of the Reformation this was intensified a thousand-fold. Henry suppressed the monasteries and cut off the tribute to the papal see; there was a gleam of hope for the Irish Catholics in Mary's reign, but Elizabeth imposed Protestant clergy on the Irish and confiscated the ecclesiastical property. The suppression of the rebellion of Hugh O'Neill, which broke out in her reign, led to the whole country being parcelled out among English colonists. The untrustworthy Charles I. promised reforms, and took money from Ireland in payment for them, but never carried them out.

Under the stern Cromwell the condition of the Irish became worse than ever. A rebellion had broken out in the reign of Charles I.—the rising of 1641, which made forever famous the names of Sir Phelim O'Neill, Roger O'More, Conor M'Guire, O'Farrell, Clanricarde, Owen Roe O'Neill, and Red Hugh O'Donnell—which continued after his death, and Cromwell with the greatest cruelty reduced the island to nominal submission in nine months, but the native chiefs remained in the country undisturbed.

In the reigns of Charles II. and James II. there was some prospect of amelioration, but even under the latter, Ireland was again turned into a theater of war. And there are few more brilliant pages in history than the record of the siege of Derry, the battle of the Boyne, the defense of Limerick, and the battles of Athlone and Aughrim, while the names of McCarthy More, and Patrick Sarsfield are forever held in honor by a grateful people for their brave deeds.

The treaty of Limerick, which followed these events, was signed in 1691 and the stone on which it was signed is still to be seen beside Thomond Bridge in that city. The infamous ignoring of this treaty by the conqueror was a violation of plighted honor which has done more than any one event to keep alive Irish hatred and distrust of England.

The Penal Laws of 1695-97 imposed still further disabilities upon the people, and the history of the next hundred years contains little beyond the enforcement of these laws and the consequent rebellions against them. With the American war of independence and the French Revolution came more liberal ideas, and there was some slight attempt at relief by the repeal of Poynings' Act and the securing of the legislative independence of the Irish Parliament. The names of the famous patriot orators, Burke, Grattan, and Flood, stand out in the annals of this century. But it took another hundred years of revolt and uprising, another hundred years of English opposition and coercion, before the Irish people secured the liberties they to-day enjoy.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century patriotic societies were formed, which resulted in the rebellion of 1798—in connection with which the names of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, John and Henry Sheares, loom large. This rebellion was suppressed in 1800, and in 1801 Ireland was tricked out of its Parliament and cheated into union with Great Britain.

But the Union was no sooner accomplished than the undaunted Irishmen set about its undoing. The name of Robert Emmet will for ever be remembered as the first to wage active war against the Union. He planned an uprising in Dublin which failed, and he was hanged in that city in 1803. The great Daniel O'Connell, who won a measure of Catholic emancipation early in the nineteenth century, began to agitate for the repeal of the Union, and the movement grew until, in 1844, the leaders, including, besides O'Connell, Thomas Steele, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, John Gray, Richard Barrett, T. M. Ray, and two clergymen, were prosecuted and imprisoned.

This great movement led to the founding of *The Nation* newspaper and the outbreak of a flood of patriotic poetry

from all classes of people, the like of which can scarcely be found in the history of any other nation—it awakened the intellect of Ireland from slumber and set literary impulses at work, the results of which are felt at the present day.

In the year 1845 a terrible calamity befell the Irish people, in the failure of the potato crop, and it is calculated that in the course of a few years Ireland lost five millions of its people by famine, fever, and emigration.

No sooner had the Repeal agitation failed than the "Young Ireland" party was formed with similar objects, led by Thomas Davis, Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchel, Martin, Duffy, MacManus, and others. The society was, however, broken up, its leaders were prosecuted, and the Fenian Brotherhood arose, having for its object the separation of Ireland from England. This organization was, in its turn, destroyed by the British Government. It is on record, however, that Mr. Gladstone said: "The intensity of Fenianism was one of the causes that led to the disestablishment of the Irish Church in 1869 and the passing of the Irish Land Act in 1870." The Home Rule Association under the leadership of Mr. Isaac Butt was formed immediately on the collapse of the Fenian Brotherhood. Later on came the Irish National Land League, with Michael Davitt as leader, which the Government attempted to break up by imprisoning fourteen of its members, including Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, Biggar, Sexton, and T. D. Sullivan. Indeed at one time or another nearly all the Irish members were imprisoned. The Land League was ultimately suppressed, but the National League, with Mr. C. S. Parnell as its leader, raised its head immediately afterward.

And now at length the attention of the British Government was forced to a consideration of the claims which the Irish people in and out of Parliament had been so persistently making on behalf of their country. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone brought forward a measure for giving Ireland a Parliament of her own, accompanied by a land purchase scheme. This was rejected, and a second Home Rule Bill was brought forward in 1893, only to share the same fate. In 1898 a great step was made by the passing of the Local Government Act. Various other measures of relief affecting education and ownership of land have been

passed by the British Government since then, but much remains yet to be done in this and in other directions.

The remarkable movements in art and letters in Ireland at the close of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth centuries, need not be referred to here, as they are dealt with in other departments in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

Aras: Welsh

STRONGBOWS' MONUMENT IN CHRIST
CHURCH CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN



CONTENTS OF VOLUME IX.

	PAGE
A GLANCE AT IRELAND'S HISTORY.—<i>Charles Welsh</i>	vii
STREET SONGS AND BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE	
<i>(Continued)</i>	3299
The Maid of Cloghroe	3299
Molly Muldoon	3300
The Native Irishman	3304
Nell Flaherty's Drake	3306
The Night Before Larry was Stretched	3308
On the Colleen Bawn	3310
Protestant Boys	3311
The Rakes of Mallow	3312
The Shan Van Vocht	3313
Shule Aroon	3315
The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greatly, and Mullen	3316
The Star of Slane	3317
Tipperary Recruiting Song	3318
Trust to Luck	3319
The Wearin' o' the Green	3320
Willy Reilly	3321
SULLIVAN, ALEXANDER MARTIN	3323
Sarsfield's Ride, fr. 'The Story of Ireland'	3323
Our Exiles, fr. Speech in London, 1882	3328
Farewell	3331
SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY DANIEL	3333
Rackrenters on the Stump	3333
God Save Ireland	3339
You and I	3340
Dear Old Ireland	3341

	PAGE
SWIFT, JONATHAN	3343
Gulliver Among the Pigmies, fr. 'Gulliver's Travels'	3346
Gulliver Among the Giants, fr. 'Gulliver's Travels'	3354
A Short View of Ireland, 1727	3361
Concerning the Brass Halfpence, fr. 'The Drapier Letters'	3368
Extract, fr. the Journal to Stella	3377
Thoughts on Various Subjects	3378
On the Death of Dr. Swift	3379
To Stella	3387
Twelve Articles	3388
Time	3389
A Circle	3389
The Vowels	3389
TAYLOR, JOHN F.	3390
A Century of Subjection, fr. 'A Life of Owen Roe O'Neill'	3390
TODD, JAMES HENTHORN	3400
St. Patrick's Success, fr. 'St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland'	3400
TODHUNTER, JOHN	3403
The Waves' Legend on the Strand of Bala	3404
Forsaken	3406
In September	3406
Waiting	3408
Longing	3408
The Banshee	3409
Aghadoe	3410
Fairy Gold	3411
TONE, THEOBALD WOLFE	3413
Essay on the State of Ireland in 1720	3415
Interviews with Buonaparte, fr. Tone's Journal	3418
The State of Ireland in 1798, fr. 'The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone'	3421

	PAGE
TONNA, MRS. (CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH)	3428
The Maiden City	3428
The Orangeman's Submission	3430
TRENCH, HERBERT	3431
Deirdre in the Woods, fr. 'Deirdre Wed'	3431
Schiehallion	3432
Maurya's Song, fr. 'Deirdre Wed'	3433
TRENCH, ARCHBISHOP	3434
The Poetry of Words, fr. 'The Study of Words'	3434
The Evening Hymn	3437
Some Murmur	3438
TYNAN-HINKSON, KATHARINE	3439
"Happy the Wooing that's Not Long a- Doing," fr. 'Oh, What a Plague is Love!'	3439
The Story of Father Anthony O'Toole, fr. 'An Isle in the Water'	3444
Saint Francis and the Wolf	3451
Sheep and Lambs	3454
De Profundis	3455
Singing Stars	3456
Larks	3457
Summer-Sweet	3457
An Island Fisherman	3458
Winter Evening	3459
The Children of Lir	3460
Oh, Green and Fresh	3461
TYNDALL, JOHN	3462
The Claims of Science, fr. the 'Belfast Ad- dress'	3463
Scientific Limit of the Imagination, fr. an Ad- dress to British Association	3471
Thoughts on the Matterhorn, fr. 'Hours of Exercise in the Alps'	3478

	PAGE
WAKEMAN, WILLIAM F., and COOKE, JOHN	3481
Forts, Crosses, and Round Towers of Ireland, fr. 'Handbook of Irish Antiquities'	3482
WALKER, JOSEPH COOPER	3493
Dress of the Ancient Irish, fr. 'Historical Es- says on the Dress of Ancient and Modern Irish'	3493
WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS	3500
Kitty Neal	3500
WALSH, EDWARD	3502
Brighidin Ban Mo Store	3503
Mairgréad ni Chealleadh	3503
Mo Craobhín Cno	3505
Have you been at Carrick?	3506
The Dawning of the Day, fr. the Irish	3507
Lament of the Mangaire Sugach, fr. the Irish	3508
WALSH, JOHN	3510
To my Promised Wife	3510
Drimin Donn Dilis	3511
WALSH, JOHN EDWARD	3513
Some College Recollections, fr. 'Ireland Sixty Years Ago'	3513
WARBURTON, ELLIOT	3529
The Pyramids, fr. 'The Crescent and the Cross'	3529
Bethelehem, fr. 'The Crescent and the Cross'	3535
WARE, SIR JAMES	3544
Language of the Ancient Irish, fr. 'The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ire- land'	3544
Surnames of the Ancient Irish, fr. 'The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ire- land'	3546
The Origin of the Irish, fr. 'The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland'	3547

	PAGE
WHITESIDE, JAMES	3550
In Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy	3550
WILDE, LADY ("SPERANZA")	3556
The Demon Cat, fr. 'Ancient Legends of Ireland'	3557
The Horned Women, fr. 'Ancient Legends of Ireland'	3558
The Priest's Soul, fr. 'Ancient Legends of Ireland'	3561
Seanchan the Bard and the King of the Cats	3566
The Black Lamb	3569
The Exodus	3570
Related Souls	3572
To Ireland	3573
The Famine Year	3575
WILDE, OSCAR	3577
Life, Art and Nature, fr. 'The Decay of Lyn- ing'	3578
The Selfish Giant, fr. 'The Happy Prince'	3584
Ave Imperatrix	3588
Apologia	3592
Fabien dei Franchi	3593
Her Voice	3593
Amor Intellectualis	3594
Helas	3595
WILDE, RICHARD HENRY	3596
To Gold, fr. 'Hesperia'	3596
My life is like the summer rose	3597
Canzone	3598
A Farewell to America	3599
WILKINS, WILLIAM	3600
In the Engine-Shed	3600
From 'Actæon'	3604
Disillusion	3606
WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON	3607
The Munster War-Song	3607

	PAGE
The Dying Girl	3609
Legend of Stiffenbach	3610
WILLS, WILLIAM GORMAN	3612
The Queen and Cromwell, fr. 'Charles the First'	3612
WILSON, ROBERT A.	3617
" The Irish Cry "	3617
WINGFIELD, LEWIS	3620
Ennishowen, fr. ' My Lords of Strogue '	3620
WISEMAN, CARDINAL	3625
Italian Gesticulation, fr. ' Essays '	3626
On Shakespeare, fr. ' William Shakespeare : A Lecture '	3628
Egyptian Art, fr. ' Highways of Peaceful Commerce Have Been the Highways of Art '	3630
WOLFE, CHARLES	3632
The Burial of Sir John Moore	3633
Lines Written to Music	3634
Sonnet Written in College	3635
WOLSELEY, VISCOUNT	3636
Sack of the Summer Palace, fr. ' Narrative of the War with China '	3636
WOOD-MARTIN, W. G.	3640
Keening and Wakes, fr. ' Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland '	3640
WYNNE, FRANCES	3648
Whisper	3648
En Attendant	3649
Perhaps	3649
YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER	3651
The Celtic Element in Literature, fr. ' Ideas of Good and Evil '	3654
Irelands and the Arts, fr. ' Ideas of Good and Evil '	3661
" Dust Hath Closed Helen's Eye," fr. ' The Celtic Twilight '	3666

	PAGE
The Devil, fr. 'The Celtic Twilight'	3673
Village Ghosts, fr. 'The Celtic Twilight'	3673
Miraculous Creatures, fr. 'The Celtic Twilight'	3678
Enchanted Woods, fr. 'The Celtic Twilight'	3679
The Last Gleeman, fr. 'The Celtic Twilight'	3683
Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan	3688
The Old Age of Queen Maeve	3697
The Host of the Air	3701
The Ballad of Father Gilligan	3702
The Pity of Love	3704
When you are old	3704
A Faery Song, fr. 'Poems'	3704
Down by the Salley Gardens	3705
Into the Twilight, fr. 'The Wind Among the Reeds'	3705
A Dream of a Blessed Spirit	3706
The Rose of the World	3706
The Lake Isle of Innisfree	3707
The Hosting of the Sidhe	3707
Michael Robartes Remembers Forgotten Beauty	3708

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME IX.

	PAGE
SAINT MATTHEW	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From the Book of Kells.	
This portrayal of the saint is from a Latin copy of the Gospels now in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is sometimes called the "Great Gospels of Columba," but is better known as the "Book of Kells" of which St. Columba was patron. The book was written about 660 A.D., and was a treasured possession of the monastery, except for a short time in 1006 A.D., when it was stolen, until it came into the possession of the Bishop Usher. During the wars of Cromwell, the book was confiscated and carried to England, coming later into the hands of Charles II., by whom it was given to its present custodian. The manuscript is a fine example of the Irish school of illuminating, showing the characteristic style of treating the human and animal form.	
CHARLES WELSH, MANAGING EDITOR OF IRISH LITERATURE	viii
From a photograph by Sproul, New York, after the painting by Ernest Fosbery.	
STRONGBOWS MONUMENT IN CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN	xiii
From the Drawing by Geo. Petrie, R. H. A.	
THIS : AVNCYENT : MONVMENT : OF : STRANGBOWS : CALLED : COMES : STRANGVLENIS : LORD : OF : CHEP-STO : AND : OGNY : THE : FIRST : AND : PRINCIPAL : INVADER : OF : IRELAND : 1169 : QVI : OBIT : 1177 : THE : MONUMENT : WAS : BROKEN : BY : THE : FALL : OF : THE : ROFF : AND : BODYE : OF : CHRISTES : CHVRCHE : IN : AN : 1562 : AND : SET : VP : AGAYNE : AT : THE : CHARGYS : OF : THE : RIGHT : HONORABLE : SR : HENIRI : SYDNEY : KNYGHT : OF : THE : MOST : NOBLE : ORDER : L : PRESIDENT : WAILES DEPUTY : OF : IRELAND : 1570.	
JONATHAN SWIFT	3343
From an engraving by Howe.	
JOHN TODHUNTER	3403
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.	
BANTRY HARBOR	3414
From a photograph.	
Of the forty-three French ships of war that sailed from Brest for Ireland under General Hoche, Grouchy and Wolfe Tone, only sixteen entered Bantry Bay.	

	PAGE
DEIRDRE	3431
After a drawing by J. D. Batten.	
IRISH FISHING CURRAGH OR CORACLE	3458
From a photograph.	
These wicker work boats covered with hides have been in use from time immemorial. Made in the same way, but covered with tarred canvas, they are still in use in some parts of Ireland, and in places as far asunder as Thibet and Egypt.	
CROSS AT MONASTERBOICE	3486
From a photograph.	
FAMINE SCENE IN IRELAND	3575
From a photograph by A. Ayton, Londonderry.	
W. B. YEATS	3651
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.	

STREET SONGS AND BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE.

(Continued.)

[This section is arranged alphabetically according to titles, beginning on page 3271 of Volume VIII., with 'The Boyne Water,' and ending on page 3322 of Volume IX., with 'Willy Reilly.']

THE MAID OF CLOGHROE.¹

'As I roved out, at Faha, one morning,
Where Adrum's tall groves were in view—
When Sol's lucid beams were adorning,
And the meadows were spangled with dew—
Reflecting, in deep contemplation,
On the state of my country kept low,
I perceived a fair juvenile female
On the side of the hill of Cloghroe.

Her form resembled fair Venus,
That amorous Cyprian queen;
She's the charming young sapling of Erin,
As she gracefully trips on the green;
She's tall, and her form it is graceful,
Her features are killing also;
She's a charming, accomplished young maiden,
This beautiful dame of Cloghroe.

Fair Juno, Minerva, or Helen,
Could not vie with this juvenile dame;
Hibernian swains are bewailing,
And anxious to know her dear name.
She's tender, she's tall, and she's stately,
Her complexion much whiter than snow;
She outrivals all maidens completely,
This lovely young maid of Cloghroe.

¹ Air—'Cailin deas cruithi-na-mbo.' 'The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow.'

At Coachfort, at Dripsey, and Blarney
 This lovely young maid is admired;
 The bucks, at the Lakes of Killarney,
 With the fame of her beauty are fired.
 Her image, I think, is before me,
 And present wherever I go;
 Sweet, charming young maid, I adore thee,
 Thou beautiful nymph of Cloghroe.

Now aid me, ye country grammarians!
 Your learned assistance I claim,
 To know the bright name of this fair one—
 This charming young damsel of fame.
 Two mutes and a liquid united,
 Ingeniously placed in a row,
 Spell part of the name of this phoenix,
 This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

A diphthong and three semivowels
 Will give us this cynosure's name—
 This charming Hibernian beauty,
 This lovely, this virtuous young dame.
 Had Jupiter heard of this fair one,
 He'd descend from Olympus, I know,
 To solicit this juvenile phoenix—
 This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

MOLLY MULDOON.¹

Molly Muldoon was an Irish girl,
 And as fine a one
 As you'd look upon
 In the cot of a peasant or hall of an earl.
 Her teeth were white, though not of pearl,
 And dark was her hair, though it did not curl;
 Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair,
 But owned that a power o' beauty was there.
 Now many a hearty and rattling *gorsoon*,
 Whose fancy had charmed his heart into tune,
 Would dare to approach fair Molly Muldoon,
 But for *that* in her eye
 Which made most of them shy
 And look quite ashamed, though they couldn't tell why—

¹ This poem was written about 1850, and its authorship has always been a mystery. It has been ascribed to Fitzjames O'Brien.

Her eyes were large, dark blue, and clear,
 And heart and mind seemed in them blended.
 If intellect sent you one look severe,
 Love instantly leapt in the next to mend it.
 Hers was the eye to check the rude,
 And hers the eye to stir emotion,
 To keep the sense and soul subdued,
 And calm desire into devotion.

There was Jemmy O'Hare,
 As fine a boy as you'd see in a fair,
 And wherever Molly was he was there.
 His face was round and his build was square,
 And he sported as rare
 And tight a pair
 Of legs to be sure, as are found anywhere.
 And Jemmy would wear
 His caubeen and hair
 With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
 That I'd venture to swear
 Not a girl in Kildare,
 Nor Victoria's self, if she chanced to be there,
 Could resist his wild way—called "Devil may care."
 Not a boy in the parish could match him for fun,
 Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
 With Jemmy—no gorsoon could equal him—none.
 At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
 At throwing the sledge with such dext'rous sleight,—
 He was the envy of men, and the women's delight.

Now Molly Muldoon liked Jemmy O'Hare,
 And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon.
 I believe in my conscience a purtier pair
 Never danced in a tent at a patthern in June,—
 To a bagpipe or fiddle
 On the rough cabin-door
 That is placed in the middle—
 Ye may talk as ye will,
 There's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there
 With which people of quality couldn't compare.
 And Molly and Jemmy were counted the two
 That could keep up the longest and go the best through
 All the jigs and the reels
 That have occupied heels
 Since the days of the Murtaghs and Brian Boru.

It was on a long bright sunny day
 They sat on a green knoll side by side,
 But neither just then had much to say;
 Their hearts were so full that they only tried
 To do anything foolish, just to hide
 What both of them felt, but what Molly denied.

They plucked the speckled daisies that grew
 Close by their arms,—then tore them too;
 And the bright little leaves that they broke from the stalk
 They threw at each other for want of talk;
 While the heart-lit look and the sunny smile,
 Reflected pure souls without art or guile;
 And every time Molly sighed or smiled,
 Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child;
 And he fancied the sky never looked so bright,
 The grass so green, the daisies so white;
 Everything looked so gay in his sight
 That gladly he'd linger to watch them till night—
 And Molly herself thought each little bird,
 Whose warbling notes her calm soul stirred,—
 Sang only his lay but by her to be heard.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet,
 It's sometimes foolish and indiscreet;
 But who is wise when his young heart's heat
 Whips the pulse to a galloping beat—
 Ties up the judgment neck and feet,
 And makes him the slave of a blind conceit?
 Sneer not therefore at the loves of the poor,
 Though their manners be rude, their affections are pure;
 They look not by art, and they love not by rule,
 For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.
 Oh! give me the love that endures no control
 But the delicate instinct that springs from the soul,
 As the mountain stream gushes in freshness and force,
 Yet obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.
 Yes, give me the love that but Nature has taught,
 By rank unallured and by riches unbought;
 Whose very simplicity keeps it secure—
 The love that illuminates the hearts of the poor.

All blushful was Molly, or shy at least,
 As one week before Lent
 Jem procured her consent
 To go the next Sunday and speak to the priest.
 Shrove Tuesday was named for the wedding to be,

And it dawned as bright as they'd wish to see.
 And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep,
 For the livelong night no wink could he sleep.
 A bran-new coat, with a bright big button,
 He took from a chest and carefully put on—
 And brogues as well lamp-blacked as ever went foot on,
 Were greased with the fat of a *quare sort of mutton!*
 Then a tidier *gorsoon* couldn't be seen
 Treading the Emerald Isle so green—
 Light was his step, and bright was his eye,
 As he walked through the *slobbery* streets of Athy.
 And each girl he passed bid "God bless him" and sighed,
 While she wished in her heart that herself was the bride.

Hush! here's the Priest—let not the least
 Whisper be heard till the Father has ceased.

"Come, bridegroom and bride,
 That the knot may be tied
 Which no power on earth can hereafter divide."
 Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,
 And a passage was made for them both to walk through;
 And his Riv'rence stood with a sanctified face,
 Which spread its infection around the place.
 The bridegroom blushed and whispered the bride,
 Who felt so confused that she almost cried,
 But at last bore up and walked forward, where
 The Father was standing with solemn air;
 The bridegroom was following after with pride,
When his piercing eye something awful espied!

He stopped and sighed,
 Looked round and tried
 To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied;
 With a spring and a roar
 He jumped to the door,

AND THE BRIDE LAID HER EYES ON THE BRIDEGROOM NO MORE!

Some years sped on,
 Yet heard no one
 Of Jemmy O'Hare, or where he had gone.
 But since the night of that widowed feast,
 The strength of poor Molly had ever decreased;
 Till, at length, from earth's sorrow her soul released,
 Fled up to be ranked with the saints at least.
 And the morning poor Molly to live had ceased,
 Just five years after the widowed feast,
 An American letter was brought to the priest,

Telling of Jemmy O'Hare deceased!
 Who, ere his death,
 With his latest breath,
 To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
 And the cause of his sudden departure confess.—
 “Oh, Father,” says he, “I’ve not long to live,
 So I’ll freely confess, and hope you’ll forgive—
 That same Molly Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed;
 Ay, as well as the Creed
 That was never forsaken by one of my breed;
 But I couldn’t have married her, after I saw—”
 “Saw what?” cried the Father, desirous to hear—
 And the chair that he sat in unconsciously rocking—
 “Not in her *karakter*, yer Riv’rince, a flaw”—
 The sick man here dropped a significant tear,
 And died as he whispered in the clergyman’s ear—
 “But I saw, God forgive her, a HOLE IN HER STOCKING!”

THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be
 Fixed in hearts immovably,
 May be strong and may be pure;
 Faith may lean on faith secure,
 Knowing adverse fate’s endeavor
 Makes that faith more firm than ever;
 But the purest love and strongest,
 Love that has endured the longest,
 Braving cross, and blight, and trial,
 Fortune’s bar or pride’s denial,
 Would—no matter what its trust—
 Be uprooted by disgust:—
 Yes, the love that might for years
 Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
 Parents’ frigid counsel mocking,
 Might be—where’s the use of talking?—
 Upset by a BROKEN STOCKING!

THE NATIVE IRISHMAN.

BY A CONVERTED SAXON.

Before I came across the sea
 To this delightful place,
 I thought the native Irish were
 A funny sort of race;

I thought they bore shillelagh-sprigs,
And that they always said:
“Och hone, acushla, tare-an-ouns,”
“Begorra,” and “bedad!”

I thought they sported crownless hats
With dhudeens in the rim;
I thought they wore long trailing coats
And knickerbockers trim;
I thought they went about the place
As tight as they could get;
And that they always had a fight
With every one they met.

I thought their noses all turned up
Just like a crooked pin;
I thought their mouths six inches wide
And always on the grin;
I thought their heads were made of stuff
As hard as any nails;
I half suspected that they were
Possessed of little tails.

• • • • •
But when I came unto the land
Of which I heard so much,
I found that the inhabitants
Were not entirely such;
I found their features were not all
Exactly like baboons’;
I found that some wore billycocks,
And some had pantaloons.

I found their teeth were quite as small
As Europeans’ are,
And that their ears, in point of size,
Were not pecul-i-ar.
I even saw a face or two
Which might be handsome called;
And by their very largest feet
I was not much appalled.

I found them sober, now and then;
And even in the street,
It seems they do not have a fight
With every boy they meet.

I even found some honest men
 Among the very poor;
 And I have heard some sentences
 Which did not end with "shure."

It seems that praties in their skins
 Are not their only food,
 And that they have a house or two
 Which is not built of mud.
 In fact, they're not all brutes or fools,
 And I suspect that when
 They rule themselves they'll be as good,
 Almost, as Englishmen!

NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE.¹

My name it is Nell, quite candid I tell,
 That I live near Coote hill, I will never deny;
 I had a fine drake, the truth for to spake,
 That my grandmother left me and she going to die;
 He was wholesome and sound, he would weigh twenty pound,
 The universe round I would rove for his sake—
 Bad wind to the robber—be he drunk or sober—
 That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green—most rare to be seen,
 He was fit for a queen of the highest degree;
 His body was white—and would you delight—
 He was plump, fat and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
 The dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
 He would fly like a swallow and dive like a hake,
 But some wicked savage, to grease his white cabbage,
 Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
 May a ghost ever haunt him at dead of the night;
 May his hen never lay, may his ass never bray,
 May his goat fly away like an old paper kite.
 That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease,
 And the piercing north breeze make him shiver and shake,
 May a lump of a stick raise bumps fast and thick
 On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

¹ Many versions of this ballad are to be found in the Irish ballad-slips. They are all corrupt and generally very gross. Note its similarity to O'Kelly's 'Curse of Doneraile.'

May his cradle ne'er rock, may his box have no lock,
 May his wife have no frock for to cover her back;
 May his cock never crow, may his bellows ne'er blow,
 And his pipe and his pot may he evermore lack.
 May his duck never quack, may his goose turn black,
 And pull down his turf with her long yellow beak;
 May the plague grip the scamp, and his villainy stamp
 On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, may his teapot be broke,
 And to add to the joke, may his kettle ne'er boil;
 May he keep to the bed till the hour that he's dead,
 May he always be fed on hogwash and boiled oil.
 May he swell with the gout, may his grinders fall out,
 May he roll, howl and shout with the horrid toothache;
 May the temples wear horns, and the toes many corns,
 Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig,
 May each hair in his wig be well thrashed with a flail;
 May his door have no latch, may his house have no thatch,
 May his turkey not hatch, may the rats eat his meal.
 May every old fairy, from Cork to Dunleary,
 Dip him snug and airy in river or lake,
 Where the eel and the trout may feed on the snout
 Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dog yelp and howl with the hunger and could,
 May his wife always scold till his brains go astray;
 May the curse of each hag that e'er carried a bag
 Alight on the vag, till his hair turns gray.
 May monkeys affright him, and mad dogs still bite him,
 And every one slight him, asleep or awake;
 May weasels still gnaw him, and jackdaws still claw him—
 The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

The only good news that I have to infuse
 Is that old Peter Hughes and blind Peter McCrake,
 And big-nosed Bob Manson, and buck-toothed Ned Hanson,
 Each man had a grandson of my lovely drake.
 My treasure had dozens of nephews and cousins,
 And one I must get or my heart it will break;
 To keep my mind easy, or else I'll run crazy—
 This ends the whole song of my beautiful drake.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED.¹

The night before Larry was stretched,
 The boys they all paid him a visit;
 A bait in their sacks, too, they fetched;
 They sweatened their duds till they riz it:
 For Larry was ever the lad,
 When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,
 Would fence all the duds that he had
 To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
 And warm his gob 'fore he died.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
 They drew all their stools round about him,
 Six glims round his trap-case were placed,
 He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
 When one of us asked could he die
 Without having duly repented,
 Says Larry, "That's all in my eye;
 And first by the clargy invented,
 To get a fat bit for themselves."

"I'm sorry, dear Larry," says I,
 "To see you in this situation;
 And, blister my limbs if I lie,
 I'd as lieve it had been my own station."
 "Ochone! it's all over," says he,
 "For the neckcloth I'll be forced to put on
 And by this time to-morrow you'll see
 Your poor Larry as dead as a mutton,"
 Because, why, his courage was good.

"And I'll be cut up like a pie,
 And my nob from my body be parted."
 "You're in the wrong box, then," says I,
 "For blast me if they're so hard-hearted:
 A chalk on the back of your neck
 Is all that Jack Ketch dares to give you;
 Then mind not such trifles a feck,
 For why should the likes of them grieve you?
 And now, boys, come tip us the deck."

The cards being called for, they played,
 Till Larry found one of them cheated;

¹The authorship of this extraordinary piece of poetic ribaldry has been much discussed, but has never been discovered. It is written in Dublin slang of the end of the eighteenth century.

A dart at his napper he made
 (The boy being easily heated) :
 "Oh, by the hokey, you thief,
 I 'll scuttle your nob with my daddle!
 You cheat me because I 'm in grief,
 But soon I 'll demolish your noddle,
 And leave you your claret to drink."

Then the clergy came in with his book,
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
 Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitched his big wig to the devil;
 Then sighing, he threw back his head
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
 And pitiful sighing, he said :
 "Oh, the hemp will be soon round my throttle
 And choke my poor windpipe to death.

"Though sure it 's the best way to die,
 Oh, the devil a betther a-livin'!
 For, sure, when the gallows is high
 Your journey is shorter to Heaven :
 But what harasses Larry the most,
 And makes his poor soul melancholy,
 Is to think of the time when his ghost
 Will come in a sheet to sweet Molly—
 Oh, sure it will kill her alive!"

So moving these last words he spoke,
 We all vented our tears in a shower;
 For my part, I thought my heart broke,
 To see him cut down like a flower,
 On his travels we watched him next day;
 Oh, the throttler! I thought I could kill him ;
 But Larry not one word did say,
 Nor changed till he come to " King William"—
 Then, *musha!* his color grew white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
 He was tucked up so neat and so pretty,
 The rumbler jogged off from his feet,
 And he died with his face to the city;
 He kicked, too—but that was all pride,
 For soon you might see 't was all over;
 Soon after the noose was untied,
 And at darky we waked him in clover,
 And sent him to take a ground sweat.

ON THE COLLEEN BAWN.¹

In the gold vale of Limerick,
 Beside the Shannon stream,
 The maiden lives who holds my heart,
 And haunts me like a dream,
 With shiny showers of golden hair
 And gentle as a fawn,
 The cheeks that make the red rose pale,
 My darling Colleen Bawn.

Although she seldom speaks to me,
 I think on her with pride;
 For five long years I courted her,
 And asked her to be my bride.
 But dreary times of cold neglect
 Are all from her I 've drawn,
 For I am but a laboring boy,
 And she the Colleen Bawn.

Her hands are whiter than the snow
 Upon the mountain side,
 And softer than the creamy foam,
 That floats upon the tide;
 Her eyes are brighter than the snow
 That sparkles on the lawn;
 The sunshine of my life is she,
 The darling Colleen Bawn.

To leave old Ireland far behind
 Is often in my mind,
 And wander for another bride
 And country for to find,
 But that I 've seen a low suitor
 Upon her footsteps fawn,
 Which keeps me near to guard my dear,
 My darling Colleen Bawn.

Her beauty very far excels
 All other females fine;
 She is far brighter than the sun
 That does upon us shine;
 Each night she does disturb my rest,
 I cannot sleep till dawn,

¹ This is from a bunch of Dublin street ballads of the nineteenth century, but its date of composition is of course uncertain.

Still wishing her to be my bride,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

The women of Limerick take the sway
Throughout old Erin's shore;
They fought upon the city walls,
They did in days of yore.
They kept away the enemy
All night until the dawn:
Most worthy of the title is
My darling Colleen Bawn.

PROTESTANT BOYS.

AN ORANGE SONG.

Tell me, my friends, why are we met here?
Why thus assembled, ye Protestant Boys?
Do mirth and good liquor, good humor, good cheer,
Call us to share of festivity's joys?
O no! 't is the cause
Of King—Freedom—and Laws,
That calls loyal Protestants now to unite;
And Orange and Blue,
Ever faithful and true,
Our King shall support, and Sedition affright.

Great spirit of William! from Heaven look down,
And breathe in our hearts our forefathers' fire—
Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire.
Jacobin—Jacobite—
Against all to unite,
Who dare to assail our Sovereign's throne?
For Orange and Blue
Will be faithful and true,
And Protestant loyalty ever be shown.

In that loyalty proud let us ever remain,
Bound together in Truth and Religion's pure band;
Nor Honor's fair cause with foul Bigotry stain,
Since in Courage and Justice supported we stand.
So Heaven shall smile
On our emerald isle,

And lead us to conquest again and again;
 While Papists shall prove
 Our brotherly love:—
 We hate them as masters—we love them as men.

By the deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,
 Our Protestant heroes shall combat the foe;
 Hearts with true honor and loyalty fired,
 Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.
 In Orange and Blue,
 Still faithful and true,
 The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing;
 The shades of the Boyne
 In the chorus will join,
 And the welkin re-echo with "God save the King."

THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

Beausing, belling, dancing, drinking,
 Breaking windows, damning, sinking,¹
 Ever raking, never thinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
 Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
 Bacchus's true-begotten sons,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
 Then like politicians thinking
 To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dadda dying,
 Still for Mallow water crying;
 But where there's good claret plying,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives;
 Going where the devil drives;
 Having sweethearts, but no wives,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

¹ *Sinking*, cursing extravagantly—*i.e.* damning you to hell and *sinking* you lower.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
 Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
 Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as at Mallow.

Then to end this raking life
 They get sober, take a wife,
 Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.¹

Oh! the French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 The French are on the sea,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They 'll be here without delay,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Oh! the French are in the Bay,
 They 'll be here by break of day,
 And the Orange will decay,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 Where will they have their camp?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;
 On the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will be there,
 With their pikes in good repair,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

To the Curragh of Kildare,
 The boys they will repair,
 And Lord Edward will be there,
 Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?
 Says the Shan Van Vocht;

¹ *Shan Van Vocht*, "The Poor Old Woman"—a name for Ireland. This was written in 1896, when the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay.

What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they 'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal Green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal Green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the center to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the center to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

SHULE AROON.¹

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

I would I were on yonder hill,
 'T is there I'd sit and cry my fill,
 And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!

Siubhail, siubhail, siubhail, a rúin!
Siubhail go socair, agus siubhail go ciúin,
Siubhail go d-ti an doras agus eulaigh liom,
*Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!*²

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,
 To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!

Siubhail etc.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
 And round the world I'll beg my bread,
 Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!

Siubhail etc.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
 I wish I had my heart again,
 And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!

Siubhail etc.

But now my love has gone to France,
 To try his fortune to advance;
 If he e'er come back, 't is but a chance,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnín, slán!

Siubhail etc.

¹The date of this ballad is not positively known, but it appears to be early in the eighteenth century, when the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Brigade. The inexpressible tenderness of the air, and the deep feeling and simplicity of the words, have made the ballad a popular favorite, notwithstanding its meagerness and poverty.—Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, ‘Ballad Poetry of Ireland.’

²In Sparling's ‘Irish Minstrelsy’ this is versified almost literally, as follows:

“ Come, come, come, O Love!
 Quickly come to me, softly move;
 Come to the door, and away we 'll flee,
 And safe for aye may my darling be ! ”

THE SORROWFUL LAMENTATION OF CALLAGHAN, GREALLY, AND MULLEN.¹

"Come, tell me, dearest mother, what makes my father stay,
Or what can be the reason that he's so long away?"

"Oh! hold your tongue, my darling son, your tears do grieve
me sore;
I fear he has been murdered in the fair of Turloughmore."

Come, all you tender Christians, I hope you will draw near;
It's of this dreadful murder I mean to let you hear,
Concerning those poor people whose loss we do deplore
(The Lord have mercy on their souls) that died at Turlough-
more.

It is on the First of August, the truth I will declare,
Those people they assembled that day all at the fair;
But little was their notion what evil was in store,
All by the bloody Peelers at the fair of Turloughmore.

Were you to see that dreadful sight 't would grieve your heart,
I know,
To see the comely women and the men all lying low;
God help their tender parents, they will never see them more,
For cruel was their murder at the fair of Turloughmore.

It's for that base bloodthirsty crew, remark the word I say,
The Lord He will reward them against the judgment day;
The blood they have taken innocent, for it they'll suffer sore,
And the treatment that they gave to us that day at Turlough-
more.

¹This is a genuine ballad of the people, written and sung among them. The reader will see at once how little resemblance it bears to the *pseudo* Irish songs of the stage, or even to the street ballads manufactured by the ballad singers. It is very touching, and not without a certain unpremeditated grace. The vagueness, which leaves entirely untold the story it undertook to recount, is a common characteristic of the Anglo-Irish songs of the people. The circumstance on which it is founded took place in 1843, at the fair of Darrynacloghery, held at Turloughmore. A faction fight having occurred at the fair, the arrest of some of the parties led to an attack on the police; after the attack had abated or ceased, the police fired on the people, wounded several, and killed the three men whose names stand at the head of the ballad. They were indicted for murder, and pleaded the order of Mr. Brew, the stipendiary magistrate, which was admitted as justification. Brew died before the day appointed for his trial.—Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, 'Ballad Poetry of Ireland.'

The morning of their trial as they stood up in the dock,
 The words they spoke were feeling, the people round them flock;

"I tell you, Judge and Jury, the truth I will declare,
 It was Brew that ordered us to fire that evening at the fair."

Now to conclude and finish this sad and doleful fray,
 I hope their souls are happy against the judgment day;
 It was little time they got, we know, when they fell like new-mowed hay,
 May the Lord have mercy on their souls against the judgment day.

THE STAR OF SLANE.

Ye brilliant muses, who ne'er refuses,
 But still infuses in the poet's mind,
 Your kind sweet favors to his endeavors,
 That his ardent labors should appear sublime;
 Preserve my study from getting muddy,
 My idea's ready, so inspire my brain;
 My quill refine, as I write each line,
 On a nymph divine called the Star of Slane.

In beauteous Spring, when the warblers sing,
 And their carols ring through each fragrant grove;
 Bright Sol did shine, which made me incline
 By the river Boyne for to go to rove,
 I was ruminating and meditating
 And contemplating as I paced the plain,
 When a charming fair, beyond compare,
 Did my heart ensnare near the town of Slane.

Had Paris seen this young maid serene,
 The Grecian queen he would soon disdain,
 And straight embrace this virgin chaste,
 And peace would grace the whole Trojan plain.
 If Ancient Cæsar could on her gaze, sir,
 He'd stand amazed for to view this dame;
 Sweet Cleopatra he would freely part her,
 And his crown he'd barter for the Star of Slane.

There's Alexander, that famed commander,
 Whose triumphant standard it did conquer all;

Who proved a victor over crowns and scepters,
 And great warlike structures did before him fall;
 Should he behold her, I will uphold, sir,
 From pole to pole he would then proclaim,
 For the human race in all that wide space,
 To respect the chaste blooming Star of Slane.

To praise her beauty then is my duty,
 But alas! I 'm footy¹ in this noble part,
 And to my sorrow, sly Cupid's arrow
 Full deep did burrow in my tender heart;
 In pain and trouble yet I will struggle,
 Though sadly hobbled by my stupid brain,
 Yet backed by Nature I can tell each feature
 Of this lovely creature called the Star of Slane.

Her eyes it 's true are an azure blue,
 And her cheeks the hue of the crimson rose;
 Her hair behold it does shine like gold,
 And is finely rolled and so nicely grows;
 Her skin is white as the snow by night,
 Straight and upright is her supple frame;
 The chaste Diana, or fair Susanna,
 Are eclipsed in grandeur by the Star of Slane.

Her name to mention it might cause contention,
 And it 's my intention for to breed no strife;
 For me to woo her I am but poor,
 I 'm deadly sure she won't be my wife;
 In silent anguish I here must languish
 Till time does banish all my love-sick pain,
 And my humble station I must bear with patience,
 Since great exaltation suits the Star of Slane.

TIPPERARY RECRUITING SONG.

"T is now we 'd want to be wary, boys,
 The recruiters are out in Tipperary, boys;
 If they offer a glass, we 'll wink as they pass—
 We 're old birds for chaff in Tipperary, boys.

Then, hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys,
 Although we 're "cross and contrary," boys;

¹ *Footy*, poor, mean, insignificant.

The never a one will handle a gun,
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

Now mind what John Bull did here, my boys,
In the days of our famine and fear, my boys;
He burned and sacked, he plundered and racked,
Old Ireland of Irish to clear, my boys.

Now Bull wants to pillage and rob, my boys,
And put the proceeds in his fob, my boys;
But let each Irish blade just stick to his trade,
And let Bull do his own dirty job, my boys.

So never to 'list be in haste, my boys,
Or a glass of drugged whisky to taste, my boys;
If to India you go, it's to grief and to woe,
And to rot and to die like a beast, my boys.

But now he is beat for men, my boys,
His army is getting so thin, my boys,
With the fever and ague, the sword and the plague,
O, the devil a fear that he'll win, my boys.

Then mind not the nobblin' old schemer, boys,
Though he says that he's richer than Damer, boys;
Though he bully and roar, his power is o'er,
And his black heart will shortly be tamer, boys.

Now, isn't Bull peaceful and civil, boys,
In his mortal distress and his evil, boys?
But we'll cock each *caubeen* when his sergeants are seen,
And we'll tell them to go to the devil, boys.

Then hurrah for the gallant Tipperary boys!
Although "we're cross and contrary," boys;
The never a one will handle a gun,
Except for the Green and Tipperary, boys.

TRUST TO LUCK.¹

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place:

¹This has for years been a favorite with the street singers and the people, and its refrain has been sung by more than one notable criminal before his execution, as a sort of *Nunc dimittis*.

Let the world wag away, let your friends turn to foes,
 Let your pockets run dry and threadbare be your clothes;
 Should woman deceive, when you trust to her heart,
 Never sigh—'t won't relieve it, but add to the smart.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
 Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place.

Be a man, be a man, wheresoever you go,
 Through the sunshine of wealth, or the teardrop of woe.
 Should the wealthy look grand and the proud pass you by
 With the back of their hand and the scorn of their eye,
 Snap your fingers and smile as you pass on your way,
 And remember the while every dog has his day.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
 Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place.

In love as in war sure it's Irish delight,
 He's good-humored with both, the sweet girl and a fight;
 He coaxes, he bothers, he blarneys the dear,
 To resist him she can't, and he's off when she's near,
 And when valor calls him, from his darling he'd fly,
 And for liberty fight and for ould Ireland die.

Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
 The heart must be aisy, if it's in the right place.

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN.

Oh, Paddy dear! an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
 The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.
 No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
 For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!
 I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
 And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
 She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
 For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
 Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
 Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod,—
 And never fear, 't will take root there, tho' under foot 't is trod!

When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
 And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not show,
 Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,
 But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

WILLY REILLY.¹

"Oh! rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
 I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
 To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free land;"
 And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear *Coolen Ban*.

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome plain,
 Through shady groves and valleys, all dangers to refrain;
 But her father followed after with a well-armed band,
 And taken was poor Reilly and his dear *Coolen Ban*.

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound;
 Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
 Till at the bar of justice, before the Judge he'd stand,
 For nothing but the stealing of his dear *Coolen Ban*.

"Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are bound,
 I'm handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the ground.
 But all the toil and slavery I'm willing for to stand,
 Still hoping to be succored by my dear *Coolen Ban*."

The jailor's son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say:
 "Oh! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
 For great Squire Foillard's anger you never can withstand,
 I'm afeered you'll suffer sorely for your dear *Coolen Ban*.

"This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did hear:
 The lady's oath will hang you or else will set you clear."
 "If that be so," says Reilly, "her pleasure I will stand,
 Still hoping to be succored by my dear *Coolen Ban*."

¹ 'Willy Reilly' was the first ballad I ever heard recited, and it made a painfully vivid impression on my mind. I have never forgotten the smallest incident of it. The story on which it is founded happened some sixty years ago; and as the lover was a young Catholic farmer, and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character, which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity. There is no family under the rank of gentry, in the inland counties of Ulster, where it is not familiarly known. Nurses and sempstresses, the honorary guardians of national songs and legends, have taken it into special favor, and preserved its popularity.—*Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.*

Now Willy's drest from top to toe all in a suit of green,
 His hair hangs o'er his shoulders most glorious to be seen;
 He's tall and straight, and comely as any could be found;
 He's fit for Foillard's daughter, was she heiress to a crown.

The Judge he said: "This lady being in her tender youth,
 If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth."
 Then, like a moving beauty bright before him she did stand,
 "You're welcome there, my heart's delight and dear *Coolen Ban.*"

"Oh, gentlemen," Squire Foillard said, "with pity look on me,
 This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
 And by his base contrivances this villainy was planner;
 If I don't get satisfaction I'll quit this Irish land."

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she:
 "The fault is none of Reilly's, the blame lies all on me;
 I forced him for to leave this place and come along with me;
 I loved him out of measure, which wrought our destiny."

Out bespoke the noble Fox, at the table he stood by:
 "Oh gentlemen, consider on this extremity;
 To hang a man for love is a murder, you may see:
 So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this counterie."

"Good my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and her rings,
 Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious things,
 Which cost me in bright guineas more than five hundred
 pounds,
 I'll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand pounds."

"Good my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true love,
 And when we are a-parting I will them all remove;
 If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."
 "I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to thee."

"There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
 With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
 And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
 That you'll think on my poor broken heart when you're in
 foreign land."

Then out spoke noble Fox: "You may let the prisoner go;
 The lady's oath has cleared him, as the Jury all may know.
 She has released her own true love, she has renewed his name;
 May her honor bright gain high estate, and her offspring rise
 to fame!"

ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN.

(1830—1884.)

ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN was born in Bantry in 1830. At an early age he discovered that his true vocation was journalism, and in 1853 he began to contribute to *The Nation*. Two years afterward Duffy threw up in despair Irish journalism and Irish politics, and Mr. Sullivan succeeded him as editor of *The Nation*. For upward of twenty years his pen was constantly active in defense of the Nationalist side in politics. His post, as well as his natural disposition and talents, threw him into political warfare, and there has been no movement of importance in Irish politics for the last quarter of a century in which he has not taken a prominent part.

In 1857 he took a short vacation, paying a visit to this country, and he has left a record of his impressions in a volume entitled ‘A Visit to the Valley of Wyoming.’ In 1868 he came into collision with the authorities, like most National Irish journalists, and having been indicted on two charges in connection with the processions in memory of the three Fenians executed at Manchester, he was convicted on one of the charges and sent to prison. During his incarceration he learned that the corporation of Dublin had determined to give him the most significant mark of its respect by nominating him to the position of Lord Mayor; but he refused the flattering proposal.

Mr. Sullivan was started in 1864 to run for Louth in opposition to an important member of the Liberal administration—Mr. Chichester Fortescue (afterward Lord Carlingford)—and was returned. In 1876 he was admitted to the Irish bar, and in 1877 he joined the bar of England, receiving the unusual honor of a “special call” to the Inner Temple. He had in 1876 resigned his connection with *The Nation*. He died in Dublin in October, 1884.

He was not long in the House when he established his right to occupy a prominent position there; and he succeeded in placing himself in the ranks of those speakers whose voices controlled divisions. Mr. Sullivan published several works. Of these one of the most popular was an Irish history called ‘The Story of Ireland,’ which had a very large sale. His best-known work, however, was ‘New Ireland.’

SARSFIELD’S RIDE.

From ‘The Story of Ireland.’

Early on the 9th of August, 1690, William drew from his encampment at Caherconlish, and, confident of an easy victory, sat down before Limerick. That day he occupied himself in selecting favorable sites for batteries to

command the city, and in truth, owing to the formation of the ground, the city was at nearly every point nakedly exposed to his guns. He next sent in a summons to surrender, but De Boisseleau courteously replied that "he hoped he should merit his opinion more by a vigorous defense than a shameful surrender of a fortress which he had been intrusted with."¹

The siege now began. William's bombardment, however, proceeded slowly; and the Limerick gunners, on the other hand, were much more active and vigorous than he had expected. On Monday, the 11th, their fire compelled him to shift his field train entirely out of range; and on the next day, as if intent on following up such practice, their balls fell so thickly about his own tent, killing several persons, that he had to shift his own quarters also. But in a day or two he meant to be in position to pay back these attentions with heavy interest, and to reduce those old walls despite all resistance. In fine, there was coming up to him from Waterford a magnificent battering train, together with immense stores of ammunition, and, what was nearly as effective for him as the siege train, a number of pontoon boats of tin or sheet copper, which would soon enable him to pass the Shannon where he pleased. So he took very coolly the resistance so far offered from the city. For in a day more Limerick would be absolutely at his mercy!

So thought William; and so seemed the inevitable fact. But there was a bold heart and an active brain at work at that very moment, planning a deed destined to immortalize its author to all time, and to baffle William's now all-but-accomplished designs on Limerick!

On Sunday, the 10th, the battering train and its convoy had reached Cashel. On Monday, the 11th, they reached a place called Ballyneety, within nine or ten miles of the Williamite camp. The country through which they had passed was all in the hands of their own garrisons or patrols; yet they had so important and precious a charge that they had watched it jealously so far; but now they were virtually at the camp—only a few miles in its rear; and so the convoy, when night fell, drew the siege train and the vast line of ammunition wagons, the pontoon

¹ 'Memoirs of King James the Second.'

boats and store-loads, into a field close to an old ruined castle, and, duly posting night sentries, gave themselves to repose.

That day an Anglicized Irishman, one Manus O'Brien, a Protestant landholder in the neighborhood of Limerick, came into the Williamite camp with a piece of news. Sarsfield, at the head of five hundred picked men, had ridden off the night before on some mysterious enterprise in the direction of Killaloe; and the informer, from Sarsfield's character, judged rightly that something important was afoot, and earnestly assured the Williamites that nothing was too desperate for that commander to accomplish.

The Williamite officers made little of this. They thought the fellow was only anxious to make much of a trifle, by way of securing favor for himself. Besides, they knew of nothing in the direction of Killaloe that could affect them. William, at length, was informed of the story. He, too, failed to discern what Sarsfield could be at; but his mind anxiously reverting to his grand battering train—albeit it was now but a few miles off—he, to make safety doubly sure, ordered Sir John Lanier to proceed at once with five hundred horse to meet the convoy. By some curious chance, Sir John—perhaps deeming his night ride quite needless—did not greatly hurry to set forth. At two o'clock, Tuesday morning, instead of nine o'clock on Monday evening, he rode leisurely off. His delay of five hours made all the difference in the world, as we shall see.

It was indeed true that Sarsfield, on Sunday night, had secretly quitted his camp on the Clare side, at the head of a chosen body of his best horsemen; and true enough also that it was upon an enterprise worthy of his reputation he had set forth. In fine, he had heard of the approach of the siege train, and had planned nothing less than its surprise, capture, and destruction!

On Sunday night he rode to Killaloe, distant twelve miles above Limerick on the river. The bridge here was guarded by a party of the enemy; but, favored by the darkness, he proceeded further up the river, until he came to a ford near Ballyvally, where he crossed the Shannon, and passed into Tipperary county. The country around him now was all in the enemy's hands; but he had one

with him as a guide on this eventful occasion, whose familiarity with the locality enabled Sarsfield to evade all the Williamite patrols, and but for whose services it may be doubted if his ride this night had not been his last. This was Hogan, the Rapparee chief, immortalised in local traditions as "Galloping Hogan." By paths and passes known only to riders "native to the sod," he turned into the deep gorges of Silver Mines, and ere day had dawned was bivouacked in a wild ravine of the Keeper mountains. Here he lay *perdu* all day on Monday.

When night fell there was anxious tightening of horse-girths and girding of swords with Sarsfield's five hundred. They knew the siege train was at Cashel on the previous day, and must by this time have reached near to the Williamite lines. The midnight ride before them was long, devious, difficult, and perilous; the task at the end of it was crucial and momentous indeed. Led by their trusty guide, they set out southward, still keeping in by-ways and mountain roads. Meanwhile, as already mentioned, the siege train and convoy had that evening reached Ballyneety, where the guns were parked and the convoy bivouacked. It was three o'clock in the morning when Sarsfield, reaching within a mile or two of the spot, learnt from a peasant that the prize was now not far off ahead of him. And here we encounter a fact which gives the touch of true romance to the whole story! It happened, by one of those coincidences that often startle us with their singularity, that the pass-word with the Williamite convoy on that night was "*Sarsfield!*" That Sarsfield obtained the pass-word before he reached the halted convoy is also unquestionable, though how he came by this information is variously stated. The painstaking historian of Limerick states that from a woman, wife of a sergeant in the Williamite convoy, unfeelingly left behind on the road by her party in the evening, but most humanely and kindly treated by Sarsfield's men, the word was obtained.¹

Riding softly to within a short distance of the place indicated, he halted, and sent out a few trusted scouts to scan the whole position narrowly. They returned reporting that besides the sentries there were only a few score troopers drowsing beside the watch fires on guard; the

¹ Lenihan's 'History of Limerick,' p. 232.

rest of the convoy being asleep in all the immunity of fancied safety. Sarsfield now gave his final orders—silence or death, till they were in upon the sentries; then, forward like a lightning flash upon the guards. One of the Williamite sentries fancied he heard the beat of horsehoofs approaching him; he never dreamt of foes; he thought it must be one of their own patrols. And, truly enough, through the gloom he saw the figure of an officer, evidently at the head of a body of cavalry, whether phantom or reality he could not tell. The sentry challenged, and, still imagining he had friends, demanded the “word.”

Suddenly, as if from the spirit land, and with a wild, weird shout that startled all the sleepers, the “phantom troop” shot past like a thunderbolt; the leader crying, as he drew his sword, “*Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!*” The guards dashed forward, the bugles screamed the alarm, the sleepers rushed to arms, but theirs was scarcely an effort. The broadswords of Sarsfield’s five hundred were in their midst; and to the affrighted gaze of the panic-stricken victims that five hundred seemed thousands! Short, desperate, and bloody, was that scene—so short, so sudden, so fearful, that it seemed like the work of incantation. In a few minutes the whole of the convoy were cut down or dispersed; and William’s splendid siege train was in Sarsfield’s hands!

But his task was as yet only half accomplished. Morning was approaching; William’s camp was barely eight or ten miles distant, and thither some of the escaped had hurriedly fled. There was scant time for the important work yet to be done. The siege guns and mortars were filled with powder, and each muzzle buried in the earth; upon and around the guns were piled the pontoon boats, the contents of the ammunition wagons, and all the stores of various kinds, of which there was a vast quantity. A train of powder was laid to this huge pyre, and Sarsfield, removing all the wounded Williamites to a safe distance drew off his men, halting them while the train was being fired. There was a flash that lighted all the heavens, and showed with dazzling brightness the country for miles around. Then the ground rocked and heaved beneath the gazers’ feet, as with a deafening roar that seemed to rend the firmament

that vast mass burst into the sky ; and as suddenly all was gloom again ! The sentinels on Limerick walls heard the awful peal. It rolled like a thunderstorm away by the heights of Cratloe, and wakened sleepers amidst the hills of Clare. William heard it too ; and he at least needed no interpreter of that fearful sound. He knew in that moment that his splendid siege train had perished, destroyed by a feat that only one man could have so planned and executed ; an achievement destined to surround with unfading glory the name of Patrick Sarsfield !

Sir John Lanier's party, coming up in no wise rapidly, saw the flash, that, as they said, gave broad daylight for a second, and felt the ground shake beneath them as if by an earthquake, and then their leader found he was just in time to be too late. Rushing on, he sighted Sarsfield's rear-guard ; but there were memories of the Irish cavalry at the Boyne in no way encouraging him to force an encounter. From the Williamite camp two other powerful bodies of horse were sent out instantly on the explosion being heard, to surround Sarsfield and cut him off from the Shannon. But all was vain, and on Tuesday evening he and his Five Hundred rode into camp amidst a scene such as Limerick had not witnessed for centuries. The whole force turned out ; the citizens came with laurel boughs to line the way ; and as he marched in amidst a conqueror's ovation, the gunners on the old bastions across the river gave a royal salute to him whom they all now hailed as the saviour of the city !

OUR EXILES.

From a Speech in London in 1882 after his return from America.

For my own part I am a student of what is passing around me in the world, and I cannot disguise from myself that the Almighty God ruling this universe in His own divine providence never gives an opportunity for justice to the wronger that he does not reserve a penalty for refusing to avail of that opportunity. I have met American statesmen ; I have met members of the Ameri-

can Senate; I have met governors of the American States who, whatever opinion they held or hold about Ireland as to the solution of the Irish question, failed to understand—and the day will come when America, speaking through her established Government, will give utterance to this thought that she fails to understand—why this international trouble which is disturbing her peace as well as the peace of England could not be settled upon the reasonable plan of giving to Ireland the rights and liberties that a State in the American Union possesses under that system.

That is American public opinion; and in view of the recent elections there, and of others that are soon to follow, I think it is not a far-fetched idea that, following the example of England—who a few years ago carried her advice to Continental rulers as to how they ought to govern—some day Uncle Sam may come to what is called the mother country, and say, “This Irish question has now become an American question, and we invite you, in diplomatic language, to meet us in a friendly conference to determine how it is to be settled.” Ah, gentlemen, what of those millions across the way! You cannot know, you cannot measure the intensity of their devotion. Would to heaven to-night that the statesmen of England could see with their own eyes that element of power, for good or for mischief, that lies in the unchangeable devotion and fond fidelity of that Irish race. You will pardon me if I mention an incident which occurred during one of my journeys in the West. As the train stopped at a little wayside station a man came to me and said, “Sir, I have driven—there being no railway—ninety miles to see you and shake hands with you,” and the tears came to his eyes, “and to tell you to tell the men at home that we are all praying for their success and victory.”

The gaze of those millions are upon your every movement. Something was said a moment ago, and I desire to speak with all solemnity on this subject, of what might befall if any man or men by defection or apathy or hostility could wreck this organization. I tell you that never again in your generation will any Irish movement, constitutional or unconstitutional, armed or unarmed, so largely enlist the active sympathy and support of the millions of the Irish

race in America. And realizing, as I have done, that it is not likely that the Irish millions in America would again give themselves to this extent in purse, in pocket, in heart and deed to the movements at home (seeing how many of them have come to nought)—realizing the fact that if their hopes in this movement and this leadership be wrecked your generation will see effort from them no more—I have felt that the man had better never been born who by any act or word should take from the confidence and earnestness of the Irish people in the movement now leading to national independence.

Every day some sneers are raised at the Parliamentary party as “Parliamentarians”; as if in our day accepting a seat in that assembly brought with it for the Irish party aught but toil, and drudgery, and pain, and physical exertion. The days are gone when the life of an Irish national member of Parliament was that of easy enjoyment in London. The men around me know that they had better be toiling on the hillside in Ireland as to physical endurance than going through the duties of that assembly; and yet never in the history of the Irish race for 200 years have the movements of so many men been watched with such throbbing hearts as are the movements of these men by the Irish millions in America. They watch the conflict passing, as it were, before them. They know the disparity of numbers, where fifty men fight against five hundred. They see, as it were, the shock of conflict; the smoke of battle hides the scene for a moment from their view, and with palpitating hearts they wait until it has cleared away to see if the Irish flag is still flying in the air. Passing near Fort M’Henry, where there was confined during the war of 1812 the patriot poet who wrote one of the American national songs, I was strongly reminded by this attitude of the Irish race of the circumstances under which that American anthem was composed in the prison cell. He had been taken captive by the invading British expedition that sailed up to capture Washington, and he and a number of patriot Americans lay in the works of that fort in the hands of their British captors. Their jailors would tell them not as to how the battle went, and they had only one signal to tell them whether the cause of their country was still intact. They gazed, as the sun rose, through the

casemates every morning to see if the flag beyond was the English red or the American stripes and stars; and the prisoner gave utterance to his and their feelings in these lines:—

“O, say can you see, by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleaming?—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the
fight

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming !
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night, that our flag was still there ;
O say, does that Star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the Free and the home of the Brave ?”

Even so on that shore ten millions of our race now
nightly pray, and watch the morning with streaming eyes
to know how the struggle is waged upon the Irish shore.
I am one of those who believe that in this world moral
sympathy counts for a great deal—that Almighty God
cannot be left out of the account; and convinced am I
that that evening prayer and the morning anxiety, repre-
senting the fond and holy devotion and the desperate de-
termination of ten million of Irish hearts, will yet have
their way, and conduce to the establishment and restora-
tion of the national liberties of Ireland.

FAREWELL.

Sail bravely on, thou gallant bark,
Across the Western sea ;
And safely guard the precious freight
Thou bear'st away from me.
Sail on, nor heed the frowning skies,
Nor angry wave nor wind ;
Nor reck the grief of aching hearts
Thou leavest here behind.

Keep well thy watch, O seaman bold,
Out o'er the rushing prow ;
Nor glimpse of land, nor guiding light,
Can aid thy vision now.
The night comes dark, and o'er the way
Big clouds are gathering wild !

Great God! Protector of the world,
Guard Thou both wife and child.

Like miser watching from the shore
The argosy that bears
O'er ocean paths to distant lands
The treasures prized of years,
I sit and gaze, through streaming eyes,
Across the darkening main,
And fain would have the good ship turn
And bring back again.

Sail on, brave ship; a priceless stake
Is on thy fate for me!
May angels waft thee on thy course,
And calm each threatening sea!
Sancta Maria! to thy care
Are child and mother given,
Whether we meet again on earth,
Or meet our next in heaven!

Queenstown, 13th September, 1866.

TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN.

(1827—)

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, journalist, politician, and poet, was born in May, 1827, in Bantry, County Cork. At an early age he gave indications of a strong tendency toward literature; *The Nation* gladly accepted the poetic contributions which he sent to it. In 1855 he entered on a permanent engagement, and from that day till the present he has maintained his association with that journal. In 1876 he became editor of *The Nation* on the retirement of his brother, the late Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M.P.

Mr. Sullivan published in 1868 'Dunboy and other Poems.' This was followed in 1879 by 'Green Leaves,' and in 1887 by 'Lays of the Land League.' 'Poems' was published in 1888; 'Prison Poems and Lays of Tullamore' in the same year; 'Blanaid and other Poems' in 1892; and a volume of selections in 1899.

He was Lord Mayor of Dublin in 1886-87; he was imprisoned for two months in Tullamore jail in 1888, for a press offense under the Coercion Act (publishing reports of "Suppressed Branches" of the Land League); was previously prosecuted with Mr. Parnell and about eighteen others at state trials in Dublin for connection with the Land League movement, when the jury disagreed, on Jan. 25, 1881; was examined before Parnell Commission, May 23 and 24, 1889; delivered speeches in many parts of Great Britain during the Home Rule struggle; was Member of Parliament for Westmeath in 1880-85; for Dublin City in 1885-92; and for West Donegal in 1892-1900.

The most popular perhaps among his lyrical compositions are 'Thiggin Thu,' 'God Save Ireland,' 'The Little Wife,' and 'Our Own Green Isle.' His best work is in the simple ballads of fatherland and home, and his style when dealing with congenial themes is clear, direct, and sincere. His political pasquinades with their humor, satire and catchy rhythms have won him much popularity.

RACKRENTERS ON THE STUMP.

A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION.

The first public meeting held under the auspices of the newly-formed Irish landlord organization was held on Thursday last, in a field close by the charming residence of W. L. Cromwellian Freebooter, Esq., J.P., and is considered by all who took part in it to have been a great success. The Government gave the heartiest co-operation to the project; they undertook to supply the audience; they sent an engineer from the Royal Barracks, Dublin, to select a strategic site for the meeting, and to superin-

tend the erection of the platform; and they offered any amount of artillery that might be considered requisite to give an imposing appearance to the assembly, and to inspire a feeling of confidence in the breasts of those who were to take part in it. All the police stations within a radius of thirty miles were ordered to send in contingents to form the body of the meeting, and a number of military pensioners were also directed to proceed to the spot and exert themselves in cheering the speakers. When the meeting was fully constituted it was calculated that there could hardly have been less than two hundred and fifty persons on the ground.

At about one o'clock P.M. the carriages containing the noble lords and gentlemen who were to occupy the platform began to arrive at Freebooter Hall, where they set down the ladies of the party, who were to figure in the grand ball which was to be held there that evening. At 1.30 the noblemen and gentlemen proceeded to the scene of the meeting, and took their place on the platform, amidst the plaudits of the constabulary, which were again renewed in obedience to signals given by the sub-inspectors. The view from the platform, which was situated on a rising ground, was particularly fine. Some years ago a number of peasant homes and three considerable villages existed on the property; but Mr. Freebooter, being of opinion that they spoiled the prospect and tended to favor over-population in the country, had the people all evicted and their houses leveled to the ground. The wisdom and the good taste he had shown in this matter were highly praised by their lordships as they made their way up the carpeted steps leading to the platform, and took their seats on the chairs and sofas which had been placed there for their accommodation. The meeting having presented arms, it was moved by the Hon. Frederick Augustus Mightywell, and seconded by George Famous Grabber, Esq., that the most noble the Marquis of Squanderall do take the chair.

The noble marquis said—My lords and gentlemen, I may say I thank you for having called me—that is, for the honor you have done me in having called me to have the honor of presiding over this, I may say, important meeting. (Cheers.) I have come over from London—I

may say across the Channel—to have the honor of attending this meeting, because we all know these tenant fellows have been allowed to have this sort of thing too long to themselves. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) There have been, I may say, hundreds of these meetings, at which the fellows say they want to get their rents reduced, that their crops were short, that they must keep their families from starving, and all that sort of rot. How can we help it if their crops were short? (Hear, hear.) How can we help it if they have families to support? (Cheers.) The idiots talk about our rents being three or four times more than Griffith's valuation; if that be so, I may say, more shame for the fellow Griffith, whoever he was. (Groans for Griffith.) Are we to be robbed because Griffith was an ass? (Cheers.) My lords and gentlemen, I shall not detain you longer—(cries of "Go on" from several sub-inspectors)—but will call upon, I may say, my eloquent friend, Lord Deliverus, who will propose the first resolution. (Loud and long-continued cheering from the constabulary.)

Lord Deliverus—My dear Squanderall, my good friends, and other persons, you know I am not accustomed to this sort of thing, but I have been asked to propose the following resolution:—

"That we regret to notice that the unbounded prosperity which is being enjoyed by the small farmers and the laboring classes of Ireland is having a very bad effect on them, leading them into all sorts of extravagance, and producing among them an insolent and rebellious spirit, and that in the interest of morality and public safety we consider it absolutely necessary that the rents of the country shall be increased by about 100 per cent."

Now, my friends, this is a resolution which must waken a sympathetic echo in the bosom of every rightly-constituted gentleman of property. Do we not all know, have we not all seen, the lamentable changes that have taken place in this country? Twenty years ago not half the population indulged in the luxury of shoes and stockings, and the laboring classes never thought of wearing waistcoats; now, most of them take care to provide themselves with these things. Where do they get the money to buy them but out of our rents? (True, true.) Twenty years ago

they were satisfied if they could get a few potatoes to live upon each day, and a very good, wholesome, simple food they were for such people. (Hear, hear.) But latterly some bad instructors have got amongst them, and now the blackguards will not be contented unless they have rashers two or three times a week. (Oh, oh.) Where do they get the money for these rashers? (Voices—"Out of our rents.") Yes, my friends, out of our rents. They rob us to supply themselves with delicacies of this kind. Eight or ten years ago we could bring up the fellows to vote for us; now they do as they like. (Groans.) And now the fellows say we must give them a reduction of their rents! (A voice—"Give them an ounce of lead.") The rascals say they won't starve. (Oh, oh, and groans.) They say they will feed themselves first, and then consider if they have anything to spare for us. (Shrieks and groans on the platform—Colonel Hardup faints.) They say the life of any one among them is just as precious as the life of any one of us. (Expressions of horror on all sides—Lord Tomnoddy looks unutterably disgusted, changes color, puts his hand on his stomach, and retires hastily to the back of the platform.) My friends, I need not tell you that the Government is bound to put them down at any cost. (Tremendous cheering.) Just think what would result from any considerable reduction of our incomes; why, most of us might have to remain in this wretched country, for we would be ashamed to return in reduced circumstances to London and Paris; we should have fewer horses, fewer yachts, fewer servants, less champagne, less Italian opera, no *rouge et noir*—think, my friends, of the number of charming establishments from London to Vienna that would feel the shock. (Sobs and moans on the platform.) Would life be worth living under such circumstances? (No, no.) No, my lords and gentlemen, it would not; and therefore we are entitled to call upon the Government to interfere promptly and with a strong hand to stop the spread of those subversive theories that are now being taught to the lower classes in this country. (Great applause.)

A. D. Shoneen, Esq., J.P., came forward to second the resolution. He said—My lords and gentlemen, I feel that I need not add a word, even if I were able to do so, to the

beautiful, the eloquent, the argumentative, the thrilling oration you have just heard from the estimable Lord Deliverus. I will not attempt to describe that magnificent performance in the language it deserves, for the task would far transcend my humble capacity. But I do think that this country should feel grateful—every country should feel grateful—the human race should feel grateful—to his lordship for the invaluable contribution he has made to the sum of our political philosophy in that address. I own I am moved almost to tears when I consider that the people whose conduct has excited such righteous indignation in the breast of his lordship, and so affected the epigastric region of that most amiable young nobleman, Viscount Tomnoddy—are my countrymen. I blush to make the confession, I am so overcome by my feelings that I am unable to do more than briefly second the resolution, which has been proposed to you in words that deserve to live forever, and that mankind will not willingly let die. (The resolution was passed unanimously.)

Major Bearhead came forward to propose the next resolution, which was in the following terms:—"That, from the unlawful, rebellious, and revolutionary spirit which is now abroad, we deem it essential that a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act shall at once be effected, that martial law shall be proclaimed in all disturbed districts, that all land agitators shall be at once arrested, and all tenant-right books, pamphlets, and newspapers shall be confiscated and suppressed."

The gallant Major said—My lords and gentlemen, ahem! you may talk of resolutions, but this is the resolution that is wanted. Ahem! by the soul of Julius Cæsar, it is only such spirited measures that will ever settle this confounded Irish trouble. Ahem! the fellows want reductions—by the boots of the immortal Wellington, I would reduce them with grape and canister; that's the reduction I would give them! Thunder and lightning—ahem! thunder and lightning! to think that these agitating fellows have been going about the country these twelve months, and not one of them shot, sabered, or hanged yet! Two or three fellows were put under a sort of sham arrest, and I am told they are to be tried; trial be damned, I say. Ahem! a drumhead court-martial is the sort of trial for

them. No fear they would ever trouble the country afterwards. Let the Horse-Guards only send me word, "Bear-head, you settle with these people," and see how soon I'd do it. (Cheers.) By all the bombshells in Britain, I'd have the country as quiet as a churchyard in two months. That is enough for me to say—ahem! (Great cheering.)

The Hon. Charles Edward Algernon Featherhead, in seconding the resolution, said—My lords, ladies, and gentlemen—oh, I really forgot that the ladies are not present, which I take to be a dooced pity, for, as the poet says, "Their smiles would make a summer"—oh, yes, I have it—"where darkness else would be." (Applause.) I can't say I know much about these blooming agricultural matters, for on my word of honor I always looked on them as a low, vulgar sort of thing, and all my set of fellows do just the same; but my old governor wished me to come here and take part in the proceedings, and I have a little reason for wishing to humor him just now. But, as I was saying, I don't see how any sort of fun can go on if we are not to get money from these farming fellows. It may be very true that oats were not worth digging this season, and that potatoes were very short in the straw and very light in the ear; but then, on the other hand, was there not a plentiful supply of cucumbers? (Cheers.) We hear a great deal about American importations, but it seems to me that's the jolliest part of the whole thing, because surely the farming fellows can't want to eat the American food and the Irish food both together. Let them eat the Yankee stuff, and then sell the Irish and give us the money, and there's the whole thing settled handsomely. It's their confounded stupidity that prevents them seeing this plain and simple way of satisfying themselves and us. For, as the poet says, "Is there a heart that never loved?"—no, that's not it—"When the wine-cup is circling before us"—no, I forget what the poet said, but no matter: I beg to say that I highly approve of the toast which has just been proposed. (The resolution was carried unanimously.)

Sir Nathaniel H. Castlehack wished to offer a few remarks before the close of the meeting. It appeared to him that the tone of some of the speakers had not shown quite as much confidence in the Government as in his opinion they deserved. I do not think (said the speaker) that

the arrests which have been referred to were at all intended to be a flash in the pan, for I have reason to know that at this moment the jury panels are being carefully looked after by the authorities—(good, good)—and I think I may say to the gallant major who has just preceded me, and whose zeal for the public cause we all must recognize and admire, that if he will only exercise to some extent the virtue of patience, and allow things to take their regular course, he will probably ere long have the opportunity which he desires for again distinguishing himself and rendering the State some service. . . . Don't be afraid, my friends; rely with confidence on the Government; they will give to this unreasonable and turbulent people everything but what they want.

A scene of immense enthusiasm followed these remarks. The gentlemen on the platform embraced each other; the band of the 33d Dragoons struck up "God save the Queen," and the constabulary fired a *feu de joie*. The meeting was then put through some evolutions, which they performed in brilliant style, after which they broke into sections and marched off to their different stations. Their lordships and the gentry then proceeded to their carriages, and drove off to Freebooter Hall. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the results of the demonstration, and stated that similar meetings would soon be held in various parts of the country.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.¹

High upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face, with the spirit of their race,
And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland," said the heroes; "God save Ireland,"
said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

¹ William O'Meara Allen, Michael O'Brien, Michael Larkin, executed 23d November, 1867, for accidentally killing Brett, a policeman, in the attempt to rescue Kelly and Deasy, September 18.

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,
 For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near,
 Of the millions true and brave, o'er the ocean's swelling
 wave,

And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.

"God save Ireland," said they proudly; "God save Ireland,"
 said they all:

"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
 O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Climbed they up the rugged stair; rung their voices out in
 prayer;

Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast,
 Close beneath the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly,
 True to home and faith and freedom to the last.

"God save Ireland," prayed they loudly; "God save Ireland,"
 said they all:

"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
 O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away
 Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;

But on the cause must go, amidst joy or weal or woe,
 Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.

"God save Ireland," say we proudly; "God save Ireland,"
 say we all:

"If upon the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
 O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

YOU AND I.

I know what will happen, sweet,
 When you and I are one;
 Calm and bright and very fleet,
 All our days will run.
 Fond and kind our words will be,
 Mixed no more with sighs;
 Thoughts too fine for words we'll see
 Within each other's eyes.

Sweet, when you and I are one
 Earth will bloom anew—
 Brighter than the stars and sun,
 Softer than the dew.

Sweeter scents will then arise
From the fields and flowers;
Holier calm will fill the skies
In the midnight hours.

Music now unheard, unknown
Then will reach our ears;
Not a plaint in any tone,
Not a hint of tears.
In a round of bliss complete
All our days will run—
That is what will happen, sweet,
When you and I are one.

DEAR OLD IRELAND.

IRISH AIR.

I.

Deep in Canadian woods we 've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the Autumn day,
We 'll toast Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

II.

We 've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, ranns and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty-fold.
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we 've got to say:
Here 's dear Old Ireland!
Good Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

III.

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain—
That patriots suffered, martyrs died—
And all, 't is sad, in vain.

But no, boys, no! a glance will show
 How far they've won their way—
 Here's good Old Ireland!
 Brave Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

IV.

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
 The patron and the fair;
 And lithe young frames at the dear old games
 In the kindly Irish air;
 And the loud "hurroo," we have heard it too,
 And the thundering "Clear the way!"
 Here's gay Old Ireland!
 Dear Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

V.

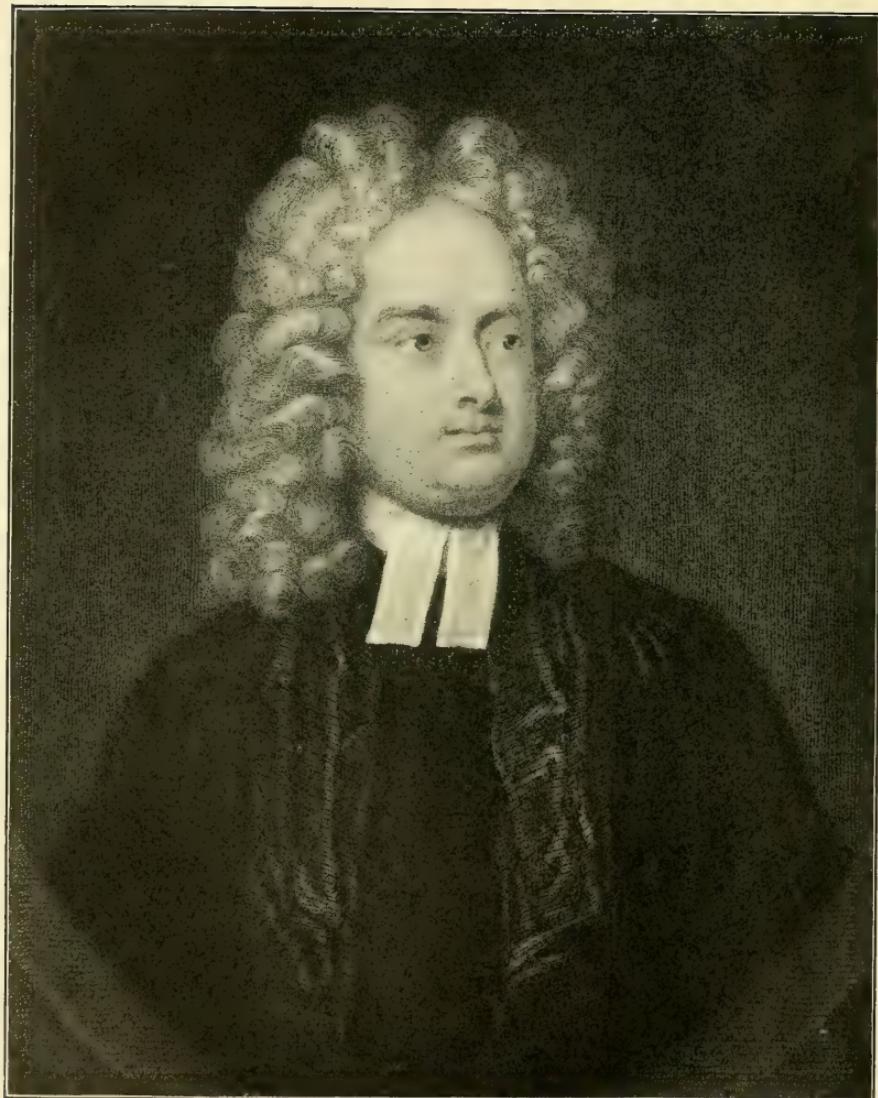
And well we know in the cool gray eyes,
 When the hard day's work is o'er,
 How soft and sweet are the words that greet
 The friends who meet once more;
 With "Mary machree!" "My Pat! 'tis he!"
 And "My own heart night and day!"
 Ah, fond Old Ireland!
 Dear Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

VI.

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
 From their peaceful homes, for miles
 O'er fields and roads and hills, to Mass,
 When Sunday morning smiles;
 And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
 When low they kneel and pray.
 Oh, dear Old Ireland!
 Blest old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!

VII.

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
 And we never may see again
 The dear old isle where our hearts are set
 And our first fond hopes remain!
 But come, fill up another cup,
 And with every sup we'll say,
 "Here's dear Old Ireland!
 Loved Old Ireland!
 Ireland, boys, hurrah!



JONATHAN SWIFT

JONATHAN SWIFT.

(1667—1745.)

To most of us the name of Swift at once conjures up the memory of that happy time of youth when we first made acquaintance with the ever-entrancing Gulliver, of which Bulwer Lytton said—

“ And lo ! the book from all its end beguiled,
A harmless wonder to some happy child.”

But few realize that the work was really one of the many powerful political pamphlets in which Swift brought his keen, biting satire, his clear logical mind, his lofty uncompromising courage into play, exercising as great, if not greater, influence, in the world of politics than is wielded by any single one of the most powerful newspapers of to-day.

This influence was due also to the clear, simple, straightforward English which he employed in his writings. He always used language which could be “understood of the people.” His homely common-sense English prose, that a child can read and understand, and a scholar appreciate and enjoy, was a more powerful weapon than all his other intellectual endowments put together. For without it he could never have reached the ear of the people as he did.

And yet in the background of this great power, this mighty intellect, there is a grim shadow ever present from his birth to his melancholy end, which, becoming a reality, shattered his life, so that as Thackeray says, “To think of Swift, is like thinking of the ruins of a great empire.”

Jonathan Swift was born at Dublin in 1667. His father, who was a cousin of the poet Dryden, died before his birth, leaving his mother in poverty. By the slender charity of his uncle Godwin he was intrusted to the care of a nurse, who took him to England with her, where he remained until five years of age. Returning to Ireland, he was sent by his uncle to a school at Kilkenny. He entered the University of Dublin at the age of fourteen, and proved a rebellious and difficult student, for which perhaps the bitterness of spirit engendered by his poverty was largely responsible. He studied widely, but not along the lines prescribed by the college, and it was only by special favor that he obtained his degree in 1685-86.

When he left college he was penniless and practically alone in the world, but he found employment with Sir William Temple as an amanuensis, at a salary of £20 (\$100) a year. He made himself useful to Temple and was enabled to go to Oxford, where in 1692 he obtained the degree of M.A. While at Oxford he attempted some translations from the Latin, which he showed to his cousin Dryden, who told him that he would never be a poet, a remark which was never forgotten nor forgiven by Swift.

In 1694-95, mainly through the influence of Sir William Temple, he was admitted to deacon's orders and appointed to the prebend of Kilroot at a salary of £100 (\$500) a year. He did not remain

there long, however, but returned to Sir William Temple in 1695, characteristically resigning his living in favor of a poor curate, the father of eight children, who was

“passing rich with forty pounds a year.”

At Moore Park, Sir William Temple's residence, Swift now became more his confidential friend than his employé. Here he completed ‘The Tale of a Tub,’ which he had begun while he was at the University, and wrote ‘The Battle of the Books,’ and here also he met Esther Johnson, whom he has immortalized as “Stella.”

In 1699 Sir William Temple died, leaving Swift a legacy of £100 (\$500) and his literary remains, which Swift carefully edited and published some time later.

After several times being tricked and disappointed, he at length was appointed Vicar of Laracor, Rathbeggan, and Agher, worth about £270 (\$1,350) a year, where he effected many reforms and improvements, both moral and material. Meanwhile, “Stella” with a companion took up her abode in the town of Trim near at hand.

The power of the pamphlet, first demonstrated by Wiclif, who opened that new literary vein toward the end of the fourteenth century, has been vigorously wielded by many writers since his time; notably by Daniel Defoe, who began in 1687. Swift took up the weapon a few years later.

His power as a political pamphleteer was first manifested in 1701, when he published anonymously his ‘Discussions in Athens and Rome.’ The authorship was attributed to many people in high places, among others, to Bishop Burnet, who made public disavowal of it, in order to escape impeachment. Swift himself avowed the authorship some two years later.

‘The Tale of a Tub’ and ‘The Battle of the Books,’ published in 1704, showed to the world that a new and tremendous literary power had arisen; and now followed a succession of pamphlets on public affairs, which brought him into close conjunction with the Whig party; but about 1710, becoming more in sympathy with the Tories, he threw in his lot with them and employed all the resources of his intellect to the furtherance of their aims and policy, founding *The Examiner* as the organ of the party. It is impossible to give the long catalogue of his writings in support of both of these political parties. They mostly deal with issues which are long since past, but they all bear the stamp of his powerful genius. It should be said, however, that his change from the Whigs to the Tories was a perfectly natural and logical one and was not made for the sake of place or power. While he was in London he had a bitter controversy with Steele, arising out of an article in his *Crisis*. Swift fiercely opposed the views of Steele, who upheld the Union and extolled the Scottish character at the expense of the Irish, and for a moment was in danger of prison, but the storm blew itself out.

For the detailed account of Swift's sojourn in London the world is indebted to his ‘Journal to Stella,’ which was in a series of letters, full of minute and circumstantial detail, sometimes in language of playful tenderness, and at others as serious as a diplomat's dispatches.

In 1713 he was appointed to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to which he retired on the death of Queen Anne and the collapse of the Tory party. Here, though he was at first badly received and even insulted, he soon made himself at home, and the Deanery was twice a week the scene of a gathering of the foremost people in society, art, and letters.

In 1720 his 'Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures,' etc., made him very popular with the people. It is interesting to note here that the proposal has been renewed in our own day, with far greater practical effect. The 'Drapier Letters' perhaps displayed the power of the press in that day more than anything else ever did. They made inoperative a patent which had been granted for coining £180,000 (\$900,000) worth of copper money for Ireland, for which the people of that country would have been severely taxed. It is remarkable that many of the arguments employed in these letters would apply almost exactly to the silver discussion in the United States one hundred and eighty years later.

All this time Swift had been working on his 'Gulliver's Travels,' and when he went to England in 1726 he took the manuscript with him; it appeared in that year, and the public went wild over it at once. "It was read by the high, the low, the learned and the illiterate, and criticism for a while was lost in wonder." Voltaire read it with delight, and at his suggestion it was translated into French.

In 1727 Swift paid another visit to England, and published there the three volumes of 'Miscellanies,' in which his name appeared with that of Pope, to whom he gave the entire profits, as well as the copyright of 'Gulliver's Travels.' Indeed, it may be said that Swift never directly made a single penny by his writings.

In 1728 "Stella" died, and from that time forward he grew morose and passionate, intolerable to his friends and unendurable to himself. His mind failed him, and in the last year of his life he became a hopeless lunatic. In 1742 his reason returned for a few days, but only to mock the hopes of his friends, and he died on Oct. 14, 1745. He is buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

It is impossible to take leave of Swift without some reference to his relations with "Stella"—to whom allusion has already been made—and to "Vanessa," a Miss Vanhomrig, whose acquaintance Swift made when in London. The latter appeared in Dublin as soon as Swift took up his residence at the Deanery, and her presence aroused the jealousy of "Stella," for whom Swift had taken lodgings at Ormond Quay. It is said that Swift was married to "Stella" in 1716, but there is little to show the truth of this. Certain it is that "Vanessa" was passionately in love with the Dean, and that she died with a broken heart because of him; and it is equally certain that for "Stella" Swift had such affection as it was in his power to give to any woman. For the rest, the whole matter is wrapped in mystery, where it is well to let it lie. C. W.

GULLIVER AMONG THE PIGMIES.

From ‘*Gulliver’s Travels*.’

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emmanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him, and my uncle John and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden. There I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the “Swallow,” Captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London; to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master, Bates, dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having, therefore, consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my

fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and, when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the "Antelope," who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas. Let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation, we found ourselves in the latitude of $30^{\circ} 2'$ south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition.

On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor, while we were in the ship. We, therefore, trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves; and, in about half an hour, the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost.

For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but, when I was almost

gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and, by this time, the storm was much abated.

The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least, I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for, when I awakened, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my armpits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, I could see nothing except the sky. In a little time, I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward, as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) followed the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill, but distinct voice—*Hekinah degul!* the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs, that

fastened my left arm to the ground ; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them ; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac* ; when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles ; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides ; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself ; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw.

But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows : but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased ; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work ; when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it ; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration he cried out three times, *Langro*

debul san (these words, and the former, were afterwards repeated, and explained to me). Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness.

I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand, and both my eyes, to the sun, as calling him for a witness: and, being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides; on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me.

I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink.

They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads,

then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught; which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevola*; and, when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *Hekinah degul*.

I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior—soon drove out those imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality, to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them.

After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue: and, producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes, without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. . . .

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the coun-

tenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. The prince has several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees, and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set to work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood, raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me, as I lay. But the principal difficulty was, to raise and place me in this vehicle.

Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and tied fast.

All this I was told; for while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me toward the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked, by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopt awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked, when I was asleep. They climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off, unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly.

We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side

of me, half with torches and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning, at sunrise, we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person, by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopt there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of these people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate, fronting to the north, was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground; into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed four-score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks.

Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body, by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued, to forbid it, upon pain of death.

When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up, with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people, at seeing me rise and walk, are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS.

From ‘*Gulliver’s Travels*.’

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet. He would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty that the contempt he discovered towards Europe and the rest of the world did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it. That, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country, in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of

Peers, persons of the noblest blood and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counselors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defense of their prince and country, by their valor, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honor had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counselors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly, called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, *freely* picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury, the valor and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular, which I thought might rebound to the honor of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty, in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords; whether the humor of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady as a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements? What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe or some other sinister view could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of knowledge in religious matters and the sanctity of their lives had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some noblemen, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow, after they were admitted into that assembly?

He then desired to know what arts were practiced in electing those whom I called commoners; whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighborhood? How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always

sincere: and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry? He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless inquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points; and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decree'd for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes, manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party in religion or politics was observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they, or their judges, had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for or against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And, particularly, whether they were admitted as members in the lower senate?

He fell next upon the management of our treasury, and said he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and, when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them. He won-

dered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbors, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace and among a free people. He said if we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half-a-dozen rascals, picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it), in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us, in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming; he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed: whether it ever went so high as to effect their fortunes: whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they received, to learn and practice that infamous dexterity upon others?

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very

worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required towards the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valor, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counselors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in traveling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wrung and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." . . .

In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favor, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder into a heap, on which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball

of iron or lead with such violence and speed as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships with a thousand men in each to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not to be above a hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return for so many marks that I had received of his royal favor and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given him of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed, how so impotent and groveling an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted, as the common effects of those destructive machines, whereof, he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and short views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, take this defect among them to have arisen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us, written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy or some rival nation were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes, with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

A SHORT VIEW OF IRELAND, 1727.

I am assured, that it has for some time been practiced as a method of making men's court when they are asked

about the rate of lands, the abilities of the tenants, the state of trade and manufacture in this kingdom and how their rents are paid; to answer that in their neighborhood all things are in a flourishing condition, the rent and purchase of land every day increasing. And if a gentleman happen to be a little more sincere in his representation, besides being looked on as not well-affected, he is sure to have a dozen contraditors at his elbow. I think it is no manner of secret, why these questions are so cordially asked or so obligingly answered.

But since, with regard to the affairs of this kingdom I have been using all endeavors to subdue my indignation; to which indeed I am not provoked by any personal interest, not being the owner of one spot of ground in the whole island; I shall only enumerate, by rules generally known and never contradicted what are the true causes of any country's flourishing and growing rich; and then examine what effects arise from those causes in the kingdom of Ireland.

The first cause of a kingdom's thriving is the fruitfulness of the soil to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life, not only sufficient for the inhabitants but for exportation into other countries.

The second is the industry of the people in working up all their native commodities to the last degree of manufacture.

The third is the conveniency of safe ports and havens, to carry out their own goods as much manufactured, and bring in those of others as little manufactured, as the nature of mutual commerce will allow.

The fourth is that the natives should, as much as possible, export and import their goods in vessels of their own timber, made in their own country.

The fifth is the privilege of a free trade in all foreign countries which will permit them, except those who are in war with their own prince or state.

The sixth is being governed only by laws made with their own consent, for otherwise they are not a free people. And therefore all appeals for justice or applications for favor or preferment, to another country, are so many grievous impoverishments.

The seventh is by improvement of land, encouragement

of agriculture, and thereby increasing the number of their people, without which any country, however blessed by nature, must continue poor.

The eighth is the residence of the prince or chief administrator of the civil power.

The ninth is the concourse of foreigners, for education, curiosity, or pleasure, or as to a general mart of trade.

The tenth is by disposing all offices of honor, profit, or trust, only to natives, or at least with very few exceptions, where strangers have long inhabited the country and are supposed to understand and regard the interests of it as their own.

The eleventh is when the rents of land and profits of employment are spent in the country which produced them, and not in another, the former of which will certainly happen where the love of our native country prevails.

The twelfth is by the public revenues being all spent and employed at home, except on the occasions of a foreign war.

The thirteenth is where the people are not obliged, unless they find it for their own interest or convenience, to receive any moneys, except of their own coinage by a public mint, after the manner of all civilized nations.

The fourteenth is a disposition of the people of a country to wear their own manufactures, and import as few incitements to luxury either in clothes, furniture, food, or drink, as they possibly can live conveniently without.

There are many other causes of a nation's thriving, which I at present cannot recollect; but without advantage from at least some of these, after turning my thoughts a long time, I am not able to discover whence our wealth proceeds, and therefore would gladly be better informed. In the meantime, I will here examine what share falls to Ireland of these causes, or of the effects and consequences.

It is not my intention to complain, but barely to relate facts, and the matter is not of small importance. For it is allowed, that a man who lives in a solitary house, far from help, is not wise in endeavoring to acquire in the neighborhood the reputation of being rich, because those who come for gold will go off with pewter and brass rather than return empty, and in the common practice of the

world, those who possess most wealth make least parade, which they leave to others, who have nothing else to bear them out in showing their faces on the Exchange.

As to the first cause of a nation's riches, being the fertility of the soil, as well as temperature of the climate, we have no reason to complain; for, although the quantity of unprofitable land in this kingdom, reckoning bog and rock and barren mountain, be double in proportion to what it is in England, yet the native productions, which both kingdoms deal in, are very near an equality in point of goodness, and might, with the same encouragement, be as well manufactured. I except mines and minerals, in some of which, however, we are only defective in point of skill and industry.

In the second, which is the industry of the people, our misfortune is not altogether owing to our own fault, but to a million of discouragements.

The conveniency of ports and havens, which nature has bestowed so liberally on this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.

As to shipping of its own, Ireland is so utterly unprovided that, of all the excellent timber cut down within these 50 or 60 years, it can hardly be said that the nation has received the benefit of one valuable house to dwell in, or one ship to trade with.

Ireland is the only kingdom I ever heard or read of either in ancient or modern story, which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities and manufactures wherever they pleased, except to countries at war with their own prince or state; yet this privilege, by the superiority of mere power, is refused us in the most momentous parts of commerce,—besides an act of navigation, to which we never consented, pinned down upon us, and rigorously executed; and a thousand other unexampled circumstances, as grievous as they are invidious to mention. To go on to the rest.

It is too well known that we are forced to obey some laws we never consented to, which is a condition I must not call by its true uncontroverted name, for fear of Lord Chief-Judge Whitshed's ghost, with his *Libertas et natale solum* written for a motto on his coach, as it stood at the

door of the court, while he was perjuring himself to betray both. Thus we are in the conditions of patients, who have physic sent them by doctors at a distance, strangers to their constitution and the nature of their disease, and thus we are forced to pay 500 per cent. to decide our properties; in all of which we have likewise the honor to be distinguished from the whole race of mankind.

As to the improvement of land, those few who attempt that or planting, through covetousness, or want of skill, generally leave things worse than they were; neither succeeding in trees nor hedges; and, by running into the fancy of grazing, after the manner of the Scythians, are every day depopulating the country.

We are so far from having a king to reside among us, that even the vice-roy is generally absent four-fifths of his time in the government.

No strangers from other countries make this a part of their travels, where they can expect to see nothing but scenes of misery and desolation.

Those who have the misfortune to be born here have the least title to any considerable employment, to which they are seldom preferred but upon a political consideration.

One third part of the rents of Ireland is spent in England, which, with the profit of employments, pensions, appeals, journeys of pleasure or health, education at the inns of court and both universities, remittances at pleasure, the pay of all superior officers in the army, and other incidents, will amount to a full half of the income of the whole kingdom, all clear profit to England.

We are denied the liberty of coining gold, silver, or even copper. In the isle of Man they coin their own silver; every petty prince, vassal to the emperor, can coin what money he pleases. And in this, as in most of the articles already mentioned, we are an exception to all other states or monarchies that were ever known in the world.

As to the last, or fourteenth article, we take special care to act diametrically contrary to it in the whole course of our lives. Both sexes, but especially the women, despise and abhor to wear any of their own manufactures, even those which are better made than in other countries, particularly a sort of silk plaid, through which the workmen are forced to run a kind of gold thread, that it may pass

for Indian. Even ale and potatoes are imported from England, as well as corn; and our foreign trade is little more than importation of French wine, for which I am told we pay ready money.

Now, if all this be true (upon which I could easily enlarge), I should be glad to know by what secret method it is that we grow a rich and flourishing people, without liberty, trade, manufactures, inhabitants, money, or the privilege of coining, without industry, labor, or improvement of land, and with more than half the rent and profits of the whole kingdom annually exported, for which we receive not a single farthing, and to make up all this, nothing worth mentioning, except the linen of the north, a trade casual, corrupted, and at mercy, and some butter from Cork. If we do flourish, it must be against every law of nature and reason, like the thorn at Glastonbury that blossoms in the midst of winter.

Let the worthy commissioners who come from England ride round the kingdom; and observe the face of nature, or the face of the natives; the improvement of the land, the thriving numerous plantations; the noble woods, the abundance and vicinity of country seats; the commodious farms, houses, and barns; the towns and villages, where everybody is busy, and thriving with all kind of manufactures; the shops full of goods wrought to perfection, and filled with customers, the comfortable diet, and dress, and dwellings of the people; the vast numbers of ships in our harbors and docks, and shipwrights in our sea-port towns; the roads crowded with carriers laden with rich manufactures; the perpetual concourse to and fro of pompous equipages.

With what envy and admiration would these gentlemen return from so delightful a progress! what glorious reports would they make when they went back to England?

But my heart is too heavy to continue this irony longer, for it is manifest that whatever stranger took such a journey would be apt to think himself traveling in Lapland or Iceland rather than in a country so favored by nature as ours, both in fruitfulness of soil and temperature of climate. The miserable dress and diet, and dwelling of the people; the general desolation in most parts of the kingdom; the old seats of the nobility and gentry all in ruins,

and no new ones in their stead; the families of farmers, who pay great rents, living in filth and nastiness upon buttermilk and potatoes, without a shoe or stocking to their feet, or a house so convenient as an English hogsty to receive them. These indeed may be comfortable sights to an English spectator, who comes for a short time, only to learn the language, and returns back to his own country, whither he finds all his wealth transmitted.

“Nostra miseria magna est.”

There is not one argument used to prove the riches of Ireland which is not a logical demonstration of its poverty. The rise of our rents is squeezed out of the very blood, and vitals, and clothes, and dwellings of the tenants, who live worse than English beggars. The lowness of interest, in all other countries a sign of wealth, is in us a proof of misery, there being no trade to employ any borrower. Hence alone comes the dearness of land, since the savers have no other way to lay out their money; hence the dearness of necessaries of life, because the tenants cannot afford to pay such extravagant rates for land (which they must take or go a-begging) without raising the price of cattle and of corn, although themselves should live upon chaff. Hence our increase of building in this city, because workmen have nothing to do but to employ one another, and one half of them are infallibly undone. Hence the daily increase of bankers, who may be a necessary evil in a trading country, but so ruinous in ours; who, for their private advantage, have sent away all our silver and one third of our gold; so that within three years past the running cash of the nation, which was about £500,000, is now less than two, and must daily diminish unless we have liberty to coin as well as that important kingdom the Isle of Man, and the meanest principality in the German empire, as I before observed.

I have sometimes thought that this paradox of the kingdom's growing rich is chiefly owing to those worthy gentlemen the *Bankers*, who, except some custom-house officers, birds of passage, oppressive thrifty squires, and a few others who shall be nameless, are the only thriving people among us; and I have often wished that a law were enacted to hang up half a dozen bankers every year, and thereby interpose at least some short delay to the further ruin of Ireland.

Ye are idle! ye are idle! answered Pharaoh to the Israelites when they complained to his majesty that they were forced to make bricks without straw.

England enjoys every one of those advantages for enriching a nation which I have above enumerated, and into the bargain a good million returned to them every year without labor or hazard or one farthing value received on our side; but how long we shall be able to continue the payment I am not under the least concern. One thing I know, that when the hen is starved to death there will be no more golden eggs.

I think it a little inhospitable, and others may call it a subtle piece of malice, that, because there may be a dozen families in this town able to entertain their English frends in a generous manner at their tables, their guests upon their return to England shall report that we wallow in riches and luxury.

Yet I confess I have known an hospital where all the household officers grew rich, while the poor, for whose sake it was built, were almost starying.

To conclude; if Ireland be a rich and flourishing kingdom, its wealth and prosperity must be owing to certain causes that are yet concealed from the whole race of mankind, and the effects are equally invisible. We need not wonder at strangers when they deliver such paradoxes, but a native or inhabitant of this kingdom who gives the same verdict must be either ignorant to stupidity, or a man-pleaser at the expense of all honor.

CONCERNING THE BRASS HALFPENCE COINED BY MR. WOOD. BY M. B. DRAPIER.

From 'The Drapier Letters.'

LETTER I. TO THE TRADESMEN, SHOPKEEPERS, FARMERS, AND COMMON PEOPLE GENERALLY OF IRELAND.

Brethren, Friends, Countrymen and Subjects:

It having been many years since *Copper Halfpence or Farthings* were last coined in this Kingdom, they have

been for some time very scarce, and many counterfeits passed about under the name of *raps*, several applications were made to England, that we might have liberty to coin new ones, as in former times we did; but they did not succeed. At last one Mr. Wood, a mean ordinary man, a hardware dealer, procured a patent under his Majesty's broad seal to coin fourscore and ten thousand pounds in copper for this kingdom, which patent however did not oblige any one here to take them, unless they pleased. Now you must know, that the halfpence and farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth. And if you should beat them to pieces, and sell them to the brazier you would not lose above a penny in a shilling. But Mr. Wood made his halfpence of such base metal, and so much smaller than the English ones, that the brazier would not give you above a penny of good money for a shilling of his; so that this sum of fourscore and ten thousand pounds in good gold and silver, must be given for trash that will not be worth above eight or nine thousand pounds real value. But this is not the worst, for Mr. Wood when he pleases may by stealth send over another and another fourscore and ten thousand pounds, and buy all our goods for eleven parts in twelve, under the value. For example, if a hatter sells a dozen of hats for five shillings apiece, which amounts to three pounds, and receives the payment in Mr. Wood's coin, he really receives only the value of five shillings.

Perhaps you will wonder how such an ordinary fellow as this Mr. Wood could have so much interest as to get his Majesty's broad seal for so great a sum of bad money, to be sent to this poor country, and that all the nobility and gentry here could not obtain the same favor, and let us make our own halfpence, as we used to do. Now I will make that matter very plain. We are at a great distance from the King's court, and have nobody there to solicit for us, although a great number of lords and squires, whose estates are here, and are our countrymen, spending all their lives and fortunes there. But this same Mr. Wood was able to attend constantly for his own interest; he is an Englishman and had great friends, and it seems knew very well where to give money, to those that would speak to others that could speak to the King and tell a fair story.

And his Majesty, and perhaps the great lord or lords who advised him, might think it was for our country's good; and so, as the lawyers express it, "the King was deceived in his grant," which often happens in all reigns. And I am sure if His Majesty knew that such a patent, if it should take effect according to the desire of Mr. Wood, would utterly ruin this kingdom, which hath given such great proofs of its loyalty, he would immediately recall it, and perhaps show his displeasure to somebody or other. But "a word to the wise is enough." Most of you must have heard, with what anger our honorable House of Commons received the account of this Wood's patent. There were several fine speeches made upon it, and plain proofs that it was all a WICKED CHEAT from the bottom to the top, and several smart votes were printed, which that same Mr. Wood had the assurance to answer likewise in print, and in so confident a way, as if he were a better man than our whole Parliament put together.

This Wood, as soon as his patent was passed, or soon after, sends over a great many barrels of these halfpence, to Cork and other sea-port towns, and to get them off offered an hundred pounds in his coin for seventy or eighty in silver. But the collectors of the King's customs very honestly refused to take them, and so did almost everybody else. And since the Parliament hath condemned them and desired the King that they might be stopped, all the kingdom do abominate them.

But Wood is still working underhand to force his halfpence upon us, and if he can by help of his friends in England prevail so far as to get an order that the commissioners and collectors of the King's money shall receive them, and that the army is to be paid with them, then he thinks his work shall be done. And this is the difficulty you will be under in such a case. For the common soldier when he goes to the market or alehouse will offer this money, and if it be refused, perhaps he will swagger and hector, and threaten to beat the butcher or alewife, or take the goods by force, and throw them the bad halfpence. In this and the like cases, the shopkeeper or victualler, or any other tradesman has no more to do, than to demand ten times the price of his goods, if it is to be paid in Wood's money; for example, twenty pence of that money for a

quart of ale; and so in all things else, and not part with his goods till he gets the money.

For suppose you go to an alehouse with that base money, and the landlord gives you a quart for four of these halfpence, what must the victualler do? His brewer will not be paid in that coin, or if the brewer should be such a fool, the farmers will not take it from them for their bere¹ because they are bound by their leases to pay their rents in good and lawful money of England, which this is not, or of Ireland neither, and the 'squire their landlord will never be so bewitched to take such trash for rent, so that it must certainly stop somewhere or other, and wherever it stops it is the same thing, and we are all undone.

The common weight of these halfpence is between four and five to an ounce, suppose five, then three shillings and four pence will weigh a pound, and consequently twenty shillings will weigh six pound butter weight. Now there are many hundred farmers who pay two hundred pound a year rent. Therefore when one of these farmers comes with his half-year's rent, which is one hundred pound, it will be at least six hundred pound weight, which is a three horse load.

If a 'squire has a mind to come to town to buy clothes and wine and spices for himself and family, or perhaps to pass the winter here; he must bring with him five to six horses loaded with sacks as the farmers bring their coin; and when his lady comes in her coach to our shops, it must be followed by a car loaded with Mr. Wood's money. And I hope we shall have the grace to take it for no more than it is worth.

They say 'Squire Conolly has sixteen thousand pound a year; now if he sends for his rent to town, as it is likely he does, he must have two hundred and forty horses to bring up his half-year's rent, and two or three great cellars in his house for stowage. But what the bankers will do I cannot tell. For I am assured, that some great bankers keep by them forty thousand pounds in ready cash to answer all payments, which sum, in Mr. Wood's money, would require twelve hundred horses to carry it.

For my own part, I am already resolved what to do; I have a pretty good shop of Irish stuffs and silks, and in-

¹ Bere, barley.

stead of taking Mr. Wood's bad copper, I intend to truck with my neighbors the butchers, and bakers, and brewers, and the rest, goods for goods, and the little gold and silver I have, I will keep by me like my heart's blood till better times, or till I am just ready to starve, and then I will buy Mr. Wood's money as my father did the brass money in K. James's time, who could buy ten pound of it with a guinea, and I hope to get as much for a pistole, and so purchase bread from those who will be such fools as to sell it me.

These halfpence, if they once pass, will soon be counterfeited, because it may be cheaply done, the stuff is so base. The Dutch likewise will probably do the same thing, and send them over to us to pay for our goods. And Mr. Wood will never be at rest but coin on: So that in some years we shall have at least five times fourscore and ten thousand pound of this lumber. Now the current money of this kingdom is not reckoned to be above four hundred thousand pound in all, and while there is a silver sixpence left these blood-suckers will never be quiet.

When once the kingdom is reduced to such a condition, I will tell you what must be the end: The gentlemen of estates will turn off their tenants for want of payment, because as I told you before, the tenants are obliged by their leases to pay sterling which is lawful current money of England; then they will turn their own farmers, as too many of them do already, run all into sheep where they can, keeping only such other cattle as are necessary, then they will be their own merchants and send their wool and butter, and hides and linen beyond sea for ready money and wine and spices and silks. They will keep only a few miserable cottiers. The farmers must rob or beg, or leave their country. The shopkeepers in this and every other town, must break and starve: For it is the landed man that maintains the merchant, and shopkeeper, and handi-craftsman.

But when the 'squire turns farmer and merchant himself, all the good money he gets from abroad, he will hoard up or send for England, and keep some poor tailor or weaver and the like in his own house, who will be glad to get bread at any rate.

I should never have done if I were to tell you all the

miseries that we shall undergo if we be so foolish and wicked as to take this CURSED COIN. It would be very hard if all Ireland should be put into one scale, and this sorry fellow Wood into the other, that Mr. Wood should weigh down this whole kingdom, by which England gets above a million of good money every year clear into their pockets, and that is more than the English do by all the world besides.

But your great comfort is, that His Majesty's Patent does not oblige you to take this money, so the laws have not given the crown a power of forcing the subjects to take what money the King pleases: For then by the same reason we might be bound to take pebble-stones or cockle-shells or stamped leather for current coin, if ever we should happen to live under an ill prince, who might likewise by the same power make a guinea pass for ten pound, a shilling for twenty shillings, and so on, by which he would in a short time get all the silver and gold of the kingdom into his own hands, and leave us nothing but brass or leather or what he pleased. Neither is anything reckoned more cruel or oppressive in the French government than their common practice of calling in all their money after they have sunk it very low, and then coining it anew at a much higher value, which however, is not a thousandth part so wicked as this abominable project of Mr. Wood. For the French give their subjects silver for silver and gold for gold, but this fellow will not so much as give us good brass or copper for our gold and silver, or even a twelfth part of their worth.

Having said this much, I will now go on to tell you the judgments of some great lawyers in this matter, whom I fee'd on purpose for your sakes, and got their opinions under their hands, that I might be sure I went upon good grounds.

A famous law-book, called 'The Mirror of Justice,' dis coursing of the articles (or laws) ordained by our ancient kings declares the law to be as follows: "It was ordained that no king of this realm should change, impair or amend the money or make any other money than of gold or silver without the assent of all the counties," that is, as my Lord Coke, says, without the assent of Parliament.

This book is very ancient, and of great authority for the

time in which it was wrote, and with that character is often quoted by that great lawyer my Lord Coke.

By the law of England, the several metals are divided into lawful or true metal and unlawful or false metal, the former comprehends silver or gold; the latter all baser metals: That the former is only to pass in payments appears by an act of Parliament made the twentieth year of Edward the First, called the "Statute concerning the Passing of Pence," which I give you here as I got it translated into English, for some of our laws at that time, were, as I am told writ in Latin: "Whoever in buying or selling presumeth to refuse an halfpenny or farthing of lawful money, bearing the stamp which it ought to have, let him be seized on as a contemner of the King's majesty, and cast into prison."

By this Statute, no person is to be reckoned a contemner of the King's majesty, and for that crime to be committed to prison, but he who refuses to accept the King's coin made of lawful metal, by which, as I observed above, silver and gold only are intended.

That this is the true construction of the Act, appears not only from the meaning of the words, but from my Lord Coke's observation upon it. "By this act," (says he) "it appears, that no subject can be forced to take in buying or selling or other payments, any money made but of lawful metal; that is, of silver or gold."

The law of England gives the King all mines of gold and silver, but not mines of other metals, the reason of which prerogative or power, as it is given by my Lord Coke is, because money can be made of gold and silver, but not of other metals.

Pursuant to this opinion halfpence and farthings were anciently made of silver, which is most evident from the Act of Parliament of Henry the 4th. chap. 4, by which it is enacted as follows: "Item, for the great scarcity that is at present within the realm of England of halfpence and farthings of silver, it is ordained and established that the third part of all the money of silver plate which shall be brought to the bullion, shall be made in halfpence and farthings." This shows that by the word "halfpenny" and "farthing" of lawful money in that statutes concern-

ing the passing of pence, are meant a small coin in half-pence and farthings of silver.

This is further manifest from the statute of the ninth year of Edward the 3rd, chap. 3, which enacts, "That no sterling halfpenny or farthing be molten for to make vessel, nor any other thing by goldsmiths, nor others, upon forfeiture of the money so molten" (or melted).

By another Act in this King's reign black money was not to be current in England, and by an act made in the eleventh year of his reign Chap. 5, galley halfpence were not to pass; what kind of coin these were I do not know, but I presume they were made of base metal, and that these acts were no new laws, but farther declarations of the old laws relating to the coin.

Thus the law stands in relation to coin, nor is there any example to the contrary, except one in Davis's Reports, who tells us that in the time of Tyrone's rebellion Queen Elizabeth ordered money of mixed metal to be coined in the tower of London, and sent hither for payment of the army, obliging all people to receive it and commanding that all silver money should be taken only as bullion, that is, for as much as it weighed. Davis tells us several particulars in this matter too long here to trouble you with, and that the privy-council of this kingdom obliged a merchant in England to receive this mixed money for goods transmitted hither.

But this proceeding is rejected by all the best lawyers as contrary to law, the Privy-council here having no such power. And besides it is to be considered, that the Queen was then under great difficulties by a rebellion in this kingdom assisted from Spain, and whatever is done in great exigencies and dangerous times should never be an example to proceed by in seasons of peace and quietness.

I will now, my dear friends, to save you the trouble, set before you in short, what the law obliges you to do, and what it does not oblige you to do.

First: You are obliged to take all money in payments which is coined by the King and is of the English standard or weight, provided it be of gold or silver.

Secondly: You are not obliged to take any money which is not of gold or silver—no, not the halfpence, or farthings of England, or of any other country; and it is

only for convenience and ease that you are content to take them, because the custom of coining silver halfpence and farthings hath long been left off, I will suppose on account of their being subject to be lost.

Thirdly: Much less are you obliged to take these vile halfpence of that same Wood, by which you must lose almost eleven-pence in every shilling.

Therefore, my friends, stand to it one and all; refuse this filthy trash. It is no treason to rebel against Mr. Wood. His Majesty in his patent obliges nobody to take these halfpence—our gracious prince hath no so ill advisers about him; or if he had, yet you see the laws have not left it in the King's power to force us to take any coin but what is lawful, of right standard gold and silver; therefore you have nothing to fear.

And let me in the next place apply myself particularly to you who are the poor sort of tradesmen: perhaps you may think that you will not be so great losers as the rich, if these halfpence should pass, because you seldom see any silver, and your customers come to your shops or stalls with nothing but brass, which you likewise find hard to be got; but you may take my word, whenever this money gains footing among you, you will be utterly undone: if you carry these halfpence to a shop for tobacco or brandy, or any other thing you want, the shopkeeper will advance his goods accordingly, or else he must break, and leave the key under the door. Do you think I will sell a yard of ten-penny stuff for twenty of Mr. Wood's halfpence? No, not under two hundred at least: neither will I be at the trouble of counting, but weigh them in a lump; I will tell you one thing further, that if Mr. Wood's project should take, it will ruin even our beggars; for when I give a beggar an halfpenny, it will quench his thirst, or go a good way to fill his belly, but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I gave him three pins out of my sleeve.

In short these halfpence are like “the accursed thing which,” as the Scripture tells us, “the children of Israel were forbidden to touch;” they will run about like the plague and destroy every one who lays his hands upon them. I have heard scholars talk of a man who told a king that he had invented a way to torment people by putting

them into a bull of brass with fire under it, but the prince put the projector first into his brazen bull to make the experiment; this very much resembles the project of Mr. Wood, and the like of this may possibly be Mr. Wood's fate, that the brass he provided to torment this kingdom with may prove his own torment, and his destruction at last.

EXTRACT

From 'The Journal to Stella.'

I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine; but I fancy I shall have, some time or other, the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from M. D. this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy's; then went to the coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison; and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall alter my behavior to him till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends and friendships are all monsters but M. D.'s. . . . How do I know whether china be dear or not? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off. And so you only want some salad-dishes and plates, and etc. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds. Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line and no more, thus: *How do you do, Mrs. Stella?* That was written with my eyes shut. . . . O then, you kept Presto's little birthday? Would to God I had been with you! *Reditulous*, Madam! I suppose you mean *ridiculous*? I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pretty Stella. . . . What, will you still have the impudence to write *London, England*, because I write *Dublin, Ireland*?

Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy-box? The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however I shall not wait for it if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees. . . . I would fain be at the beginning of my willows-growing. Percival tells me that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones in the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry-trees by the river-side I have set my heart upon. . . . See how my style is altered by living and thinking and talking among these people instead of my canal and river walk and willows. Yes, faith, I hope in God, Presto and M.D. will be together this time twelvemonths. What then? Last year, I suppose, I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I suppose you mean *ale*), but yet good wine every day of five or six shillings the bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes. Pray do not carry that too far, young woman, but be temperate to hold out. . . . Percival tells me he can sell your horse. Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What! Sell anything that Stella loves, and maybe rides! And so God Almighty protect poor, dear, dear, dear, dearest M. D. 'Night, dearest little M. D.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more as he appears convinced himself.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

When a true genius appears in the world you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Some men, under the notions of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is, because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to *shine* in company, but it is in most men's power to be *agreeable*. The reason therefore why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill-nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and counsels, governed by foolish servants.

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

That was *excellently observed*, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be *mistaken*.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.¹

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:

¹Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas."—"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us."

They argue no corrupted mind
 In him; the fault is in mankind.
 This maxim more than all the rest
 Is thought too base for human breast:
 "In all distresses of our friends
 We first consult our private ends;
 While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
 Points out some circumstance to please us."

If this perhaps your patience move,
 Let reason and experience prove.

.

I have no title to aspire;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line
 But with a sigh I wish it mine;
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six;
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was borne to introduce,
 Refined it first, and showed its use.
 St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
 That I had some repute for prose;
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they had mortified my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside;
 If with such talents Heaven has blessed 'em,
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts! but never to my friend:
 I tamely can endure the first
 But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote when I
 Must by the course of nature die;
 When I foresee, my special friends
 Will try to find their private ends;
 And, though 't is hardly understood
 Which way my death can do them good,
 Yet, thus, methinks, I hear them speak:

“ See, how the dean begins to break !
Poor gentleman, he droops apace !
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he ’s dead.
Besides, his memory decays :
He recollects not what he says ;
He cannot call his friends to mind :
Forgets the place where last he dined ;
Plies you with stories o’er and o’er ;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith ! he must make his stories shorter
Or change his comrades once a quarter :
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.

“ For poetry he ’s past his prime :
He takes an hour to find a rhyme ;
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I ’d have him throw away his pen ;—
But there ’s no talking to some men ! ”

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years :
“ He ’s older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
But now he ’s quite another thing :
I wish he may hold out till spring ! ”
They hug themselves, and reason thus :
“ It is not yet so bad with us ! ”

Yet, should some neighbor feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send !
What hearty prayers that I should mend !
Inquire what regimen I kept ;
What gave me ease, and how I slept ?
And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivelers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
 For, though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast,
 They must be verified at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!

“How is the dean?”—“He’s just alive.”
 Now the departing prayer is read;

“He hardly breathes.”—“The dean is dead.”

Before the passing bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.

“O! may we all for death prepare!

What has he left? and who’s his heir?”

“I know no more than what the news is;
 ‘T is all bequeathed to public uses.”—

“To public uses! there’s a whim!

What has the public done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride:

He gave it all—but first he died.

And had the dean, in all the nation,

No worthy friend, no poor relation?

So ready to do strangers good,

Forgetting his own flesh and blood!”

Here shift the scene to represent
 How those I love my death lament.

Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear

To bite his pen and drop a tear.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,

“I’m sorry—but we all must die.”

When we are lashed they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortured with suspense and fear;
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approached, to stand between:
 The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
 Have better learned to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:

“The dean is dead: (Pray, what is trumps?)
 Then lord have mercy on his soul!
 (Ladies, I’ll venture for the vole.)

Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 't is a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the dean—(I lead a heart),
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time has come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene:
No further mention of the dean;
Who now, alas! no more is missed
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favorite of Apollo?
Departed:—and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

“ As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em:
But this I know, all people bought 'em.
As with a moral view designed
To cure the vices of mankind:
His vein, ironically grave,
Exposed the fool and lashed the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.

“ He never thought an honor done him
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,

Spent all his credit for his friends;
 And only chose the wise and good;
 No flatterers; no allies in blood;
 But succored virtue in distress,
 And seldom failed of good success.
 As numbers in their hearts must own,
 Who but for him had been unknown.

“With princes kept a due decorum,
 But never stood in awe before ‘em.
 He followed David’s lesson, just,
 In princes never put thy trust:
 And would you make him truly sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.
 The Irish senate if you named,
 With what impatience he declaimed!
 Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
 For her he stood prepared to die;
 For her he boldly stood alone;
 For her he oft exposed his own.
 Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
 Had set a price upon his head;
 But not a traitor could be found
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

“Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
 He might have rose like other men:
 But power was never in his thought,
 And wealth he valued not a groat;
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pitied those who meant the wound:
 But kept the tenor of his mind,
 To merit well of humankind:
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labored many a fruitless hour
 To reconcile his friends in power;
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each other’s ruin.
 But finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

“And oh! how short are human schemes!
 Here ended all our golden dreams.
 What St. John’s skill in state affairs,
 What Ormond’s valor, Oxford’s cares,
 To save their sinking country lent,
 Was all destroyed by one event.
 Too soon that precious life was ended

On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound
To ruin, slaughter and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?
With horror, grief, despair, the dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenomed pens
Far to the lands of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most when treated worst.

“ By innocence and resolution,
He bore continued persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose
Whose merits were to be his foes;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.

“ The dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has owned it was his doing.
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reaped the profit, sought his blood.

“ To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs or old Tresilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor feared he God, nor man regarded,
Vowed on the dean his rage to vent,

And make him of his zeal repent :
 But Heaven his innocence defends,
 The grateful people stand his friends ;
 Nor strains of law, nor judge's frown,
 Nor topics brought to please the crown,
 Nor witness hired, nor jury picked,
 Prevail to bring him in convict.

“ In exile, with a steady heart,
 He spent his life's declining part,
 Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay,
 His friendships there, to few confined,
 Were always of the middling kind ;
 No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed :
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a withered flower ;
 He would have held it a disgrace
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 He vented off his wrath in vain ;

In every job to have a share,
 A jail or turnpike to repair ;
 And turn the tax for public roads,
 Commodious to their own abodes.

“ Perhaps I may allow the dean
 Had too much satire in his vein,
 And seemed determined not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it.
 Yet malice never was his aim ;
 He lashed the vice, but spared the name ;
 No individual could resent,
 Where thousands equally were meant ;
 His satire points at no defect
 But what all mortals may correct ;
 For he abhorred that senseless tribe
 Who call it humor when they gibe ;
 He spared a hump or crooked nose,
 Whose owners set not up for beaux.
 True genuine dullness moved his pity,
 Unless it offered to be witty.
 Those who their ignorance confessed
 He ne'er offended with a jest ;
 But laughed to hear an idiot quote
 A verse from Horace learned by rote.

" He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
 Was cheerful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.

" He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad;
 And showed by one satiric touch
 No nation wanted it so much.
 That kingdom he had left his debtor,
 I wish it soon may have a better."

TO STELLA,

VISITING ME IN MY SICKNESS, 1720.

When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Called every power to ease my pains;
 Then Stella ran to my relief,
 With cheerful face and inward grief,
 And, though by Heaven's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,
 No cruel master could require,
 From slaves employed for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warmed
 With vigor and delight performed:
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes:
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught,
 And so obligingly am caught;
 I bless the hand from whence they came,
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best patterns of true friends! beware;
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger yours;
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pulled a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for a house decayed.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

- I. Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.
- II. By disputing I will never,
To convince you, once endeavor.
- III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.
- IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.
- V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.
- VI. When you, furious, argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.
- VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.
- VIII. Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.
- IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.
- X. You shall never hear me thunder
When you blunder on, and blunder.
- XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.
- XII. Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'T will be just as I expect.

TIME.

Ever eating, never cloying,
All-devouring, all destroying,
Never finding full repast
Till I eat the world at last.

A CIRCLE.

I 'm up and down and round about,
Yet all the world can't find me out;
Though hundreds have employed their leisure,
They never yet could find my measure.
I 'm found in almost every garden,
Nay, in the compass of a farthing,
There 's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
Can move an inch except I will.

THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you 'll find in jet,
T' other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within:
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

JOHN F. TAYLOR.

(— 1902.)

JOHN F. TAYLOR was a member of the Irish bar, who occasionally wrote on Irish subjects for the magazines. He was a Dublin journalist and a correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* for many years.

He wrote verses in the Irish periodicals over the signature of "Ridgeway" and published 'A Life of Owen Roe O'Neill.' He died December, 1902.

A CENTURY OF SUBJECTION.

From 'A Life of Owen Roe O'Neill.'

The O'Neills had ruled as princes in Ulster for centuries, and eighty successive chiefs of the name, according to the Chroniclers, had been solemnly installed in power at the Rath of Tallahogue before Con the Lame (Con Bocagh) accepted the earldom of Tyr-Owen from King Henry VIII. in 1542, abandoning the simple title of "O'Neill" so hateful to English ears. In that same year the King of England was for the first time proclaimed King of Ireland, and the two countries, England and Ireland, were declared to be thenceforward indissolubly connected by law. A few years before, Henry had struck a heavy blow at the feudal semi-independent nobles of the Pale, by sweeping off the whole house of Kildare; when in 1537, Silken Thomas and his uncles were put to death at Tyburn, the line of the great Geraldines closed, and the Anglo-Normans in Ireland were left without any recognized head. It was at this time, too, that Henry was declared Supreme Head of the Church in Ireland, and all ecclesiastical jurisdiction was vested by law in the hands of Protestant churchmen, who became mere civil servants. From an Irish Parliament the king had nothing to fear. The parliament was nothing but an assembly of the English in Ireland. Even such little power as it had exercised in former times had been taken away in the previous reign, when in a moment of panic it committed suicide by passing Poynings' Act at Drogheda, in 1495, binding all future parliaments not to propose any legislation without

having first obtained the assent of the English king or council. With Nobles, Church, and Parliament at his feet, Henry held undisputed power in Ireland, and no contending authority of any kind remained to limit, hamper, or control his government.

There were at this time three distinct peoples in Ireland—the Ancient Irish; the amalgamated Norman-Irish, usually called the New Irish; and the Ancient English of the Pale. No deep or lasting lines of hostility separated these three peoples. For when the Statute of Kilkenny was passed in 1367, ordering all Englishmen in Ireland to cut off communication with the natives, few of the nobler Anglo-Norman houses obeyed that decree. Outside the Pale, indeed, the statute rather hastened amalgamation; and although within the Pale it was for some time observed, it gradually fell into desuetude in the fifteenth century, and England was too busy elsewhere to look after its observance. The lines of division grew fainter and fainter until it seemed as if all traces of difference should soon fade away. But new disturbing influences now came in, and religious rancor acerbated national animosity. Those who refused to acknowledge the spiritual supremacy of Henry were put outside the protection of the law. Cathedrals, churches, and abbeys, and the lands by which they were maintained, were taken from Catholics and handed over to Protestants, except in some rare instances when Catholic consciences were elastic enough to acknowledge Henry's claims.

These claims, however, could only be enforced within the limits of the Pale, which was now once more hemmed in from the rest of Ireland by a new dividing line. For two centuries the limits of the English Pale had not advanced into Irish quarters. The Bruce campaign of 1314-18 had rolled back the tide of invasion almost to the gates of Dublin, and there up to Tudor times it has stood. But it was part of Henry's policy to make real the kingship which he claimed. If his predecessors, who had been merely lords of Ireland, were contented with the submission of the Pale he for his part was resolved not to stop short of dominion over the whole island. Conquest recommenced, and wars of aggression on the native chiefs followed one another quickly. The completion of the con-

quest of Ireland was the Tudor programme, and the completion was accomplished precisely at the extinction of the Tudor dynasty. Terrible slaughters and devastation took place during the sixty years that elapsed from Con Bo-cagh's submission until Con's grandson, the great Hugh O'Neill, submitted at Mellifont on the very day of Elizabeth's death.

It was in these years that Munster was laid desolate in the frightful "Desmond waste" (1571), and the old Celtic population was exiled from Leix, and Offaly, the King's County and the Queen's. New English settlers came and occupied the confiscated lands, and a new tide of invasion swelled and rolled as wave after wave of bold adventurers poured into Ireland carrying destruction in their wake. These new adventurers made settlements on the conquered lands and the limits of Englishry were extended daily. In Ulster, however, no such lodgment was attempted. Little scattered bodies of Scotch were splashed on the Eastern seaboard of Antrim, but up to O'Neill's submission in 1603 Ulster was still substantially unmixed "Ancient Irish." To them the accession of James the First irresistibly brought hopes of a better day. James had boasted of his descent from the Irish Fergus, the conqueror of Scotland. He was dear to the Catholics as the son of the most romantic of queens, for Ireland had been deeply moved by the sufferings and death of Mary, Queen of Scots. Hugh O'Neill and James had been in alliance, and it looked as if the Saxon supremacy was about to pass, and that the Celt once more was to have his day. Great rejoicings took place in Ireland. Bards foretold the golden days at hand when, under a Gaelic king, Gael and Goall should live in brotherhood and peace. For the first time all the Irish people were claimed as subjects of the English Crown. For the first time, too, all Ireland lay calm, peaceful, and exhausted, and the time for magnanimous statesmanship had come.

To the wise reforming ruler, sympathetically approaching the Irish problem, there could not come a more auspicious moment, but it soon became clear that James was not the man for such a task. The sword was no longer used or needed, but James' agents effected by fraud what the Tudor soldiers had effected by force. For open

tyranny chicane was substituted. Adventurers ravened for spoils, and they employed in procuring them the weapons of the forger, the cheat and the false witness. Unwary victims were lured into the meshes of a law unknown and unintelligible to them, and their ignorance and credulity became the instruments of their ruin. Land-owners were encouraged to surrender their lands on the promise of better and safer titles; but the surrenders once made, the titles were either refused, or granted with deliberate flaws which afterwards worked the annulment of the grants. The first blow fell on Ulster. The Bann and Foyle fisheries had been in the immemorial possession of the O'Neills; and Hugh, the Earl, had received a grant from the King of all the lands and appurtenances of the clan. By subtle quibbles it was now sought to deprive him of his seigniorial rights over these fisheries. They were taken from him and granted to adventurers. When he expostulated he was threatened with worse treatment still. His clansmen, now his tenants, were urged by castle agents to pay him no rent, and they had to come secretly to Dundalk, where he lived to escape the eyes of the officials. Hugh was harassed with summons after summons calling him to answer in Castle Chamber for charges unsubstantiated by a tittle of proof. Warned from abroad by an Irish officer of an intended charge of treasonable conspiracy about to be brought against him, and knowing well that his life was aimed at so that his lands might be seized, he with kith and kin sailed away from Ireland in 1607.

The confiscators were now let loose in Ulster; but the Chichesters and Hamiltons had to share the plunder with great commercial "adventurers." Lord Bacon had very strongly advocated a settlement or "plantation" of "es-tated tenants" with fixed rights independent of any lord or landowner, and great London companies were willing to carry out this scheme. This was a terrible blow to the clansmen, for to make room for yeoman "planters" it was necessary that the clansmen should go. Now the clansmen were in no way involved in O'Neill's alleged conspiracy, and O'Neill had by Brehon law no more right to the lands of the clan than a managing director has to the property of the shareholders. But these considerations

did not stand in the way. By a test known as the case of Tanistry, a judgment of the courts was obtained against Brehon law, and as, by the royal grace, the common law of England had been extended to all Ireland, it followed that all rights and titles recognized by Brehon jurisprudence were no longer of any avail. All land was held mediately or immediately from the king, and as the Earl of Tyrone had forfeited his estate to the king, all those who held under him were involved in the destruction of his title.

O'Donnell's clansmen were similarly involved in the ruin of their chief; and two years later, in 1609, the O'Doghertys were ousted from all legal right to their lands by the forfeiture declared against young Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, Owen Roe's brother-in-law. All Ulster was given over to the devourers, and although self-interest, humanity and fear modified the plans of expropriation, the clearance was effective and thorough. Ulster was made the most miserable of the provinces, by a parody of the forms of law subdued to the uses of the swindler and the cheat. The chief contriver of these fraudulent practices was Sir John Davies, who by a few gracious words has won for himself a respected name through the kindness of historians. He was in truth an unprincipled adventurer, and, as James's attorney-general, was the ready and eager adviser in every scheme of plunder.

It was part of the policy of Davies to introduce the forms of the English constitution into Ireland, only to distort them from their original purpose. A parliament of all Ireland was called; but it was packed with Castle clerks and assistants returned for imaginary boroughs created by royal writ. Trial by jury was introduced; but sheriffs carefully chose "safe" men, and if Catholic jurors declined to find priests guilty of having celebrated mass their "recalcitrance" was put forward as a proof of the unfitness of Papists to serve on juries at all. Although the penal statutes of Elizabeth were graciously allowed to lapse, old acts passed against Rome "in Catholic times" were now resuscitated; and by Father Lalor's trial and condemnation for *præmunire* in 1607, Davies accomplished all the purposes of Elizabeth's Acts through the older acts of Edward III. and of Richard II. Priests were

again banned, churches were closed, schools suppressed, and education forbidden.

Then the great exodus began. Irish students had to seek abroad for intellectual training and scholarship. A number of colleges were founded by Irish piety and munificence, and the youth of Ireland thronged these homes of learning, which stretched like lines of light from Louvain to Rome, and from Salamanca to Prague. While Waterford see was polluted by the abominable Atherton,¹ the sons of Waterford City, the Lombards and Whites and Waddings were the counselors of cardinals and kings. The sages and scholars of Ireland were in exile and the light of knowledge faded from the land. Swordsmen as well as bookmen fled from Ireland to seek careers abroad. Irish Catholic soldiers had fought against Hugh O'Neill at the close of the seven years' war against Elizabeth. They found themselves now turned adrift, and nothing remained for them but to fly from their unhappy country. Irish "swordsmen" were already famous in great Continental armies, and during the first quarter of the seventeenth century Irishmen joined the ranks of the Spanish, Austrian, French, and even Swedish forces.² The English officials gave hearty encouragement to this flight from Ireland and were at no loss for high reasons and lofty justification for their policy. Thousands of young Irishmen thronged into the Spanish service. Captains and colonels rapidly procured commissions for raising regiments, and at stated times the Irish harbors were filled with ships bearing brave men away forever from their native land. The drain grew greater as confiscations increased; and although rulers came and went, policy glided on in satisfactory continuity, names only changing as Mountjoy, Chichester, St. John, and Falkland succeeded one another.

In Ulster the rich valleys were occupied by the Scotch planters, and the houseless and landless clansmen, hud-

¹Carte doubts his guilt of the loathsome charges for which he was hanged, and believes that Boyle, Earl of Cork, by subornation, procured his judicial murder. In such a mire of iniquity, who can pick his steps?

²Attempts were made to induce the clansmen of Ulster to join the army of Gustavus Adolphus, and many were shipped for Sweden. But they must have in some way eluded their guards, as there is no instance of an Irish regiment in Swedish service, nor could Dr. Sigerson, a ripe Norse scholar, find any trace of Irish swordsmen in Sweden, although he made special and minute inquiries.

dled on the mountain tops in their poor, rude, wicker cots called "creaghts," or "keraghts," followed the herds of cattle which were now their sole wealth. These wandering outcasts sent many soldiers to the wars; but they still remained at home in numbers uncomfortably large for the planters. Mysterious midnight drilling went on. Clouds of priests and friars passed to and fro between Ireland and the Continent. Rumors of Tyrone's return were heard everywhere. "He would come; he was coming; he had come." To those who asked if a rising were lawful in the eye of the Church, priests dexterously distinguished between *rebellion* and a war of *restoration*. "Tyrone might have become a rebel," they said; "but O'Neill cannot." The saying stamps the character of the new rising. It was to be no revolt against the ancient over-lordship of the English king. It was a rising for the old tribal kingdom of the clan against the new claims of sovereignty, the assertion of which for over a hundred years had brought such desolation on the whole land.

But there were others who took wider views. Some among the leaders of the people thought that the time had come for a national movement for liberty. Old barriers were broken down, and the tie of common creed began to unite races and tribes long torn asunder by hatred, jealousy, and prejudice. The "Ancient Irish" of Ulster, Connaught, and Wicklow were for once united in interest with their old hereditary enemies, the English of the Pale. Priests and bishops encouraged this new spirit and fanned the flame of national consciousness and unity. Outlaws themselves, they came from abroad in rude crazy barks, on dark nights when seas were breaking, and winds were in uproar, so that they might escape the foeman and the spy. Then lurking in cave and mountain fastnesses, they gathered their flocks around them and told them what popes and emperors were doing, and how in God's good time Erin should again be free. Captains and colonels came too, rousing the men at home to be ready when the men abroad should return. England, it was thought, should be swept into the vortex of European troubles, and then the blow for Irish liberty should be struck. But England kept aloof from European complications, and Hugh, the great earl, went down to his grave in 1616 without

having once caught one gleam of hope during his nine weary years of exile. With his death all purpose seemed to die out in Ireland. The stillness of the tomb settled over the whole land, and English statesmen boasted that the Irish sphinx had yielded up her secret, and that resolute and salutary restraint soon overcame all unruliness in the strange wayward island. For twenty-five years that hymn of victory went up. The ashes of assassinated Ireland at last reposed in their final resting place; and England's great mission in the world should no longer be impeded by the importunate outlaw at her door.

What healing measures came during these twenty-five years? What thought was taken of Ireland? What policy was adopted? New confiscations took place in Wicklow and in Connaught, and heavier blows than ever fell upon unhappy Ulster; while the machinery of Church and State worked out the degradation of the people, steeping them in ignorance, poverty, and terror. Forgery and fraud were as efficacious as ever; and the highest in the land stooped, as in the attempted spoliation of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, to subornation of perjury and to perjury itself. One of the most skillful and persevering of these legal swindlers was the insatiable Boyle, queerly called "The Great Earl of Cork." With gospel precepts on his lips this plunderer waded to wealth through the blood of his victims, and therewithal he much increased his store and piously rejoiced in the abundance which the Lord had given unto him. His counsels were ever at the disposal of active confiscators, and he now and then rebuked the "remissness" of the officials in Dublin for not putting such "practices" into more frequent operation.

In 1632 Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland" was published, and its publication struck terror into the hearts of the defenseless Irish. The book had been written forty years earlier; but its maxims were quite in tune with the time of its issue to the world. The "gentle" poet had a policy of clear and logical simplicity; the clearing out and extermination of the native Irish. In the temper of 1632 such a book was as it were a message from hell, working on the passions of evil men. Another book, written by a Mr. Blennerhassett, was published about the same time. The writer was an English settler, and he had taken much

thought about Ulster and the troubles there. He advanced a system of kerne-hunting as the best remedy. Spirited English sportsmen would enjoy the novelty, and so the "wolfe and the wood-kerne" would be cut down by the spears of hardy huntsmen. The "kerne" were "poor wandering creatures in creaghts," he explained, and he was confident that they could readily be extirpated.

Spenser and Blennerhassett, the two evangelists of robbery and murder, found ready disciples. In that very year new clearances, took place in Ulster. The new owners had found that Irish tenants were less troublesome than Scotch or English. They paid more rent, and they were far less sturdy in the assertion of rights. Gradually a great part of the confiscated lands went back into their possession. Intermarriages between the planters and the natives became frequent and notable; and it looked as if the old weird attractiveness of the Celt was once again to charm the enemy into a friend and lover. This serious peril was properly appreciated by an ever-watchful government. New laws breathing the spirit of the Statute of Kilkenny were passed, and all tenancies to Irishmen in the planted lands were declared void in 1632. Ulster was once more crowded with poor "wandering creatures in the creaghts," and the cruel policy lit the old fires in the most temperate and cautious breasts. Wise men dreaded a return to the methods of the Desmond war with its rapine, massacre, and devastation. Waterford, the eye of Ireland, was deeply stirred by the closing up of its schools, which had by salutary connivance been allowed to go on in a simple and obscure way, doing most excellent work in the mental training of the south, till Ulster Puritans again called out for the forcible closing of such schools "more like universities than schools" they explained, where Papists were still surreptitiously taught.

Lured by some slight concessions the Catholics of the Pale had hoped to found a University in Dublin which would relieve them from the perils of seeking education abroad; for they had tried in vain to bring about an agreement with Oxford or Trinity College, to which many Catholics had resorted until the gates were closed in their faces. In Back-lane the beginnings of a home of learning were quietly formed; but the poor embryonic University was

trampled under foot, its teachers were imprisoned, and its rooms and teaching apparatus were handed over to Trinity College. These were the blessed fruits of that long peace, the unsettling of which by "Papist rebels" has moved the indignation of supercilious critics. Threats of worse things to come drove the outcast Catholics into agues of terror, and they waited like poor dumb animals for the scourge and the goad. But men pass through terror unto courage. The quarry at bay forgets fear, and fights for dear life. Its wrath is the black tragedy of history.

JAMES HENTHORN TODD.

(1805—1869.)

DR. TODD, the son of Dr. Charles H. Todd, a well known surgeon in his day, was born in Dublin, April 23, 1805. His course in Trinity College was a distinguished one. He was graduated B.A. in 1825; in 1831 he was elected to a fellowship; in 1849 he became regius professor of Hebrew, and he was appointed librarian in 1852. He also was closely connected with St. Patrick's Cathedral. He was elected its Treasurer in 1837. Four years after his entry into the Royal Irish Academy he was—in 1837—elected to the Council; he was Secretary from 1847 to 1855, and he held the post of President from 1856 to 1861.

He produced 'The Irish Version of the Historia Britonum of Nennius,' 'The Martyrology of Donegal,' 'The Book of Hymns of the Ancient Church of Ireland,' and he also contributed to the series published by Lord Romilly an account of the wars of the Danes and Norsemen from MSS. in the libraries of Dublin and Brussels. He also edited the following works of Wiclif: 'The Last Age of the Church,' then first printed from a manuscript in the library of Dublin University, with notes (Dublin, 1840); 'An Apology for Lollard Doctrines,' also from a MS. in Dublin University (1842); and 'Three Treatises—I. 'Of the Church and her Members'; II. 'Of the Apostasy of the Church'; III. 'Of Antichrist and his Meynee,' also from the same source (1851). His most important original work was a 'Life of St. Patrick' (1864). Another original work of his was 'The Book of the Vaudois' (1865), in which he gave some new and highly important information on the history of the Waldenses. He also gave some assistance in the preparation of the new edition of O'Reilly's 'Irish and English Dictionary,' which Dr. O'Donovan published in 1864. He was a frequent contributor to *Notes and Queries*, and he did good service to Celtic study by procuring transcripts of Irish MSS. scattered in foreign libraries.

He died at Rathfarnham, June 28, 1869, in his sixty-fourth year, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, where a Celtic cross marks his last resting place.

ST. PATRICK'S SUCCESS.

From 'St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.'

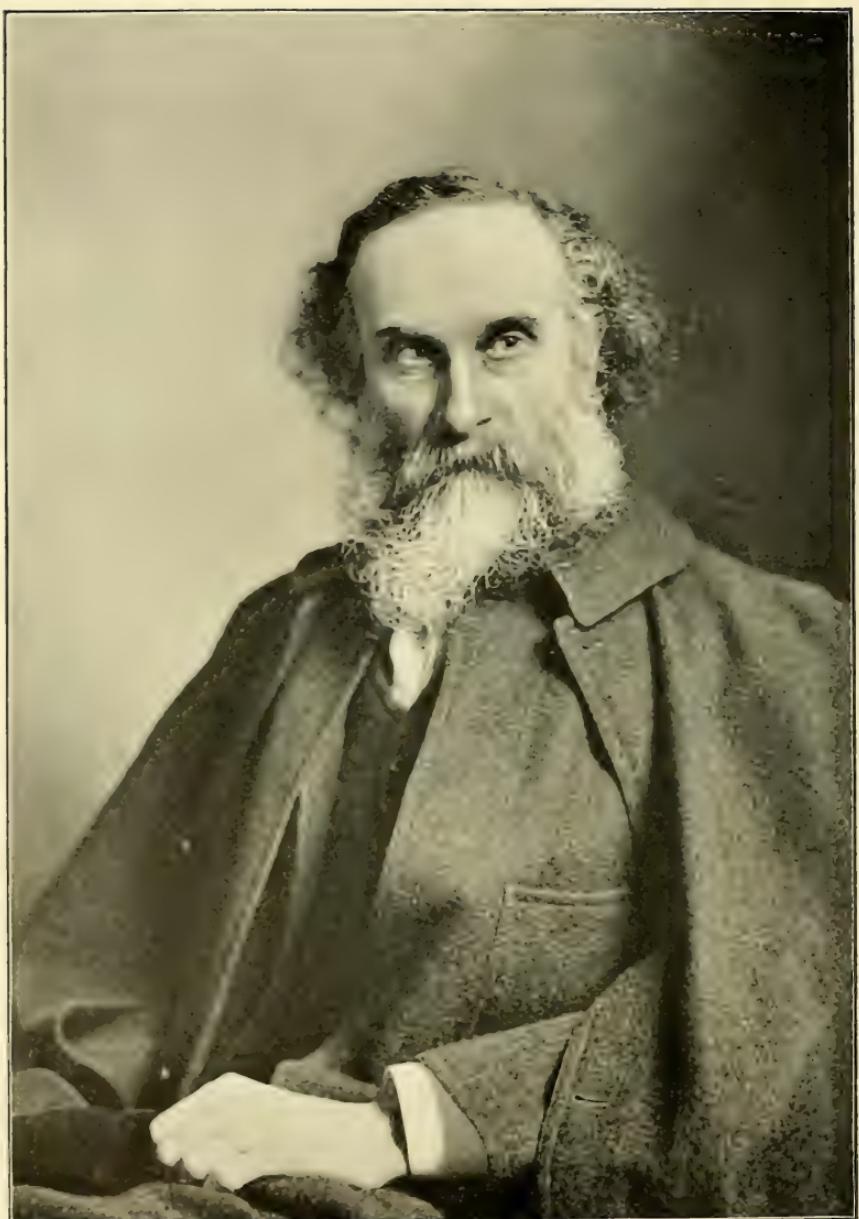
The extent of St. Patrick's success, as well as the rapidity of his conquests, has been greatly overrated by our popular historians. "While in other countries," says Mr. Moore, "the introduction of Christianity has been the slow work of time, has been resisted by either government or people, and seldom effected without a lavish effusion of

blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, by the influence of one humble but zealous missionary, and with little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer at once covered the whole land. Kings and princes, when not themselves among the ranks of the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining in the train without a murmur. Chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Christian banner; and the proud Druid and bard laid their superstitions meekly at the foot of the cross; nor, by a singular disposition of Providence, unexampled indeed in the whole history of the Church, was there a single drop of blood shed on account of religion through the entire course of this mild Christian revolution, by which, in the space of a few years, all Ireland was brought tranquilly under the influence of the gospel."

Unhappily, a deeper insight into the facts of Irish history effaces much of this pleasing picture. It is not true that no blood was shed. It is not true that *all* Ireland was brought tranquilly under the influence of the gospel. St. Patrick's life was often attempted, and often in danger. On one occasion his charioteer was slain in mistake for himself. When going into Connaught he took the precaution of providing himself with an escort, and narrowly escaped the efforts of the Druids to destroy him. His ecclesiastical establishments were surrounded by fortifications for the protection of the inmates, and many of the most celebrated of them, as Armagh, Cashel, Downpatrick, Clogher, and others, were built in situations possessing natural advantages for defense, or near the already fortified habitations of the ancient chieftains. There were many districts and tribes of Ireland where the teaching of St. Patrick was rejected. The Hi Garchon are particularly mentioned as having resisted both Palladius and Patrick, and the biographers of the saint would, no doubt, have recorded many similar instances had it been their object to chronicle the failures instead of the triumphs of their hero. The catalogue of the three orders of Irish saints, and many passages in the Book of Armagh, afford undoubted proofs that *all* Ireland did not submit to Patrick's influence, and the partial apostasy which took place

during the two centuries following his death is a convincing evidence that the Christianity he had planted did not strike its roots as deeply as has been popularly supposed. An adhesion to Christianity which was in a great measure only the attachment of a clan to its chieftain, and in which pagan usages under a Christian name were of necessity tolerated, could not, in the nature of things, be very lasting.

Many of the foundations of St. Patrick appear to have had the effect of counteracting this evil by creating a sort of spiritual clanship, well calculated to attract a clannish people, and capable of maintaining itself against the power of the secular chieftains. But this was perhaps an accidental result only; it was certainly not the primary design of these institutions. St. Patrick had a much higher object in view. He seems to have been deeply imbued with faith in the intercessory powers of the Church. He established throughout the land temples and oratories for the perpetual worship of God. He founded societies of priests and bishops, whose first duty it was "to make constant supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority;" persuaded, in accordance with the true spirit of ancient Christianity, that the intercessions of the faithful, in their daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, were efficacious, as St. Paul's words imply, for the salvation of mankind, and for bringing to the knowledge of the truth those upon whom appeals to reason and arguments addressed to the intellect would have been probably a waste of words.



JOHN TODHUNTER

JOHN TODHUNTER.

(1839 —)

IT has been said of Dr. John Todhunter that had he lived in the Middle Ages he would probably have made experiments in astrology. He gives one the impression of an artist who has had quiet dealings with occult powers. He is also like one of the old Irish 'bards', but a bard who knows he has fallen on quiet times, and whose lot is cast in an unheroic environment. He sometimes sings or chants his song in the style of one of those old bards. When his theme is Irish it is generally weird or passionate; something from the deep and expansive world of legend, into which, however, he can breathe the fire and wildness of primeval human nature. He has other moods, some of them modern, but he turns ever and anon to the stormy and epic past with a grim enthusiasm.

Dr. Todhunter was born in Dublin in 1839. He was educated at Trinity College, and showed his literary bent early in contributions to the Trinity magazine, *Kottabos*. He pursued his medical studies in Paris and in Vienna, and returning to Dublin practiced there as a physician in the seventies. He succeeded Professor Dowden as professor of English literature at Alexandra College. His ambition went beyond medicine or a professorship; in 1875 he virtually broke the old connection; he traveled much on the continent of Europe and has since devoted himself to literature, living chiefly in London. He gradually became noted for his poems and poetical plays upon classic and idyllic themes, several of them revealing a rare poetic insight. Legends, forest songs, old tragedies and mysteries were the loves of his antique and contemplative muse. His poems on Irish themes were a later development, and revealed a new intensity and power in his poetry. 'The Fate of the Children of Lir' woke old enchantments and pathos, but 'The Banshee' sounded a note at once weirder and more passionate as well as modern. 'The Shan Van Vocht (Sean Bhean Bhocht) of '87' and the intense and passionate 'Aghadoe' carried his fame still farther among Irishmen, and revealed him as a kindred spirit to a rising and more spirited generation. Dr. Todhunter was of the little band of Irishmen who found a congenial haunt for a time in the Rhymers' Club, but who were destined to fare far in the more hopeful sphere of Irish ideas. He was one of the original members of the Irish Literary Society, and a steady and unobtrusive worker from the start. He seemed a grave and gentle bard, who habitually brooded on the past and would like the world to be antique or at least medieval; but finding it modern had not the heart to complain, preferring, gently and thoughtfully, to make the best of it.

He wrote a 'Life of Sarsfield,' for 'The New Irish Library,' founded by the first President of the Irish Literary Society, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. He did the work conscientiously and carefully; though poetry, not history, was his *forte*, he felt that the new day demanded the less ambitious and plainer duty. He showed in

the book that the battle of the Boyne had been no more than a drawn battle in reality, when all was said. A somewhat unexpected development of his power—at least, to some—was his work as a playwright for the Independent Theater. His most successful achievement in this connection was his play ‘The Black Cat.’ But the drama had fallen on evil and ironical days in England, and though he wrote more in the dramatic way Dr. Todhunter did not follow the doubtful fortunes of the stage very long nor apparently very zealously. The Irish language movement grew, and he joined the Gaelic League in London. He remains a quiet and estimable figure, with a bardic and artistic air in a world none too devoted to deep ideas. He is a true poet who in a more poetic age and land would have achieved far more distinction.

In addition to the works already referred to Dr. Todhunter has written ‘Alcestes, a Dramatic Poem,’ a volume entitled ‘A Study of Shelley,’ ‘The True Tragedy of Rienzi,’ ‘Forest Songs,’ ‘Helena in Troas,’ ‘The Banshee and Other Poems,’ ‘A Sicilian Idyll,’ ‘The Poison Flowers,’ ‘A Comedy of Sighs,’ etc.

W. P. R.

THE WAVES' LEGEND OF THE STRAND OF BALA.

The sea moans on the strand,
Moans over shingle and shell.
O moaning sea! what sorrowful story
Do thy wild waves tell?

Ever they moan on the strand,
And my ear, like a sounding shell,
Chants to me the sorrowful story
The moaning billows tell.

For Bala the Sweet-Voiced moan!
Here on the lonely strand
Fell Bala, Prince of the Race of Rury,
Slain by no foeman's hand.

Sweet was thy tongue, O Bala,
To win man's love! Thy voice
Made sigh for thee the maids of Eman;
But nobler was thy choice.

She gave for thy heart her heart
Warm in her swan-white breast,
Aillin of Laigen, Lugah's daughter,
The fairest bird of her nest.

Their pledge was here by the shore
To meet, come joy or pain;

And swift in his war-car Bala from Eman
Sped o'er Muirthemne plain.

He found her not by the shore,
Gloom was o'er sea and sky,
And a man of the *Shee* with dreadful face
On a blast from the South rushed by.

Said Bala: "Stay that man!
Ask him what word he brings?"
"A woe on the Dun of Lugah! a woe
On Eman of the Kings!"

"Wail for Aillin the Fair!
Wail for him her feet
Were swift to meet on the lonely strand
Where they shall never meet!

"Swift were her feet on the way,
Till me she met on her track,
A hound of swiftness, a shape of fear,
A tiding to turn her back.

"Swift are the lover's feet,
But swifter our malice flies!
I told her: *Bala is dead*; and dead
In her sunny house she lies."

He scowled on Bala, and rose
A wraith of the mist, and fled
Like a wind-rent cloud; and suddenly Bala
With a great cry fell dead.

Mourn for all lovers true,
Mourn for all beautiful things,
Vanished, faded away, forgotten
With dead forgotten Springs!

So moans the sea on the strand,
Moans over shingle and shell.
Gray sea, of many and many a sorrow
Thy sad waves tell.

FORSAKEN.

There's a sally standing by the river,
 Ah Mary! why is it standing there?
 To make a garland for my hair,
 For my lover is gone from me for ever;
 And that's why it stands there!

There's a thrush that sits in that sally-tree,
 Ah Mary! why is he sitting there?
 To sing the song of my lonely care
 For the lover that cares no more for me;
 And that's why he sits there!

The wind comes keening in that sally-tree,
 Ah Mary! why is it keening there?
 It keens the keene of my heart's despair!
 For my lover is gone, is gone from me;
 And that's why it's keening there!

IN SEPTEMBER.

Where lurk the merry elves of Autumn now,
 In this bright breezy month of equinox?
 Among tanned bracken on the mountain's brow;
 Or deep in heather tufted round white rocks
 On a wild moor, where heath-bells wither slow,
 Twined with late blooming furze—a home of grouse?
 By river alders? Or on stubby plains?
 Bound not their kingdom so;
 They follow Beauty's train, of all her house
 Gay pensioners, till not one leaf remains.

The splendor of the year is not yet dead;
 After cold showers the sun shines hotly still,
 To dry the grass and kiss the trembling head
 Of each wind-shaken harebell on the hill.
 There are great visions on the mountain-side,
 And cloudy revelations in the sky
 On breezy morns and golden afternoons,
 And sunsets that abide
 Like music in the spirit; and mystery
 Of solemn nights when all things are the moon's.

It is the month when blazoned butterflies
 Bask on hot stones after each honeyed meal,
 The month when, brooding where pale woodbine sighs
 Her odorous incantation, lovers feel
 As when they heard in May's most hidden dells
 Love's passionate bird; the month of wizard's might,
 When virtuous herbs breathe balm by hedge and stream,
 Where gleam the delicate bells
 Of bindweed, bridelike with its wreath of white,
 Moving things withering of new Springs to dream.

As Ceres when she sought her Proserpine
 Slow moved, majestically sad—a wreath
 Of funeral flowers above those eyes divine,
 The widowed year draws ripely to its death.
 The moist air swoons in a still sultriness
 Between the gales; save when a boding sigh
 Shivers the crisp and many-hued tree-tops,
 Or a low wind's caress
 Wakes the sere whispers of fallen leaves that lie,
 Breathing a dying odor through the copse.

Soon the last field is reaped, safe harvested
 The tardiest-ripening grain, and all the dale
 Made glad with far-seen stacks; barn floors are spread
 With golden sheaves, sport of the clanging flail;
 In sunny orchards the mossed apple-trees
 Bend with their ruddy load, and wasp-gnawn pears
 Tremble at every gust; the berried lanes
 Blush with their bright increase;
 Brown acorns rustle down; and in their lairs
 Deft-handed squirrels hoard their daintiest gain.

So the month wanes, till the new-risen moon
 Shines on chill torpor of white mist stretched o'er
 Low-lying pastures, like a wan lagune
 In a dim land of ghosts; and evermore
 Through the sad wood the wind sighs waitfully,
 And great owls hoot from boughs left desolate,
 When first the morn finds skeleton-leaves made fair
 With frosted tracery;
 And then must all things frail yield to their fate—
 October strikes the chord of their despair.

WAITING.

Lone is my waiting here under the tree,
 Under our tree of the woods, where I wait and wait;
 Why tarry those white little feet that would bring you to me,
 Where are the warm sweet arms that are leaving me desolate?

Oona, *asthore machree?*

Oona, the woods are sighing—they sigh and say:
 “The wind of Summer will pass like a lover’s sigh,
 And love’s glad hour as lightly passes away:”
 Come to me then, ere my longing hope of despair shall die,
 Oona, *asthore machree!*

LONGING.

O the sunshine of old Ireland, when it lies
 On her woods and on her waters;
 And gleams through her soft skies,
 Tenderly as the lovelight in her daughters’
 Gentle eyes!

O the brown streams of old Ireland, how they leap
 From her glens, and fill their hollows
 With wild songs, till charmed to sleep
 By the murmuring bees in meadows, where the swallows
 Glance and sweep!

O my home there in old Ireland—the old ways
 We had, when I knew only
 Those ways of one sweet place;
 Ere afar from all I loved I wandered lonely,
 Many days!

O the springtime in old Ireland! O'er the sea
 I can smell our hawthorn bushes,
 And it all comes back to me—
 The sweet air, the old place, the trees, the cows, the thrushes
 Mad with glee.

I’m weary for old Ireland—once again
 To see her fields before me,
 In sunshine or in rain!
 And the longing in my heart when it comes o'er me
 Stings like pain.

THE BANSHEE.

Green, in the wizard arms
 Of the foam-bearded Atlantic,
 An isle of old enchantment,
 A melancholy isle,
 Enchanted and dreaming lies;
 And there by Shannon's flowing,
 In the moonlight, specter thin,
 The specter Erin sits.

An aged desolation,
 She sits by old Shannon's flowing,
 A mother of many children,
 Of children exiled and dead;
 In her home, with bent head, homeless,
 Clasping her knees, she sits
 Keening, keening!

And at her keene the fairy-grass
 Trembles on dun and barrow;
 Around the foot of her ancient crosses
 The grave-grass shakes and the nettle swings;
 In haunted glens, the meadow-sweet
 Flings to the night-wind
 Her mystic, mournful perfume;
 The sad spearmint, by holy wells,
 Breathes melancholy balm.

Sometimes she lifts her head,
 With blue eyes, tearless,
 And gazes athwart the reek of night
 Upon things long past,
 Upon things to come.

And sometimes, when the moon
 Brings tempest upon the deep,
 And roused Atlantic thunders from his caverns
 in the west,
 The wolf-hound at her feet
 Springs up with a mighty bay,
 And chords of mystery sound from the wild harp
 at her side,
 Strung from the heart of poets,
 And she flies on the verge of the tempest
 Around her shuddering isle,

With gray hair streaming:
 A meteor of evil omen,
 The specter of hope forlorn,
 Keening, keening.

She keenes, and the strings of her wild harp shiver
 On the gusts of night;
 O'er the four waters she keenes—over Moyle she keenes,
 O'er the sea of Milith, and the straits of Strongbow,
 And the ocean of Columbus.

And the Fianna hear, and the ghosts of her cloudy hovering
 heroes;
 And the swan, Fianoula, wails o'er the waters of Inisfail,
 Chanting her song of destiny,
 The rime of the weaving Fates.

And the nations hear in the void and quaking time of night,
 Sad unto dawning, dirges,
 Solemn dirges,
 And snatches of bardic song;
 Their souls quake in the void and quaking time of night,
 And they dream of the weird of kings,
 And tyrannies moulting, sick
 In the dreadful wind of change.

Wail no more, lonely one, mother of exiles, wail no more,
 Banshee of the world—no more!
 Thy sorrows are the world's, thou art no more alone;
 Thy wrongs, the world's.

AGHADOE.

There's a glade in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There's a green and silent glade in Aghadoe,
 Where we met, my love and I, love's fair planet in the sky,
 O'er that sweet and silent glade in Aghadoe.

There's a glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 There's a deep and secret glen in Aghadoe,
 Where I hid him from the eyes of the red-coats and their spies,
 That year the trouble came to Aghadoe.

O my curse on one black heart in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 On Shaun Dhuv, my mother's son in Aghadoe,

When your throat fries in hell's drouth, salt the flame be in
 your mouth,
 For the treachery you did in Aghadoe.

For they tracked me to that glen in Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 When the price was on his head in Aghadoe;
 O'er the mountain, through the wood, as I stole to him with
 food,
 When in hiding lone he lay in Aghadoe.

But they never took him living in Aghadoe, Aghadoe;
 With the bullets in his heart in Aghadoe,
 There he lay, the head—my breast keeps the warmth where
 once 't would rest—
 Gone, to win the traitor's gold, from Aghadoe!

I walked to Mallow Town from Aghadoe, Aghadoe,
 Brought his head from the jail's gate to Aghadoe;
 Then I covered him with fern, and I piled on him the cairn,
 Like an Irish king he sleeps in Aghadoe.

O! to creep into that cairn in Aghadoe, Aghadoe!
 There to rest upon his breast in Aghadoe!
 Sure your dog for you could die with no truer heart than I,
 Your own love, cold on your cairn in Aghadoe.

FAIRY GOLD.

A BALLAD OF '48.

Buttercups and daisies in the meadow,
 And the children pick them as they pass,
 Weaving in the sunlight and the shadow
 Garlands for each little lad and lass;
 Weave with dreams their buttercups and daisies,
 As the poor dead children did of old.
 Will the dreams, like sunshine in their faces,
 Wither with their flowers like Fairy Gold?

Once, when lonely in Life's crowded highway,
 Came a maiden sweet, and took my hand,
 Led me down Love's green delightful byway,
 Led me dreaming back to Fairyland.

But Death's jealous eye that lights on lovers
Looked upon her, and her breast grew cold,
And my heart's delight the green sod covers,
Vanished from my arms like Fairy Gold!

Then to Ireland, my long-suffering nation,
That poor hope life left me yet I gave;
With her dreams I dreamed, her desolation
Found me, called me, desolate by that grave.
Once again she raised her head, contending
For her children's birthright as of old;
Once again the old fight had the old ending,
All her hopes and dreams were Fairy Gold.

Now my work is done and I am dying,
Lone, an exile on a foreign shore;
But in dreams roam with my love that's lying
Lonely in the old land I'll see no more.
Buttercups and daisies in the meadows
When I'm gone will bloom; new hopes for old
Comfort her with sunshine after shadows,
Fade no more away like Fairy Gold.

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

(1763—1798.)

THEOBALD WOLFE TONE was born in Dublin, June 20, 1763. Mr. Darling, his schoolmaster, acknowledged that he possessed very remarkable talents combined with much want of application. Nothing could induce him to work but his great love of distinction, which even at this early age was a marked feature in his character. The boy found he could master his week's lessons in three days, and he was in the habit of spending his spare time in attending the field-days, parades, and reviews of the soldiers in Phoenix Park.

He was in his eighteenth year when he entered Trinity College, and he relates that, although he worked with a will to prepare for his first examination, he happened to be examined by "an egregious dunce, who, instead of giving me the premium, which, as the best answerer, I undoubtedly merited, awarded it to another." He now determined to abandon his studies, and urged his father to furnish him with means to take part in the American war. His father refused, and he says that, in revenge, for about twelve months he did not "go near the college, or open a book that was not a military one." He returned to his university, where, notwithstanding loss of time and occasional inattention, he gained in 1784 three premiums and a scholarship. About this time he made the acquaintance of Miss Matilda Witherington. She was very pretty, scarcely sixteen, and the heiress of her grandfather : they eloped in 1785. The forgiveness of friends soon followed, and Tone now determined to adopt the law as a profession. In 1786 he was graduated B.A., resigned his scholarship, and, leaving his wife and child with his father, went to London in January, 1787, and entered his name as a student-at-law on the books of the Middle Temple ; but this, he said, was all the progress he ever made in his profession.

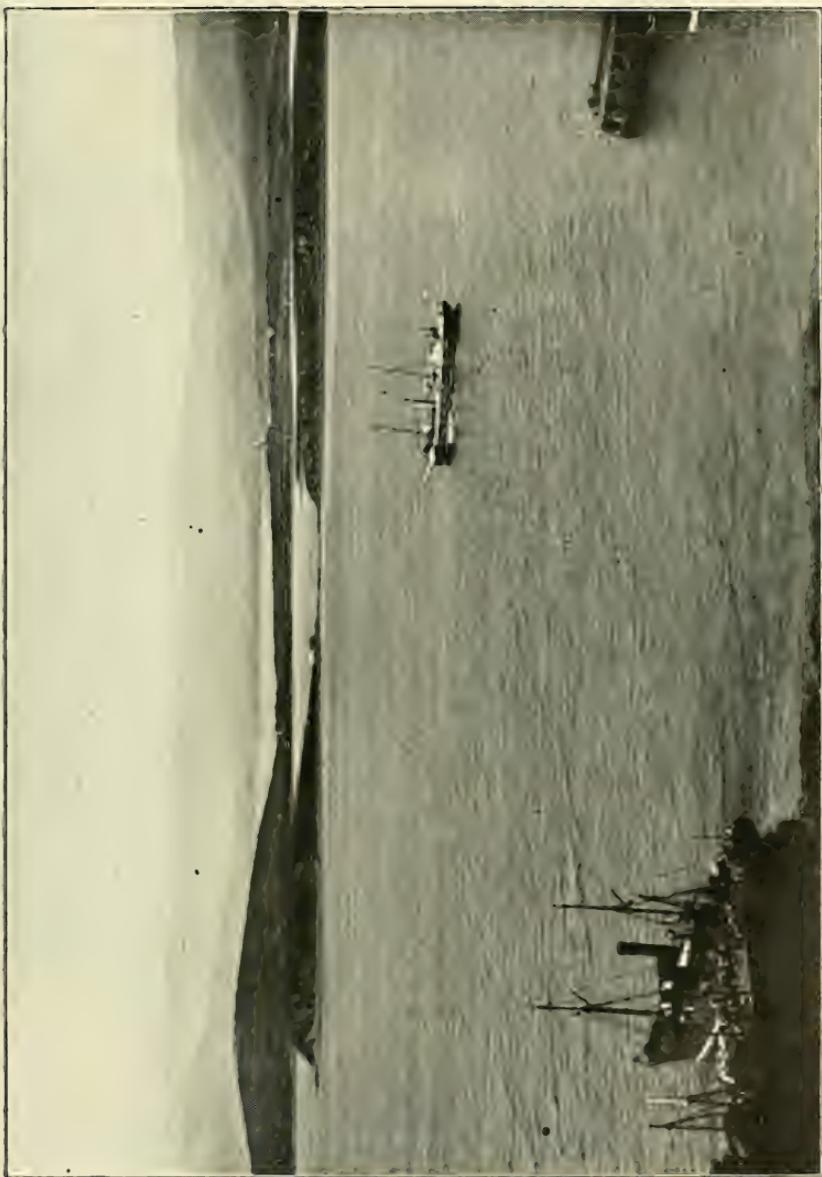
After some vicissitudes in London, he returned to Dublin, and in 1789 was called to the bar. His wife's grandfather presented him with £500 (\$2,500), and to make up for his deficiency in law one of his first acts was to purchase £100 (\$500) worth of law books. His legal career was short, and, although he had wide acquaintance among the members of the profession and had achieved a tolerable measure of success, his hatred of it increased, and he turned to politics as a relief. About this time he made the acquaintance of Thomas Russell, an ensign, whose "identity of sentiment" formed a tie between them which lasted for life. Tone's devotion to politics now led to the discovery, which he says he might have found in the pages of Swift or Molyneux, "that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable while the connection with England existed."

In the summer of 1790 he took a little cottage at Irishtown on the seacoast. In the winter of this year Tone and his friends formed a political and literary club in Belfast ; and among other pamphlets

written at this time was ‘An Argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland.’ He then formed the Society of United Irishmen and began to intrigue with France against England. He was obliged to flee his country. The Catholic Committee presented him with £300 (\$1,500), with which he paid his debts, and in June, 1795, he sailed with his wife, sister, and three children for this country. The voyage was not without adventure ; his ship was boarded by a British cruiser, and fifty of the passengers and all but one of the seamen were pressed into the naval service. Only the entreaties of Tone’s wife and sister prevented his being carried off with the others. They arrived safely at Philadelphia. Here he met Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds. By the former he was presented to Citizen Adet, the French Ambassador at Philadelphia. He at once laid before him his plan for the invasion of Ireland, which was favorably received, and at the Ambassador’s request he drew up a memorial for presentation to the French government.

Tone now seems to have had some idea of settling down as an American farmer ; but in the autumn he received letters from Keogh, Russell, and others, detailing the great progress of the cause in Ireland, and urging him to proceed to France at once, and endeavor to secure her aid in the impending struggle. Mrs. Tone, instead of throwing obstacles in his way, encouraged him to proceed in his duty to his country, and so on the 1st of January, 1796, he left for Paris with introductions to the government from Adet. Arrived in Paris, he found in the republican government the realization of his most sanguine dreams. He was met on all sides with a flattering reception, and was created a *chef de brigade*. After much delay, negotiation, and an interview with Bonaparte, the details of the invasion were settled. He embarked Dec. 16, 1796, in the Indomitable, one of a fleet of forty-three vessels carrying 15,000 troops and a large supply of arms and ammunition,—General Hoche holding the military and Admiral Morand de Galles the naval command. But the weather, which had so often befriended England, again came to her aid. The expedition was ineffectual and Tone says in his journal : “Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada ; and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather.”

Two other attempts were made and failed, and the third expedition, commanded by General Hardy, which consisted of only one sail-of-the-line and eight frigates, containing 3,000 men, failed also. Wolfe Tone had little or no hope of success ; but although failure was almost certain death to him, he set out with this expedition, which started on the 20th of September, 1798. He assured his wife on parting that should death overtake him he would never submit to die by the halter. The story of this expedition and its disastrous ending, and of the capture and last hours of Wolfe Tone, is told by Mr. R. Barry O’Brien (*q.v.*), in his new edition of ‘The Autobiography of Wolfe Tone,’ and it will be found in the work of that gentleman.



BANTRY HARBOR
From a photograph

ESSAY ON THE STATE OF IRELAND IN 1720.

Read before the Political Club formed in Dublin in 1790.

In inquiring into the subject of this essay I shall take a short view of the state of this country at the time of her greatest abasement; I mean about the time when she was supposed to be fettered for ever by the famous act of the 6th of George I., and I shall draw my facts from the most indisputable authority, that of Swift.

It is a favorite cant under which many conceal their idleness, and many their corruption, to cry that there is in the genius of the people of this country, and particularly among the lower ranks, a spirit of pride, laziness, and dishonesty, which stifles all tendency to improvement, and will forever keep us a subordinate nation of hewers of wood and drawers of water. It may be worth while a little to consider this opinion, because, if it be well founded, to know it so may save me and other well-wishers to Ireland the hopeless labor of endeavoring to excite a nation of idle thieves to honesty and industry; and if it be not, it is an error the removal of which will not only wipe away an old stigma, but in a great degree facilitate the way to future improvement. If we can find any cause, different from an inherent depravity in the people, and abundantly sufficient to account for the backwardness of this country compared with England, I hope no man will volunteer national disgrace so far as to prefer that hypothesis which, by degrading his country, degrades himself.

Idleness is a ready accusation in the mouth of him whose corruption denies to the poor the means of labor. "Ye are idle," said Pharaoh to the Israelites when he demanded bricks of them and withheld the straw. . . .

Yet, surely misrule, and ignorance, and oppression in the government are means sufficient to plunge and to keep any nation in ignorance and poverty, without blaspheming Providence by imputing innate and immovable depravity to millions of God's creatures. It is, at least, an hypothesis more honorable to human nature; let us try if it be not more consonant to the reality of things. Let us see the state of Ireland in different periods, and let us refer

those periods to the maxims and practice of her then government.

To begin with the first grand criterion of the prosperity of a nation. In 1724 the population of Ireland was 1,500,000, and in 1672 1,100,000, so that in fifty-two years it was increased but one-third, after a civil war. The rental of the whole kingdom was computed at £2,000,000 annually, of which, by absentees, about £700,000 went to England. The revenue was £400,000 per annum; the current cash was £500,000, which in 1727 was reduced to less than £200,000; and the balance of trade with England, the only nation to which we could trade, was in our disfavor about £1,000,000 annually. Such were the resources of Ireland in 1724.

Commerce we had none, or what was worse than none, an exportation of raw materials for half their value; an importation of the same materials wrought up at an immense profit to the English manufacturer; the indispensable necessities of life bartered for luxuries for our men and fopperies for our women; not only the wine, and coffee, and silk, and cotton, but the very corn we consumed was imported from England.

Our benches were filled with English lawyers; our bishoprics with English divines; our custom-house with English commissioners; all offices of state filled, three deep, with Englishmen in possession, Englishmen in reversion, and Englishmen in expectancy. The majority of these not only aliens, but absentees, and not only absentees, but busily and actively employed against that country on whose vitals and in whose blood they were rioting in ease and luxury. Every proposal for the advantage of Ireland was held a direct attack on the interests of England. Swift's pamphlet on the expediency of wearing our own manufactures exposed the printer to a prosecution, in which the jury were sent back by the chief-justice nine times, till they were brow-beaten, and bullied, and wearied into a special verdict, leaving the printer to the mercy of the judge.

The famous project of Wood is known to every one; it is unnecessary to go into the objections against it, but it is curious to see the mode in which that ruinous plan was endeavored to be forced down our throats. Immediately

on its promulgation the two Houses of Parliament, the privy-council, the merchants, the traders, the manufacturers, the grand-juries of the whole kingdom, by votes, resolutions, and addresses testified their dread and abhorrence of the plan. What was the conduct of the English minister? He calls a committee of the English council together; he examines Mr. Wood on one side, and two or three prepared, obscure, and interested witnesses on the other; he nonsuits the whole Irish nation; thus committed with Mr. William Wood, he puts forth a proclamation, commanding all persons to receive his halfpence in payment, and calls the votes of the Houses of Lords and Commons and the resolutions of the Privy-council of Ireland a clamor. But Swift had by this time raised a spirit not to be laid by the anathema of the British minister; the project was driven as far as the verge of civil war; there it was stopped; and this was the first signal triumph of the virtue of the people in Ireland.

In one of his inimitable letters on the subject of Wood's halfpence, Swift, with a daring and a generous indignation worthy of a better age and country, had touched on the imaginary dependence of Ireland on England. The bare mention of a doubt on the subject had an instantaneous effect on the nerves of the English government here. A proclamation was issued offering £300 for the author; the printer was thrown into jail; the grand-jury were tampered with to present the letter, and, on their refusing to do so, were dissolved in a rage by the chief-justice, a step without a precedent, save one, which happened in the time of James II., and was followed by an immediate censure of the House of Commons of England. Yet all that Swift had said was that, "under God, he could be content to depend only on the king his sovereign, and the laws of his own country; that the Parliament of England had sometimes enacted laws binding Ireland, but that obedience to them was but the result of necessity, inasmuch as eleven men well armed will certainly subdue one man in his shirt, be his cause ever so righteous, and that, by the laws of God, of nature, and of nations, Irishmen were, and ought to be, as free as their brethren in England." We, who live at this day, see nothing like sedition, privy conspiracy, or rebellion in all this; and we may bless God for it; but in

1724 the case was very different. The printer was prosecuted, and died in jail; Swift escaped, because it was impossible to bring it home to him; and so little were the minds of men prepared for such opinions, that, in a paper addressed to the grand-jury who were to sit on the bills of indictment, Swift is obliged to take shelter under past services, and admit that the words which were taken up by government as offensive were the result of inadvertency and unwariness.

The famous act of the 6th of George I., Swift, with all his intrepidity, does no more than obscurely hint at, a crying testimony to the miserable depression of spirit in this country, when the last rivet, driven into her fetters and clenched, as England hoped, forever could not excite more than an indistinct and half-suppressed murmur.

From this brief sketch it appears that no prospect could be more hopeless than that the star of liberty should again arise in Ireland. If, notwithstanding the impenetrable cloud in which she seemed buried forever, she has yet broke forth with renovated splendor, and again kindled the spirit of the people, surely it is a grand *fact*, overbearing at once the efforts of thousands of corrupt cavillers, who cry out that this is not a nation capable of political virtue or steady exertion.

INTERVIEWS WITH BUONAPARTE.

Extracts from Tone's Journal.

December, 1797.—General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Buonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chanteraine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender, and well made, but stoops considerably; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no mark of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is

rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than of a general. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about his mouth; he speaks low and hollow. So much for his manner and figure. We had not much discourse with him, and what little there was, was between him and Lewines, to whom, as our ambassador, I gave the *pas*. We told him that Tennant was about to depart for Ireland, and was ready to charge himself with his orders if he had any to give. He desired us to bring him the same evening, and so we took our leave. In the evening we returned with Tennant, and Lewines had a good deal of conversation with him; that is to say, he *insensed* him a good deal into Irish affairs, of which he appears a good deal uninformed; for example, he seems convinced that our population is not more than two millions, which is nonsense. Buonaparte listened, but said very little. When all this was finished, he desired that Tennant might put off his departure for a few days, and then, turning to me, asked whether I was not an adjutant-general. To which I answered, that I had the honor to be attached to General Hoche in that capacity. He then asked me where I had learned to speak French. To which I replied, that I had learned the little that I knew since my arrival in France, about twenty months ago. He then desired us to return the next evening but one, at the same hour, and so we parted. As to my French I am ignorant whether it was the purity or barbarism of my diction which drew his attention, and as I shall never inquire it must remain as an historical doubt, to be investigated by the learned of future ages.

January 6th.—Saw Buonaparte this evening with Lewines, who delivered him a whole sheaf of papers relative to Ireland, including my two memorials of 1795, great part of which stands good yet. After Lewines had had a good deal of discourse with him, I mentioned the affair of M'Kenna, who desires to be employed as secretary. Buonaparte observed that he believed the world thought he had fifty secretaries, whereas he had but one; of course there was an end of that business; however, he bid me see what the man was fit for, and let him know. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the refugee United Irishmen, now in Paris, had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in

Ireland. He answered that they would all be undoubt-
edly included, and desired me to give him in, for that pur-
pose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, tell-
ing him that General Desaix had informed me that I was
carried on the tableau of the *Armée d'Angleterre*; he said
I was. I then observed that I did not pretend to be of the
smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I
hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the
water; that I did not give myself at all to him for a military
man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that
would justify me in charging myself with any function.
“*Mais vous êtes brave,*” said he interrupting me. I replied
that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear.
“*Eh bien,*” said he, “*cela suffit.*” We then took our
leave. . . .

We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three
times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to
record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much
about my first interview with Charles de la Croix, but
then I was a greenhorn; I am now a little used to see great
men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that
has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet,
after all, it is a droll thing that I should become acquaint-
ed with Buonaparte. This time twelve months I arrived in
Brest from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third
time, they say, is the charm. My next chance, I hope, will
be with the *Armée d'Angleterre*.—*Allons! Vive la Ré-
publique!*

April 1st.—Lewines waited yesterday on Merlin, who is
President of the Directory for this *Trimestre*, and pre-
sented him a letter of introduction from Talleyrand.
Merlin received him with great civility and attention.
Lewines pressed him as far as he could with propriety on
the necessity of sending succor to Ireland the earliest
possible moment, especially on account of the late arres-
tations; and he took that occasion to impress him with a
sense of the merit and services of the men for whom he
interested himself so much on every account, public and
personal. Merlin replied that, as to the time or place of
succor he could tell him nothing, it being *the secret of the
state*; that, as to the danger of his friends, he was sincerely
sorry for the situation of so many brave and virtuous pa-

triots; that, however, though he could not enter into the details of the intended expedition, he would tell him thus much to comfort him, "*That France never would grant a peace to England on any terms short of the independence of Ireland.*" This is grand news. It is far more direct and explicit than any assurance we have yet got. Lewines made the proper acknowledgments, and then ran off to me to communicate the news. The fact is, whatever the rest of our countrymen here may think, Lewines is doing his business here fair and well, and like a man of honor. I wish others of them whom I could name had half as good principles.

THE STATE OF IRELAND IN 1798.

EXTRACT FROM A MEMORIAL DELIVERED BY WOLFE TONE TO THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

From 'The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone.'

The genius of the English nation, their manners, their prejudices, and their government, are so diametrically opposite to those of the French Republic, in all respects, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon this subject. I assume it as an axiom that there is an irreconcilable opposition of interests between the two nations. Since the French Revolution there is one still more irreconcilable between the Governments, so that neither can be said to be in security while the other is in existence.

The war hitherto, however glorious to France, has not been unprofitable to England; her fleets were never more formidable, and, in the true spirit of trade, she will console herself for the disgrace of her arms by land, in the acquisition of wealth, and commerce, and power by sea; and these very acquisitions render it, if possible, incumbent, not merely on France, but on all Europe, to endeavor to reduce her within due limits, and to prevent that enormous accumulation of wealth which the undisturbed possession of the commerce of the whole world would give her; and this reduction of her power can be

alone, as I presume, accomplished, with certainty and effect, by separating Ireland from Great Britain.

The French Government cannot but be well informed of the immense resources, especially in a military point of view, which England draws from Ireland. It is with the beef and the pork, the butter, the tallow, the hides, and various other articles of the first necessity, which Ireland supplies, that she victuals and equips her navy, and, in a great degree, supports her people and garrisons in the West Indies. It is with the poor and hardy natives of Ireland that she mans her fleets and fills the ranks of her army.

From the commencement of the present war to the month of June, 1795, not less than 200,000 men were raised in Ireland, of whom 80,000 were for the navy alone. It is a fact undeniable, though carefully concealed in England, that TWO-THIRDS of the British navy are manned by Irishmen—a circumstance, which, if it stood alone, should be sufficient to determine the French Government to wrest, if possible, so powerful a weapon from the hands of her implacable enemy. I shall not dwell longer on the necessity of the measure which I shall propose, but will endeavor to show how it may best be executed, and on what grounds it is that I rest my confidence of success, if the attempt be but once made.

For the better elucidation of the plan it is necessary to take a review of the actual state of Ireland. I shall condense the facts as much as possible, as I trust the French Government is already in possession of those which are most material.

The people of Ireland consist of about four million five hundred thousand persons, distributed under three different religious sects, of whom the Protestants, whose religion is the dominant one, and established by law, constitute four hundred and fifty thousand, or one-tenth of the whole; the Dissenters, or Presbyterians, about nine hundred thousand, or one-fifth; the Catholics form the remaining three million one hundred and fifty thousand. They may also be considered with regard to property, which is necessary, in some degree, to explain the political situation of the country.

The Protestants, who are almost entirely the descend-

ants of Englishmen, forming so very small a minority as they do of the whole people, have yet almost the whole landed property of the country in their hands; this property has been acquired by the most unjust means, by plunder and confiscation during repeated wars, and by the operation of laws framed to degrade and destroy the Catholics, the natives of the country. In 1650 the people of three entire provinces were driven by Cromwell into the fourth, and their property divided amongst his officers and soldiers, whose descendants enjoy it at this day.

In 1688, when James II. was finally defeated in Ireland, the spirit of the Irish people was completely broken, and the last remnant of their property torn from them and divided amongst the conquerors. By these means the proprietors of estates in Ireland, feeling the weakness of their titles to property thus acquired, and seeing themselves, at it were, a colony of strangers, forming not above one-tenth part of the population, have always looked to England for protection and support; they have, therefore, been ever ready to sacrifice the interests of their country to her ambition and avarice, and to their own security. England, in return, has awarded them for this sacrifice by distributing among them all the officers and appointments in the church, the army, the revenue, and every department of the state, to the utter exclusion of the other two sects, and more especially of the Catholics. By these means the Protestants, who constitute the aristocracy of Ireland, have in their hands all the force of the Government; and they have at least five-sixths of the landed property; they are devoted implicitly to the connection with England, which they consider as essential to the secure possession of their estates; they dread and abhor the principles of the French Revolution, and, in case of any attempt to emancipate Ireland, I should calculate on all the opposition which it might be in their power to give.

But it is very different with regard to the Dissenters, who occupy the province of Ulster, of which they form at present the majority. They have among them but few great landed proprietors; they are mostly engaged in trade and manufacture, especially the linen, which is the staple commodity of Ireland, and is almost exclusively in their hands. From their first establishment in 1620,

until very lately, there existed a continual animosity between them and the Catholic natives of the country, grounded on the natural dislike between the old inhabitants and strangers, and fortified still more by the irreconcilable difference between the genius of the religions of Calvinism and Popery, and diligently cultivated and fomented by the Protestant aristocracy, the partisans of England, who saw in the feuds and dissensions of the other two great sects their own protection and security.

Among the innumerable blessings procured to mankind by the French Revolution, arose the circumstance which I am about to mention, and to which I do most earnestly entreat the particular attention of the French Government, as it is, in fact, the point on which the emancipation of Ireland may eventually turn.

The Dissenters are, from the genius of their religion, and the spirit of inquiry which it produces, sincere and enlightened republicans; they have ever, in a degree, opposed the usurpations of England, whose protection, as well from their numbers and spirit as the nature of their property, they did not, like the Protestant aristocracy, feel necessary for their existence. Still, however, in all the civil wars of Ireland they ranged themselves under the standard of England, and were the most formidable enemies to the Catholic natives, whom they detested as Papists, and despised as slaves. These bad feelings were, for obvious reasons, diligently fomented by the Protestant and English party. At length, in the year 1790, the French Revolution produced a powerful revulsion in the minds of the most enlightened men amongst them. They saw that, whilst they thought they were the masters of the Catholics, they were, in fact, but their jailers, and that, instead of enjoying liberty in their own country, they served but as a garrison to keep it in subjection to England; the establishment of unbounded liberty of conscience in France had mitigated their horror of Popery; one hundred and ten years of peace had worn away very much of the old animosity which former wars had raised and fomented. Eager to emulate the glorious example of France, they saw at once that the only guide to liberty was justice, and that they neither deserved nor could ob-

tain independence, whilst their Catholic brethren, as they then, for the first time, called them, remained in slavery and oppression. Impressed with these sentiments of liberality and wisdom, they sought out the leaders of the Catholics, whose cause and whose suffering were, in a manner, forgotten. The Catholics caught with eagerness at the slightest appearance of alliance and support from a quarter whose opposition they had ever experienced to be so formidable, and once more, after lying prostrate for above one hundred years, appeared on the political theater of their country. Nothing could exceed the alarm, the terror, and confusion which this most unexpected coalition produced in the breasts of the English Government, and their partisans, the Protestant aristocracy of Ireland.

Every art, every stratagem, was used to break the new alliance, and revive the ancient animosities and feuds between the Dissenters and Catholics. Happily such abominable attempts proved fruitless. The leaders on both sides saw that as they had but one common country, they had but one common interest; that while they were mutually contending and ready to sacrifice each other, England profited of their folly to enslave both, and that it was only by a cordial union and affectionate co-operation that they could assert their common liberty, and establish the independence of Ireland. They therefore resisted and overcame every effort to disunite them, and in this manner has a spirit of union and regard succeeded to 250 years of civil discord—a revolution in the political morality of the nation of the most extreme importance, and from which, under the powerful auspices of the French Republic, I hope and trust her independence and liberty will arise.

I beg leave again to call the attention of the French Government to this fact of the national union, which, from my knowledge of the situation of Ireland, I affirm to be of importance, equal to all the rest. Catholics and Dissenters, the two great sects whose mutual animosities have been the radical weakness of their country, are at length reconciled, and the arms which have been so often imbrued in the blood of each other are ready for the first time to be turned in concert against the common enemy.

I come now to the third party in Ireland, the Catholics, who are the Irish, properly so called, and who form almost the entire body of the peasantry of the country. The various confiscations, produced by the wars of five centuries, and the silent operation of the laws for 150 years, have stripped the Catholics of almost all property in land; the great bulk of them are in the lowest degree of misery and want, hewers of wood and drawers of water; bread they seldom taste, meat never, save once in the year; they live in wretched hovels, they labor incessantly, and their landlords, the Protestant aristocracy, have so calculated, that the utmost they can gain by this continual toil will barely suffice to pay the rent at which these petty despots assess their wretched habitations; their food the whole year round is potatoes; their drink, sometimes milk, more frequently water; those of them who attempt to cultivate a spot of ground as farmers are forced, in addition to a heavy rent, to pay tithes to the priests of the Protestant religion, which they neither profess nor believe; their own priests fleece them. Such is the condition of the peasantry of Ireland, above 3,000,000 of people. But though there be little property in land, there is a considerable share of the commerce of Ireland in the hands of the Catholic body; their merchants are highly respectable and well informed; they are perfectly sensible, as well of their own situation as that of their country. It is of these men, with a few of the Catholic gentry, whose property escaped the fangs of the English invaders, that their General Committee, of which I shall have occasion to speak by and by, is composed, and it is with their leaders that the union with the Dissenters, so infinitely important to Ireland, and, if rightly understood, to France also, has been formed.

I have now stated the respective situation, strength, and views of the parties of Ireland; that is to say: *First.* The Protestants, 450,000, comprising the great body of the aristocracy, which supports and is supported by England. Their strength is entirely artificial, composed of the power and influence which the patronage of Government gives them. They have in their hands all appointments in every department, in the church, the army, the revenue, the navy, the law, and a great proportion of the landed property of the country, acquired and maintained as has been

stated; but it cannot escape the penetration of the French Government that all their apparent power is purely fictitious; the strength they derive from Government results solely from opinion; the instant that prop is withdrawn, the edifice tumbles into ruins; the strength of property acquired like theirs by the sword continues no longer than the sword can defend it, and, numerically, the Protestants are but one-tenth of the people.

Second. The Dissenters, 900,000, who form a large and respectable portion of the middle ranks of the community. These are the class of men best informed in Ireland; they constituted the bulk of what we called the Volunteer army in 1782, during the last war, which extorted large concessions from England, and would have completely established their liberty had they been then, as they are now, united with their Catholic brethren. They are all, to a man, sincere Republicans, and devoted with enthusiasm to the cause of liberty and France; they would make perhaps the best soldiers in Ireland, and are already in a considerable degree trained to arms.

Third. The Catholics, 3,150,000. These are the Irish, properly so called, trained from their infancy in an hereditary hatred and abhorrence of the English name, which conveys to them no ideas but those of blood and pillage and persecution. This class is strong in numbers and in misery, which makes men bold; they are used to every species of hardship; they can live on little; they are easily clothed; they are bold and active; they are prepared for any change, for they feel that no change can make their situation worse. For these five years they have fixed their eyes most earnestly on France, whom they look upon, with great justice, as fighting their battles, as well as those of all mankind, who are oppressed. Of this class, I will stake my head, there are five hundred thousand men, who would fly to the standard of the Republic if they saw it once displayed in the cause of liberty and their country.

MRS. TONNA ("CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH").

(1790—1846.)

"CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH," as she generally signed herself, is best known for the two vigorous "Orange Songs" which follow. She was born Oct. 1, 1790, her father being the Rev. M. Browne of Norwich. She married a Captain Phelan, but was soon separated from him, and later on she married L. H. J. Tonna, with whom she lived in Kilkenny for many years, becoming deeply in love with that part of Ireland. She published 'Osric,' 'Izrani,' 'A Mexican Tale,' and 'The Convent Bell : Poems.' She wrote a great many tracts and missionary works for the Dublin Tract Society, and edited several religious publications. She died July 12, 1846.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

Where Foyle his swelling waters
Rolls northward to the main,
Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
Fair Derry fixed her reign :
A holy temple crowned her,
And commerce graced her street,
A rampart wall was round her,
The river at her feet ;
And here she sate alone, boys,
And, looking from the hill,
Vowed the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
Came to the Ferry Gate :
She summoned to defend her
Our sires—a beardless race—¹
They shouted No SURRENDER !
And slammed it in his face.
Then, in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 't was their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a Maiden still.

¹ The famous "Prentice Boys."

Next, crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came
(The royal banner o'er him,
Blushed crimson deep for shame);
He showed the Pope's commission,
Nor dreamed to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
But begged to stand excused.
In short, the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the Maiden on the throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
'T was then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke,
That hallowed graveyard yonder,
Swells with the slaughtered dead—
Oh, brothers! pause and ponder,
It was for *us* they bled;
And while their gifts we own, boys—
The fane that tops our hill,
Oh, the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
Nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us
Who ne'er forsook the right;
Who will, may crouch and tender
The birthright of the free,
But, brothers, No SURRENDER!
No compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys,
No gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

THE ORANGEMAN'S SUBMISSION.¹

We've furled the banner that waved so long
 Its sunny folds around us;
 We've stilled the voice of our ancient song,
 And burst the tie that bound us.
 No, no, that tie, that sacred tie,
 Cannot be loosed or broken;
 And thought will flash from eye to eye,
 Though never a word be spoken.

Go raze old Derry's tell-tale wall—
 Bid Enniskillen perish;
 Choke up the Boyne—abolish all
 That we too fondly cherish;
 'T will be but as the pruning knife
 Used by a skillful master,
 To concentrate the sap of life,
 And fix the strong root faster.

We love the throne—oh, deep you planned
 The hateful wile to prove us!
 But firm in loyal truth we stand—
 The Queen shall know and love us.
 When William came to free the isle
 From galling chains that bound her,
 Our fathers built, beneath his smile,
 This living rampart round her.

Ye've taken the outer crust away,
 But secret strength supplying,
 A spirit shrined within the clay,
 Lives quenchless and undying—
 A sparkle from the hallowed flame
 Of our insulted altars.
 Pure as the source whence first it came
 Our love nor fades nor falters.

Our love to thee, dear injured land,
 By mocking foes derided;
 Our dutous love to the Royal hand,
 By traitorous craft misguided.
 Banner, and badge, and name alone,
 At our monarch's call we tender;
 The loyal truth that guards the throne
 We'll keep, and—No Surrender!

¹ These verses were written and published anonymously when the Orange Institution was disbanded.



DEIRDRE

HERBERT TRENCH.

(1865 —)

HERBERT TRENCH was born in 1865 at Avoncore, Middleton, County Cork. He is of Irish descent on the maternal side (by the Allins of Youghal, the Sealys, and Corrs of Corr Castle) as well as by his father's family. In 1889 he was elected to an open fellowship at All Souls College, Oxford. He is an examiner at the Education Office, Whitehall. His 'Deirdre Wed and other Poems' appeared in 1900.

DEIRDRE IN THE WOODS.¹

From Part III. of 'Deirdre Wed.'

*(Naois speaks) . . . "O to see once more
Thee dance alone in this divine resort
Of wings and quietness; where none but rains
Visit the leaf-pelted lattice—none o'er-peers
And none the self-delightful measure hears
That thy soul moves to, quit of mortal ears."*

Full loth she pleads, but cannot him resist,
And on those mossy lights begins to dance:
Away, away withdrawing like a mist
To fade into the leafy brilliance;
Then, smiling to some inward melodist,
Over the printless turf with slow advance
Of showery footsteps maketh infinite
That crowded glen. But quick! possest by strange
Rapture, wider than dreams her motions range
Till to a span the forests shrink and change.

And hither, in beam-glimmering arms she brings
All zest of promise—all the unlooked-for boon
Of rainbowed life, all rare and speechless things
That shine or swell under the brimming moon.
Who shall pluck timpans? For what need of strings
To waft her blood who is herself the Tune,
Herself the heart of her own melody?
Art come from the Land of the Ever-Young?—O stay
For his heart, too, when thou dost rise away—
Burns dark and spirit-faint within the clay.

¹ Copyright, John Lane, New York. By permission.

And griefs, like the yellow leaves by winters curled,
 Rise after her, dead pangs disturbed, arouse.
 About that bosom the gray forests whirled
 And tempests with her beauty might espouse.
 She rose with the green waters of the world
 And the winds heaved with her their depths of boughs,
 Then vague again as blows the woodbine odor
 On the dark lap of air she chose to sink
 Winnowing with plumes; as to the river-brink
 The pigeons from the cliff come down to drink.

SCHIEHALLION.¹

From 'Deirdre Wed and other Poems.'

Far the gray loch runs
 Up to Schiehallion;
 Lap, lap the water flows
 Where my wee boatie rows;
 Greenly a star shows
 Over Schiehallion.

She that I wandered in
 Over Schiehallion—
 How far beyont your ken,
 Crags of the merry glen,
 Strayed she, that wandered then
 Down fro' Schiehallion.

Sail of the wild swan,
 Turn to Schiehallion!
 Here, where the rushes rise,
 Low the dark hunter lies:
 Beat thou the pure skies
 Back to Schiehallion.

¹ Copyright, John Lane, New York. By permission.

MAURYA'S SONG.¹

From 'Deirdre Wed and other Poems.'

Rushes that grow by the black water
When will I see you more?
When will the sorrowful heart forget you,
Land of the green, green shore?
When will the field and the small cabin
See us more
In the old country?

What is to me all the gold yonder?
She that bore me is gone.
Knees that dangled and hands that blessed me
Colder than any stone;
Stranger to me than the face of strangers
Are my own
In the old country.

Vein o' my heart, from the lone mountain
The smoke of the turf will die
And the stream that sang to the young childer
Run down alone from the sky:
On the door-stone, grass,—and the cloud lying
Where they lie
In the old country.

¹ Copyright, John Lane, New York. By permission.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

(1807—1886.)

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH was the second son of the late Mr. Richard Trench, brother of the first Lord Ashtown. He was born in Dublin, Sept. 9, 1807. Having been graduated in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, he became perpetual curate of Curdridge Chapel; thence he passed to other cures, the most important of which, in its consequences on his after life, was that of Alverstoke, near Gosport. Here he was under Dr. Wilberforce, afterward the famous Bishop of Winchester. The friendship which was thus formed lasted throughout life and joined the two men in many undertakings. When Dr. Wilberforce ceased to be Dean of Westminster, Dr. Trench stepped into the vacant place; and in his new episcopal dignity as Bishop of Oxford Dr. Wilberforce had his old friend beside him as examining chaplain.

In 1835 he published ‘Justin Martyr and other Poems,’ which has passed through numerous editions. ‘Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems,’ followed in 1838, and further enhanced the reputation of the author. At intervals followed ‘Elegiac Poems,’ ‘Poems from Eastern Sources,’ ‘Genoveva and other Poems.’ Dr. Trench’s other poems were ‘Sacred Poems for Mourners,’ ‘Sacred Latin Poetry,’ and ‘Life’s a Dream,’ from the Spanish of Calderon. He also wrote a considerable number of prose works. The greater part of those are devoted to theological subjects, and need not be recapitulated here.

Besides these he published a series of books on philological subjects which are very widely known. ‘The Study of Words’ and ‘English Past and Present’ are the most popular of the series. The pedigree of our vocabulary is so traced as to make the reader appreciate the delight of following the history of an ancient and romantic family; and a subject which with most writers is dry is enlivened with poetic feeling, anecdote, and a charming style. But the study of philology has made vast strides since this work appeared, and, while it may be read and enjoyed for its beauty, its scholarship cannot be implicitly accepted.

Dr. Trench was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin, Jan. 1, 1864, on the decease of Dr. Whately. He died March 29, 1886, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE POETRY OF WORDS.

From ‘The Study of Words.’

Language is fossil poetry; in other words, we are not to look for the poetry which a people may possess only in its poems, or its poetical customs, traditions, and beliefs.

Many a single word also is itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual; bringing those to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these. The image may have grown trite and ordinary now; perhaps, through the help of this very word, may have become so entirely the heritage of all, as to seem little better than a commonplace; yet not the less he who first discerned the relation, and devised the new word which should express it, or gave to an old, never before but literally used, this new and figurative sense, this man was in his degree a poet—a maker, that is, of things which were not before, which would not have existed, but for him, or for some other gifted with equal powers. He who spake first of a “dilapidated” fortune, what an image must have risen up before his mind’s eye of some falling house or palace, stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin. Or he who to that Greek word which signifies “that which will endure to be held up to and judged by the sunlight,” gave first its ethical signification of “sincere,” “truthful,” or as we sometimes say, “transparent,” can we deny to him the poet’s feeling and eye? Many a man had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain before one called them “sierras” or “saws,” the name by which now they are known, as *Sierra Morena*, *Sierra Nevada*; but that man coined his imagination into a word, which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named. . . .

“Iliads without a Homer,” some one has called, with a little exaggeration, the beautiful but anonymous ballad poetry of Spain. One may be permitted, perhaps, to push the exaggeration a little further in the same direction, and to apply the same language not merely to a ballad but to a word. . . . Let me illustrate that which I have been here saying somewhat more at length by the word “tribulation.” We all know in a general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in Scripture and in the Liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin “tribulum”

—which was the threshing instrument or harrow, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and “tribulatio” in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of whatever in them was light, trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true, their chaff from their wheat, he therefore called these sorrows and trials “tribulations,” threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Now in proof of my assertion that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of pure gold capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold-leaf, I will quote, in reference to this very word “tribulation,” a graceful composition by George Wither, a poet of the seventeenth century. You will at once perceive that it is all wrapped up in this word, being from first to last only the expanding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given; it is as follows:—

“ Till from the straw, the flail the corn doth beat,
Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men’s persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God’s corrections
Have threshèd out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till his flail upon us he doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
But then we shall; and that is my desire.”

This deeper religious use of the word “tribulation” was unknown to classical antiquity, belonging exclusively to the Christian writers: and the fact that the same deepen-

ing and elevating of the use of words recurs in a multitude of other, and many of them far more signal, instances, is one well deserving to be followed up. Nothing, I am persuaded, would more mightily convince us of the new power which Christianity proved in the world than to compare the meaning which so many words possessed before its rise, and the deeper meaning which they obtained so soon as they were assumed as the vehicles of its life, the new thought and feeling enlarging, purifying, and ennobling the very words which they employed.

THE EVENING HYMN.

To the sound of evening bells
All that lives to rest repairs,
Birds unto their leafy dells,
Beasts unto their forest lairs.

All things wear a home-bound look,
From the weary hind that plods
Through the corn-fields, to the rook
Sailing toward the glimmering woods.

'T is the time with power to bring
Tearful memories of home
To the sailor wandering
On the far-off barren foam.

What a still and holy time!
Yonder glowing sunset seems
Like the pathway to a clime
Only seen till now in dreams.

Pilgrim! here compelled to roam,
Nor allowed that path to tread,
Now, when sweetest sense of home
On all living hearts is shed,

Doth not yearning sad, sublime,
At this season stir thy breast,
That thou canst not at this time
Seek thy home and happy rest?

SOME MURMUR.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON.

(1861 —)

KATHARINE TYNAN was born in Dublin, Feb. 3, 1861, and was educated at the Dominican Convent of St. Catherine of Siena, Drogheda, which she left at the age of fourteen. The rest of her education was gained at home mainly by her own energy and love of study, aided by a broad-minded and sympathetic father.

In 1893 she married Mr. Henry Hinkson, ex-scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, himself a well-known writer. Her first poems appeared in *Young Ireland* (Dublin), and her first contribution to an English periodical in *The Graphic*. Since that time she has contributed to all the leading journals in Ireland, as well as to many in England and America.

The Rossettian tinge so noticeable in her first book is very curious, seeing that she has declared she never read Rossetti till after those poems were written. "She is," says a critic, "an authentic singer with the true lyric note, that she seems to have caught from the birds in the Irish trees and which gives to her songs written in English a homely Irish flavor."

Her poetical output began in 1885 with the publication of 'Louise de la Vallière and other Poems', which has been followed by 'Shamrocks,' 'Ballads and Lyrics,' 'Cuckoo Songs,' 'Miracle Plays,' 'A Lover's Breast-knot,' and 'The Wind in the Trees.' Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson has also written a number of prose works, among which we may mention 'A Nun : Her Friends and Her Order' 'The Land of Mist and Mountain,' 'An Isle in the Water,' 'The Way of a Maid,' 'The Handsome Brandons,' 'Three Fair Maids,' 'A Daughter of the Fields,' 'A Union of Hearts,' 'A Girl of Galway,' 'That Sweet Enemy,' 'The Handsome Quaker,' 'A King's Woman,' and 'Love of Sisters.'

"HAPPY THE WOOING THAT'S NOT LONG A-DOING."

From 'Oh, What a Plague is Love!'

It was a gray, sad July evening. Beatrice Challoner's room was high above a roaring slum, which one would to be anywhere near its prosperous neighborhood. The never suppose, approaching Albury House from the front, slum street was the play-ground of the multitude of children from the tall burrows of houses, an uncomfortable playground this evening, when the wind swept round corners and raised the dust in little eddies and whirls, and with a great commotion drove before it the paper it had

stripped off the hoarding round the corner. However, the children made their plays contentedly in the midst of the dust, and were swept up hastily by stunted elder sisters when a jingling hansom came cheerfully through Seaman Street on its way to more favored localities. There was a barrel-organ grinding out its abject tune before the public-house at the corner, and two or three dirty little girls danced to its strains, lifting their skirts as daintily as any ballerina of the foot-lights. Seaman Street was one of those tireless London streets that never sleep.

Though the evening was so overcast, it was densely hot. Every window in Seaman Street gasped for air, and if Beatrice Challoner were so minded she could have gazed across the handbreadth of space between into the melancholy interiors. There, by one window, was a woman sewing, while her foot incessantly rocked a cradle. A young man, apparently asleep, lay on a broken-backed couch a little farther within the shadows. It was the artisan in the last stages of consumption, whose harrowing night cough had often reached her wakeful ears across the narrow thoroughfare.

By another window was a group of pallid girls. They were working overtime at making cheap jackets. A more fortunate sister high up in the attic of another house was attiring herself in finery before going out. One house was a laundry, through the windows of which, all day, had smoked a fume of hot soap-suds. The laundry-workers, mostly French, had departed one by one, to take the air, or had been fetched by their young men, very smart in straw hats and flannels. A deaf and dumb child sat with a lonely quietude at another window, and nursed a doll, and looked down curiously on the happier children in the street.

Seaman Street had been awake since four o'clock in the morning, and would not close its eyes, though the chemist's shop and the public-house both closed theirs at a comparatively respectable hour, till two hours after midnight. Its noise and its dust came up to Beatrice Challoner's little room under the roof. If she excluded these she excluded her only chance of a mouthful of air. The dust littered everything. No matter how she strove to keep her room fresh, the dust drifted in, first coating the

window-panes, and then descending in a gray film on bed and toilet-table and desk and chair.

This special July evening Miss Challoner was feeling as if the dust had entered the pores of her skin, as it had penetrated her eyes and her throat. Yet her own room was quiet. If she had gone downstairs to the drawing room, with its oleographs and antimacassars, and its general air of unhomeliness, she might have been pounced upon by Mrs. Ransom, or the Misses Fothergill, or old Mr. Nayman, who had insisted on teaching her whist and was so cross when she made a blunder. The light in the room was failing, and her novel was dull, and her head ached. She longed for freshness and dews and scent; but since she could not have these, at least she would have her solitude.

A tap at the door interrupted her.

"If you please, miss," said Mary, the parlor-maid, "there's a gentleman for you, miss, and I've put him in the parlor as Mrs. Brown's out, and the drawing-room so stuffy with all them old ca—, ladies, I mean, miss, over their books and cards."

"Thank you, Mary," said Beatrice, taking the card, on which she read "Mr. Arthur Strangways."

Mary tripped off blithely to the lower regions to inform cook and Susan and John that old Mr. Strangway's son as ever was had come visiting Miss Challoner. Beatrice had a good deal of sympathy, if she had only known it, from the domestics, who found her sweet-spoken, and in the way of giving trouble very different from the old ladies who formed Mrs. Brown's permanent *clientèle*.

It was remarkable that, as she read the name on the card, she blushed vividly, and felt a queer excitement not wholly pleasant or unpleasant. Whenever she had thought of Arthur Strangways since the day of her accident—and she had thought a good many times—it was with conflicting emotions. How brutal, how cruel, how unpardonable his conduct had been in the beginning of the day! How he had wronged and misrepresented her, and put her to sore shame and humiliation. But then, on the other hand, how kind and clever, and how repentant he had been after her accident. She remembered his faltering appeal to her that she would forgive, and allow him to begin over again.

No, she could not hate him, could not regard him as an enemy.

She waited a minute or two in the dusky room after the maid had left her, and then went downstairs with a very slow and stately step. Her usual pallor had returned by the time she reached Mrs. Brown's parlor, and Arthur Strangway's first thought was of how sadly beautiful she looked in the dreary London gloaming. When he took her extended hand it felt very cold.

"You have been well," he said, with anxious solicitude, "since you left Gardenhurst? You should not have left after so short a convalescence."

Then he faltered and felt wretchedly guilty, remembering what it was that had made it difficult for her to accept the hospitality of his home.

"I am quite well," she said gently, "but the summer is very hot in town, and I find the long twilights a little sad."

They talked on indifferent topics for a while. Then he found that, difficult as it was to speak, it was intolerable to spend the time in uttering conventionalities.

"Miss Challoner," he said, impulsively, "I resolved when I was coming here this evening to tell you how bitterly sorry I have been for my conduct to you. It was not alone the accident, but all that went before. I wish to heavens I had broken a limb myself. It was I who stood in need of punishment.

"You were very unjust to me," said the girl, simply; but somehow the words sounded more like a pardon than an accusation.

"Beatrice, Beatrice!" cried the young man, wildly. "Don't you understand it? Put me in sackcloth and ashes if you will, after I have spoken, but let me speak now. Don't you know it was because I loved you from the first minute I set eyes on your beauty? That it was because I was mad with jealousy of you, and rage against your contempt of me? I was a brute, an unspeakable brute, but it was the brutality of a man towards the woman he loves, and who stands out against him."

He stopped and tried to see what expression was in her averted face, but the room was full of shadows.

"You are not angry, Beatrice?" he said.

"No," she replied, very low; "but you are too sudden."

"Is that all, my queen?" he said laughing out of his excitement and happy relief. "Then I will give you time to get used to me. I will go by little steps. I will not ask you now to love me, but only forgive me, and let me start with a fair chance."

"I have forgiven you," she said. "I forgave you that day of my accident, when you took care of me."

He wondered at her calm. Another girl would have been all blushes and tremors, but somehow he did not feel that the calm boded ill for his success.

"But I have something to forgive you," he said again. "Why did you not come to tea with me that evening I asked you and Dolly?"

"I did not believe you could care. I thought you only asked me to satisfy yourself."

"Care! Why, the hour I spent listening for your foot-step on the stairs was an hour of purgatory; and afterwards I hoped you would write."

"I tried to, but I did not know what to say."

"Presently I am going to forgive you. Not yet though, not till you have learned to love me."

She made no reply. Neither of them thought of the conventions, or of what Mrs. Brown would think if she came in and found them sitting in a room, the dusk of which the horn of the summer moon did little to illumine.

"You will have to learn your lesson soon, Beatrice, and give me your answer soon. I can't leave you in Mrs. Brown's all during the summer."

"What would they think at Gardenhurst?"

It was his turn to blush, and he blushed ingenuously.

"They will love you, as they were ready to do before."

"But your father?"

There was a troubled note in her voice which revealed how things stood to him.

"Dear old dad, he will be resigned after a time. He is the dearest old fellow, Beatrice; I never knew how dear till after your accident."

"Yes, there is no one like him," said the girl, simply.

"Did you know that Fred offered to kick me?—I jolly well deserved it—as your champion."

"Dear boy!" with a sudden, sweet laugh. "He proposed to me, though I don't know if I ought to betray his

confidence. Offered even to give up the 'Varsity and his chance of a blue for my sake."

"Impudent young beggar! What did you say?"

"Put before him what he was resigning for my sake, whereupon he faltered, and was in his inmost heart relieved that for prudential motives I declined."

"I daresay he'll want to kick me again for all that when he knows."

He looked keenly at her glimmering profile. Then he laughed triumphantly and suddenly.

"Beatrice, Beatrice!" he cried, "do you know that you as well as I seem to take everything for granted? For ten minutes back we have talked as if you had not yet your lesson to learn. Have you learnt it, Beatrice? And if not, will you not learn it now? Don't keep me an hour out of Paradise."

"You will think I am too facile," she said, coming to him as willingly as any lover could desire.

THE STORY OF FATHER ANTHONY O'TOOLE.

From 'An Isle in the Water.'

On the wall of the Island Chapel there is a tablet which strangers read curiously. The inscription runs:

FATHER ANTHONY O'TOOLE FOR THIRTY YEARS THE SHEPHERD OF HIS FLOCK <i>Died 18th of December 1812</i> Aged 80 years

"He will avenge the blood of his servants, and will be merciful unto his land, and to his people."

Many a time has a summer visitor asked me the meaning of the Old Testament words on the memorial tablet of a life that in all probability passed so quietly.

Any child in the Island will tell you the story of Father

Anthony O'Toole. Here and there an old man or woman will remember to have seen him and will describe him—tall despite his great age, with the frost on his head but never in his heart, stepping down the cobbles of the village street leaning on his gold-headed cane, and greeting his spiritual children with such a courtesy as had once been well in place at Versailles or the Little Trianon. Plainly he never ceased to be the finest of fine gentlemen, though a less inbred courtesy might well rust in the isolation of thirty years. Yet he seems to have been no less the humblest and simplest of priests. Old Peter Devine will tell you his childish memory of the old priest sitting by the turf fire in the fisherman's cottage, listening to the eternal complaint of the winds and waters that had destroyed the fishing and washed the potato-gardens out to sea, and pausing in his words of counsel and sympathy to take delicately a pinch of the finest snuff, snuff that had never bemeaned itself by paying duty to King George.

But that was in the quite peaceful days, when the country over there beyond the shallow water lay in the apathy of exhaustion—helpless and hopeless. That was years after Father Anthony had flashed out as a man of war in the midst of his quiet pastoral days, and like any Old Testament hero had taken the sword and smitten his enemies in the name of the Lord.

Father Anthony was the grandson of one of those Irish soldiers of fortune who, after the downfall of the Jacobite cause in Ireland, had taken service in the French and Austrian armies. In Ireland they called them the Wild Geese. He had risen to high honors in the armies of King Louis, and had been wounded at Malplaquet. The son followed in his father's footsteps and was among the slain at Fontenoy. Father Anthony, too, became a soldier and saw service at Minden, and carried away from it a wound in the thigh which made necessary the use of that gold-headed cane. They said that, soldier as he was, he was a fine courtier in his day. One could well believe it looking at him in his old age. From his father he had inherited the dashing bravery and gay wit of which even yet he carried traces. From his French mother he had the delicate courtesy and *finesse* which would be well in place in the atmosphere of a court.

However, in full prime of manhood and reputation, Father Anthony, for some reason or other, shook the dust of courts off his feet, and became a humble aspirant after the priesthood at the missionary College of St. Omer. He had always a great desire to be sent to the land of his fathers, the land of faith and hope, of which he had heard from many an Irish refugee, and in due time his desire was fulfilled. He reached the Island one wintry day, flung up out of the teeth of storms, and was in the Island thirty years, till the *reveille* of his Master called him to the muster of the Heavenly host.

Father Anthony seems to have been innocently ready to talk over the days of his fighting. He was not at all averse from fighting his battles over again for these simple children of his who were every day in battle with the elements and death. Peter Devine remembers to have squatted, burning his shins by the turf fire, and watching with fascination the lines in the ashes which represented the entrenchments and the guns, and the troops of King Frederick and the French line, as Father Anthony played the war-game for old Corney Devine, whose grass-grown grave is under the gable of the Island Chapel.

Now and again a fisherman was admitted by special favor to look upon the magnificent clothing which Father Anthony had worn as a colonel of French Horse. The things were laid by in lavender as a bride might keep her wedding-dress. There were the gold-laced coat and the breeches with the sword-slash in them, the sash, the belt, the plumed hat, the high boots, the pistols, and, glittering among them all, the sword. That chest of Father Anthony's and its contents were something of a fairy tale to the boys of the Island, and each of them dreamt of a day when he too might behold them. The chest, securely locked and clamped, stood in the sacristy; and Father Anthony would have seen nothing incongruous in its neighborhood to the sacred vessels and vestments. He generally displayed the things when he had been talking over old fighting days, to the Island men mostly, but occasionally to a French captain, who with a cargo, often contraband of wines and cigars, would run into the Island harbor for shelter. Then there were courtesies given and exchanged; and Father Anthony's guest at parting would make an

offering of light wines, much of which found its way to sick and infirm Island men and women in the days that followed.

Father Anthony had been many placid years on the Island when there began to be rumors of trouble on the mainland. Just at first the United Irish Society had been quite the fashion, and held no more rebellious than the great volunteer movement of a dozen years earlier. But as time went by things became more serious. Moderate and fearful men fell away from the Society, and the union between Northern Protestants and Southern Catholics, which had been a matter of much concern to the Government of the day, was met by a policy of goading the leaders on to rebellion. By and by this and that idol of the populace was flung into prison. Wolfe Tone was in France, praying, storming, commanding, forcing an expedition to act in unison with a rising on Irish soil. Father Anthony was excited in those days. The France of the Republic was not his France, and the stain of the blood of the Lord's Anointed was upon her; but for all that the news of the expedition from Brest set his blood coursing so rapidly and his pulses beating, that he was fain to calm with much praying the old turbulent spirit of war which possessed him.

Many of the young fishermen had left the Island and were on the mainland, drilling in secrecy. There were few left save old men and women and children when the blow fell. The Government, abundantly informed of what went on in the councils of the United Irishmen, knew the moment to strike, and took it. The rebellion broke out in various parts of the country, but already the leaders were in prison. Calamity followed calamity. Heroic courage availed nothing. In a short time Wolfe Tone lay dead in the Provost-Marshal's prison of Dublin; and Lord Edward Fitzgerald was dying of his wounds. In Dublin, dragoonings, hangings, pitch-capping and flogging set up a reign of terror. Out of the first sudden silence terrible tidings came to the Island.

At that time there was no communication with the mainland except by the fishermen's boats or at low water. The Island was very much out of the world; and the echoes of what went on in the world came vaguely as from a dis-

tance to the ears of the Island people. They were like enough to be safe, though there were blood and fire and torture on the mainland. They were all old and helpless people, and they might well be safe from the soldiery. There was no yeomanry corps within many miles of the Island, and it was the yeomanry, tales of whose doings made the Islander's blood run cold. Not the foreign soldiers—oh no, they were often merciful, and found this kind of warfare bitterly distasteful. But it might well be that the yeomanry, being so busy, would never think of the Island.

Father Anthony prayed that it might be so, and the elements conspired to help him. There were many storms and high tides that set the Island riding in safety. Father Anthony went up and down comforting those whose husbands, sons, and brothers were in the Inferno over yonder. The roses in his old cheeks withered, and his blue eyes were faded with many tears for his country and his people. He prayed incessantly that the agony of the land might cease, and that his own most helpless flock might be protected from the butchery that had been the fate of many as innocent and helpless.

The little church of gray stone stands as the vanguard of the village, a little nearer to the mainland, and the spit of sand that runs out towards it. You ascend to it by a hill, and a wide stretch of green sward lies before the door. The gray stone presbytery joins the church and communicates with it. A ragged boreen, or bit of lane, between rough stone walls runs zigzag from the gate, ever open, that leads to the church, and wanders away to the left to the village on the rocks above the sea. Everything is just the same to-day as on that morning when Father Anthony, looking across to the mainland from the high gable window of his bedroom, saw on the sands something that made him dash the tears from his old eyes, and go hastily in search of the telescope which had been a present from one of those wandering sea-captains.

As he set his glass to his eye that morning, the lassitude of age and grief seemed to have left him. For a few minutes he gazed at the objects crossing the sands—for it was low water—in an attitude tense and eager. At last he lowered the glass and closed it. He had seen enough.

Four yeomen on their horses were crossing to the island. He was alone in the house, and as he hustled downstairs and made door and windows fast, he was rejoiced it should be so. Down below the village was calm and quiet. The morning had a touch of spring, and the water was lazily lapping against the sands. The people were within doors,—of that he was pretty well assured—for the Island was in a state of terror and depression. There was no sign of life down there except now and again the barking of a dog or the cackling of a hen. Unconsciously the little homes waited the death and outrage that were coming to them as fast as four strong horses could carry them. “Strengthen thou mine arm,” cried Father Anthony aloud, “that the wicked prevail not! Keep thou thy sheep that thou hast confided to my keeping. Lo! the wolves are upon them!” and as he spoke his voice rang out through the silent house. The fire of battle was in his eyes, his nostrils smelt blood, and the man seemed exalted beyond his natural size. Father Anthony went swiftly and barred his church doors, and then turned into the presbytery. He flashed his sword till it caught the light and gleamed and glanced. “For this, for this hour, friend,” he said, “I have polished thee and kept thee keen. Hail, sword of the justice of God!”

There came a thundering at the oaken door of the church. “Open, son of Belial!” cried a coarse voice, and then there followed a shower of blasphemies. The men had lit down from their horses, which they had picketed below, and had come on foot, vomiting oaths, to the church door. Father Anthony took down the fastenings one by one. Before he removed the last he looked towards the little altar. “Now,” he said, “defend Thyself, all-powerful!” and saying, he let the bar fall.

The door swung open so suddenly that three of the men fell back. The fourth, who had been calling his blasphemies through the keyhole of the door, remained yet on his knees. In the doorway, where they had looked to find an infirm old man, stood a French colonel in his battle array, the gleaming sword in his hand. The apparition was so sudden, so unexpected, that they stood for the moment terror-stricken. Did they think it something supernatural? as well they might, for to their astonished eyes

the splendid martial figure seemed to grow and grow, and fill the doorway. Or perhaps they thought they had fallen in an ambush.

Before they could recover, the sword swung in air, and the head of the fellow kneeling rolled on the threshold of the church. The others turned and fled. One man fell, the others with a curse stumbled over him, recovered themselves and sped on. Father Anthony, as you might spit a cockroach with a long pin, drove his sword in the fallen man's back and left it quivering. The dying scream rang in his ears as he drew his pistols. He muttered to himself: "If one be spared he will return with seven worse devils. No! they must die that the innocent may go safe," and on the track of the flying wretches, he shot one in the head as he ran, and the other he pierced, as he would have dragged himself into the stirrups.

In the broad sunlight, the villagers, alarmed by the sound of shooting, came timidly creeping towards the presbytery to see if harm had befallen the priest, and found Father Anthony standing on the bloody green sward wiping his sword and looking about him at the dead men. The fury of battle had gone out of his face, and he looked gentle as ever, but greatly troubled. "It had to be," he said, "though, God knows, I would have spared them to repent of their sins."

"Take them," he said, "to the Devil's Chimney and drop them down, so that if their comrades come seeking them there may be no trace of them." The Devil's Chimney is a strange, natural *oubliette* of the Island, whose depth none has fathomed, though far below you may hear a subterranean waterfall roaring.

One of the dead men's horses set up a frightened whinnying. "But the poor beasts," said Father Anthony, who had every kindness for animals, "they must want for nothing. Stable them in M'Ora's Cave till the trouble goes by, and see that they are well fed and watered."

An hour later, except for some disturbance of the grass, you would have come upon no trace of these happenings. I have never heard that they cast any shade upon Father Anthony's spirit, or that he was less serene and cheerful when peace had come back than he had been before. No hue and cry after the dead yeomen ever came to the Island,

and the troubles of '98 spent themselves without crossing again from the mainland. After a time, when peace was restored, the yeomen's horses were used for drawing the Island fish to the market, or for carrying loads of seaweed to the potatoes, and many other purposes for which human labor had hitherto served.

But Father Anthony O'Toole was dead many and many a year before that tablet was set up to his memory. And the strange thing was that Mr. Hill, the rector, who, having no flock to speak of, is pretty free to devote himself to the antiquities of the Island, his favorite study, was a prime mover in this commemoration of Father Anthony O'Toole, and himself selected the text to go upon the tablet.

In a certain Wicklow country-house an O'Toole of this day will display to you, as they display the dead hand of a martyr in a reliquary, the uniform, the sword and pistols, the feathered hat and the riding boots, of Father Anthony O'Toole.

SAINT FRANCIS AND THE WOLF.

This wolf for many a day
Had scourged and trodden down
The folk of Agobio town;
Old was he, lean and gray.

Dragging a mildewed bone,
Down from his lair he came,
Saw in the sunset flame
Our Father standing alone.

Dust on his threadbare gown,
Dust on his blessed feet,
Faint from long fast and heat,
His light of life died down.

This wolf laid bare his teeth,
And growling low there stood;
His lips were black with blood,
His eyes were fires of death.

So for a spring crouched he;
 But the Saint raised his head—
 “ Peace, Brother Wolf,” he said,
 “ God made both thee and me.”

And with the Cross signed him:
 The wolf fell back a-stare,
 Sat on his haunches there,
 Forbidding, black, and grim.

“ Come nearer, in Christ’s Name,”
 Said Francis, and, so bid,
 Like a small dog that’s chid,
 The fierce beast fawning came,

Trotting against his side,
 And licked the tender hand
 That with soft touch and bland
 Caressed his wicked hide.

“ Brother,” the Saint said then,
 “ Who gave thee leave to kill?
 Thou hast slain of thine own will
 Not only beasts, but men.

“ And God is wroth with thee:
 If thou wilt not repent,
 His anger shall be sent
 To smite thee terribly.

“ See, all men hate thy name,
 And with it mothers fright
 The froward child by night.
 Great are thy sin and shame.

“ All true dogs thee pursue;
 Thou shouldst hang high in air
 Like a thief and murderer,
 Hadst thou thy lawful due.

“ Yet, seeing His hands have made
 Even thee, thou wicked one,
 I bring no malison,
 But blessing bring instead.

“ And I will purchase peace
 Between this folk and thee

So love for hate shall be,
And all thy sinning cease.

“ Say, wilt thou have it so ? ”
Thereat, far off, we saw
The beast lift up his paw,
His great tail wagging go.

Our Father took the paw
Into his blessed hand,
Knelt down upon the sand,
Facing the creature’s jaw.

That were a sight to see :
Agobio’s folk trooped out ;
They heard not all that rout,
Neither the beast nor he.

For he was praying yet,
And on his illumined face
A shamed and loving gaze
The terrible wolf had set.

When they came through the town,
His hand that beast did stroke,
He spake unto the folk
Flocking to touch his gown.

A sweet discourse was this ;
He prayed them that they make
Peace, for the Lord Christ’s sake,
With this poor wolf of His ;

And told them of their sins,
How each was deadlier far
Than wolves or lions are,
Or sharks with sword-like fins.

Afterward some came near,
Took the beast’s paw and shook,
And answered his sad look
With words of honest cheer.

Our Father, ere he went,
Bade that each one should leave
Some food at morn and eve
For his poor penitent.

And so, three years or more,
 The wolf came morn and even—
 Yea, long forgiven and shriven,
 Fed at each townsman's door;

And grew more gray and old,
 Withal so sad and mild,
 Him feared no little child
 Sitting in the sun's gold.

The women, soft of heart,
 Trusted him and were kind :
 Men grew of equal mind,
 None longer stepped apart.

The very dogs, 't was said,
 Would greet him courteously,
 And pass his portion by,
 Though they went on unfed.

But when three years were gone
 He came no more, but died ;
 In a cave on the hillside
 You may count each whitening bone.

And then it came to pass
 All gently of him spake,
 For Francis his dear sake,
 Whose Brother Wolf this was.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

All in the April evening,
 April airs were abroad,
 The sheep with their little lambs
 Passed me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
 Passed me by on the road ;
 All in the April evening
 I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
 With a weak, human cry.

I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet,

But for the Lamb of God,
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

DE PROFUNDIS.

You must be troubled, Asthore,
Because last night you came
And stood on the moonlit floor,
And called again my name.
In dreams I felt your tears,
In dreams mine eyes were wet;
O, dead for seven long years!
And can you not forget?
Are you not happy yet?

*The mass-bell shall be rung,
The mass be said and sung,
And God will surely hear;
Go back and sleep, my dear!*

You went away when you heard
The red cock's clarion crow.
You have given my heart a sword,
You have given my life a woe,
I, who your burden bore,
On whom your sorrows fell;
You had to travel, Asthore,
Your bitter need to tell,
And I—was faring well!

*The mass-bell shall be rung,
The mass be said and sung,
And God will surely hear;
Go back and sleep, my dear!*

SINGING STARS.

“ What sawest thou, Orion, thou hunter of the star-lands,
On that night star-sown and azure when thou cam’st in
splendor sweeping,
And amid thy starry brethren from the near lands and the
far lands
All the night above a stable on the earth thy watch wert
keeping? ”

“ Oh, I saw the stable surely, and the young Child and the
Mother,
And the placid beasts still gazing with their mild eyes full of
loving.
And I saw the trembling radiance of the Star, my lordliest
brother,
Light the earth and all the heavens as he kept his guard un-
moving.

“ There were kings that came from Eastward with their ivory,
spice, and sendal,
With gold fillets in their dark hair, and gold broidered robes
and stately,
And the shepherds, gazing starward, over yonder hill did
wend all,
And the silly sheep went meekly, and the wise dog marvelled
greatly.

“ Oh we knew, we stars, the stable held our King, His glory
shaded,
That His baby hands were poising all the spheres and con-
stellations;
Berenice shook her hair down, like a shower of stardust
braided,
And Arcturus, pale as silver, bent his brows in adorations.

“ The stars sang all together, sang their love-songs with the
angels,

With the Cherubim and Seraphim their shrilly trumpets blended.
They have never sung together since that night of great evangels,
And the young Child in the manger, and the time of bondage ended."

LARKS.

All day in exquisite air
The song climb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 't wixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

SUMMER-SWEET.

Honey-sweet, sweet as honey smell the lilies,
Little lilies of the gold in a ring;
Little censers of pale gold are the lilies,
That the wind, sweet and sunny, sets a-swing.
Smell the rose, sweet of sweets, all a-blowing!
Hear the cuckoo call in dreams, low and sweet!
Like a very John-a-Dreams coming, going.
There's honey in the grass at our feet.

There's honey in the leaf and the blossom,
And honey in the night and the day,
And honey-sweet the heart in Love's bosom,
And honey-sweet the words Love will say.

AUGUST WEATHER.

Dead heat and windless air,
 And silence over all;
 Never a leaf astir,
 But the ripe apples fall;
 Plums are purple-red,
 Pears amber and brown;
Thud! in the garden-bed
 Ripe apples fall down.

Air like a cider-press
 With the bruised apples' scent;
 Low whistles express
 Some sleepy bird's content;
 Still world and windless sky,
 A mist of heat o'er all;
 Peace like a lullaby,
 And the ripe apples fall.

AN ISLAND FISHERMAN.

I groan as I put out
 My nets on the say,
 To hear the little *girshas*¹ shout,
 Dancin' among the spray.

Ochone! the childher pass
 An' lave us to our grief;
 The stranger took my little lass
 At the fall o' the leaf.

Why would you go so fast
 With him you never knew?
 In all the throuble that is past
 I never frowned on you.

The light o' my ould eyes!
 The comfort o' my heart!
 Waitin' for me your mother lies
 In blessed Innishart.

¹ *Girshas*, little girls.



IRISH FISHING CURRAGH or CORACLE

Her lone grave I keep
 From all the cold world wide,
 But you in life an' death will sleep
 The stranger beside.

Ochone! my thoughts are wild :
 But little blame I say ;
 An ould man hungerin' for his child,
 Fishin' the livelong day.

You will not run again,
 Laughin' to see me land.
 Oh, what was pain an' trouble then,
 Holdin' your little hand ?

Or when your head let fall
 Its soft curls on my breast ?
 Why do the childher grow at all
 To love the stranger best ?

WINTER EVENING.

But the rain is gone by, and the day's dying out in a splendor ;
 There is flight as of many gold wings in the heart of the sky :
 God's birds, it may be, who return from their ministry tender,
 Flying home from the earth, like the earth-birds when darkness is nigh.
 Gold plumes and gold feathers, the wings hide the roseate faces,
 But a glimmer of roseate feet breaks the massing of gold :
 There's gold hair blowing back, and a drifting of one in clear spaces,
 A little child-angel whose flight is less sure and less bold.

They are gone, they are flown, but their footprints have left the sky ruddy,
 And the night's coming on with a moon in a tender green sea,
 And my heart is fled home, with a flight that is certain and steady
 To her home, to her nest, to the place where her treasure shall be—
 Across the dark hills where the scarlet to purple is waning ;

For the birds will fly home, will fly home, when the night's
coming on.
But hark! in the trees how the wind is complaining and strain-
ing
For the birds that are flown it may be, or the nests that are
gone.

THE CHILDREN OF LIR.

Out upon the sand-dunes thrive the coarse long grasses,
Herns standing knee-deep in the brackish pool,
Overhead the sunset fire and flame amasses,
And the moon to Eastward rises pale and cool:
Rose and green around her, silver-gray and pearly,
Checkered with the black rooks flying home to bed;
For, to wake at daybreak birds must couch them early,
And the day's a long one since the dawn was red.

On the chilly lakelet, in that pleasant gloaming,
See the sad swans sailing: they shall have no rest:
Never a voice to greet them save the bittern's booming
Where the ghostly swallows sway against the West.
"Sister," saith the gray swan, "Sister, I am weary,"
Turning to the white swan wet, despairing eyes;
"O," she saith, "my young one." "O," she saith, "my dearie,"
Casts her wings about him with a storm of cries.

Woe for Lir's sweet children whom their vile stepmother
Glamoured with her witch-spells for a thousand years;
Died their father raving—on his throne another—
Blind before the end came from his burning tears.
She—the fiends possess her, torture her forever,
Gone is all the glory of the race of Lir,
Gone and long forgotten like a dream of fever:
But the swans remember all the days that were.

Hugh, the black and white swan with the beauteous feathers;
Fiachra, the black swan with the emerald breast;
Conn, the youngest, dearest, sheltered in all weathers,
Him his snow-white sister loves the tenderest.
These her mother gave her as she lay a-dying,
To her faithful keeping, faithful hath she been,
With her wings spread o'er them when the tempest's crying,
And her songs so hopeful when the sky's serene.

Other swans have nests made 'mid the reeds and rushes,
Lined with downy feathers where the cygnets sleep
Dreaming, if a bird dreams, till the daylight blushes,
Then they sail out swiftly on the current deep,
With the proud swan-father, tall, and strong, and stately,
And the mild swan-mother, grave with household cares,
All well-born and comely, all rejoicing greatly:
Full of honest pleasure is a life like theirs.

OH, GREEN AND FRESH.

Oh, green and fresh your English sod
With daisies sprinkled over;
But greener far were the fields I trod,
And the honeyed Irish clover.

Oh, well your skylark cleaves the blue
To bid the sun good-morrow;
He has not the bonny song I knew
High over an Irish furrow.

And often, often, I 'm longing still,
This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill
And he and I together.

JOHN TYNDALL.

(1820—1893.)

JOHN TYNDALL was born in 1820 at Leighlin Bridge, Carlow. His parents were poor, but they managed to have their son taught well, and he early acquired a sound knowledge of mathematics. His first employments were not of a particularly philosophic character, for he had to be content with the post of a "civil assistant" of the Ordnance Survey in his native district, and later with employment in railway engineering operations in connection with a Manchester firm. In 1847 came what was, probably, much more congenial employment, when he received an appointment as a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire.

In 1848 he went to Germany with Dr. Franklin for further scientific study, working in the laboratory and making original investigations. He secured his doctorate in 1857, and after more study in Berlin he returned to England, where the publication of his scientific discoveries brought him a fellowship in the Royal Society. In 1853 he was, on the proposal of Faraday, elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution, with which he remained connected for more than thirty years.

He began as a young man the study of radiant heat, and the problems of electricity, magnetism, and acoustics also engaged his attention, valuable books upon these subjects resulting. Such volumes as '*Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion*', '*On Radiation*', and '*Dust and Disease*', are among the more familiar. The scientific phenomena of glaciers interested him for many years, and from 1856 to his death he visited the Alps every season—the initial journey was in company with Huxley—and made studies, the deductions from which were embodied in a series of books very enjoyable in point of literary value. '*Mountaineering in 1861*', and '*Hours of Exercise in the Alps*' are typical of this class. The publications of Tyndall also indicate a large number of more technical treatises, adding substantially to his reputation as a physicist and to the advancement of modern science in the field of his election. In 1872 he made a successful lecture tour in the United States, and devoted the proceeds to the establishment of scholarships for the benefit of students occupied in original research in science.

He was President of the British Association, an LL.D. of Cambridge and Edinburgh, a D.C.L. of Oxford, and held office in 1877 as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

Professor Tyndall shared with his friend, Professor Huxley, a singular power of making the dark ways of science light to the ordinary understanding by a style of wonderful clearness and brightened with humor and apt illustration. Indeed, he was one of the pioneers in the new era, in which a polished literary style has been found quite compatible with the revelation of physical truths.

Professor Tyndall died at Haslemere, Surrey, England, Dec. 4, 1893, from an overdose of chloral accidentally administered by his wife.

THE CLAIMS OF SCIENCE.

From the 'Belfast Address.'

Trace the line of life backwards, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the pure physical condition. We come at length to those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water. We reach the *protoplasts* of Haeckel, in which we have "a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character." Can we pause here? We break a magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking; but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do *something* similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms that "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods"? or with Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not "that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother, who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb"? Believing as I do in the continuity of nature, I cannot stop abruptly where our microscopes cease to be of use. Here the vision of the mind authoritatively supplements the vision of the eye. By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that Matter—which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium—the promise and potency of all terrestrial life.

If you ask me whether there exists the least evidence to prove that any form of life can be developed out of matter, without demonstrable antecedent life, my reply is that evidence considered perfectly conclusive by many has been adduced; and that, were some of us who have pondered this question to follow a very common example, and accept testimony because it falls in with our belief, we also should eagerly close with the evidence referred to. But

there is in the true man of science a wish stronger than the wish to have his beliefs upheld,—namely, the wish to have them true; and this stronger wish causes him to reject the most plausible support if he has reason to suspect that it is vitiated by error. Those to whom I refer as having studied this question, believing the evidence offered in favor of “spontaneous generation” to be thus vitiated, cannot accept it. They know full well that the chemist now prepares from inorganic matter a vast array of substances which were some time ago regarded as the sole products of vitality. They are intimately acquainted with the structural power of matter as evidenced in the phenomena of crystallization. They can justify scientifically their *belief* in its potency, under the proper conditions, to produce organisms. But in reply to your question, they will frankly admit their inability to point to any satisfactory experimental proof that life can be developed save from demonstrable antecedent life. As already indicated, they draw the line from the highest organisms through lower ones down to the lowest; and it is the prolongation of this line by the intellect beyond the range of the senses that leads them to the conclusion which Bruno so boldly enunciated.

The “materialism” here professed may be vastly different from what you suppose, and I therefore crave your gracious patience to the end. “The question of an external world,” says Mr. J. S. Mill, “is the great battle-ground of metaphysics.” Mr. Mill himself reduces external phenomena to “possibilities of sensation.” Kant, as we have seen, made time and space “forms” of our own intuitions. Fichte, having first by the inexorable logic of his understanding proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of eternal causation which holds so rigidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature, and all that it inherits, an apparition of his own mind. And it is by no means easy to combat such notions. For when I say I see you, and that I have not the least doubt about it, the reply is, that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is, not that you are there, but that

the nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear, and see, and touch, and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's-breadth, we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a *fact*, but an *inference*, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a skeptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who think that the world really *is* what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere *symbols* of an outside entity, which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know. In fact, the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our day as in the days of Job can man by searching find this Power out. Considered fundamentally, then, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life on earth is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded, from their prepotent elements in the unmeasurable past. There is, you will observe, no very rank materialism here.

The strength of the doctrine of evolution consists, not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof), but in its general harmony with scientific thought.

From contrast, moreover, it derives enormous relative strength. On the one side, we have a theory (if it could with any propriety be so called) derived, as were the theories referred to at the beginning of this address, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men—a theory which converts the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe into an artificer, fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as a man is seen to act. On the other side, we have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us,—the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind,—have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life (if I dare apply the term), an infinitesimal span of which is offered to the investigation of man. And

even this span is only knowable in part. We can trace the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them. An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command; and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow a comparison from an illustrious friend of mine, is like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband. All that has been here said is to be taken in connection with this fundamental truth. When "nascent senses" are spoken of, when "the differentiation of a tissue at first vaguely sensitive all over" is spoken of, and when these processes are associated with "the modification of an organism by its environment," the same parallelism, without contact or even approach to contact, is implied. Man the *object* is separated by an impassable gulf from man the *subject*. There is no motor energy in intellect to carry it without logical rupture from the one to the other.

Further, the doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past. The human understanding, for example,—that faculty which Mr. Spencer has turned so skillfully round upon its own antecedents,—is itself a result of the play between organism and environment through cosmic ranges of time. Never surely did prescription plead so irresistible a claim. But then it comes to pass that, over and above his understanding, there are many other things appertaining to man whose prescriptive rights are quite as strong as those of the understanding itself. It is a result, for example, of the play of organism and environment, that sugar is sweet and that aloes are bitter, that the smell of henbane differs from the perfume of a rose. Such facts of consciousness (for which, by the way, no adequate reason has yet been rendered) are quite as old as the understanding; and many other things can boast an equally ancient origin. Mr. Spencer at one place refers to that most powerful of passions, the amatory passion, as one which when it first occurs is antecedent to all relative experience whatever; and

we may pass its claim as being at least as ancient and valid as that of the understanding. Then there are such things woven into the texture of man as the feelings of awe, reverence, wonder; and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical, and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deep-set feeling, which since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions into the high-and-dry light of the intellect may deride them; but in so doing you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are,—dangerous, nay destructive, to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again,—it will be wise to recognize them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided to noble issues in the region of *emotion*, which is its proper and elevated sphere.

All religious theories, schemes, and systems, which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into the domain of science, must, *in so far as they do this*, submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands. When this truth has been thoroughly taken in, rigidity will be relaxed, exclusiveness diminished, things now deemed essential will be dropped, and elements now rejected will be assimilated.

The lifting of the life is the essential point; and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives a motive power from an ultra-scientific source. Whewell speaks of enthusiasm of temper as a hindrance to science;

but he means the enthusiasm of weak heads. There is a strong and resolute enthusiasm in which science finds an ally; and it is to the lowering of this fire, rather than to the diminution of intellectual insight, that the lessening productiveness of men of science in their mature years is to be ascribed. Mr. Buckle sought to detach intellectual achievement from moral force. He gravely erred; for without moral force to whip it into action, the achievements of the intellect would be poor indeed.

It has been said that science divorces itself from literature; but the statement, like so many others, arises from lack of knowledge. A glance at the least technical writings of its leaders—of its Helmholtz, its Huxley, and its Du Bois-Reymond—would show what breadth of literary culture they command. Where among modern writers can you find their superiors in clearness and vigor of literary style? Science desires not isolation, but freely combines with every effort towards the bettering of man's estate. Single-handed, and supported not by outward sympathy but by inward force, it has built at least one great wing of the many-mansioned home which man in his totality demands. And if rough walls and protruding rafter-ends indicate that on one side the edifice is still incomplete, it is only by wise combination of the parts required, with those already irrevocably built, that we can hope for completeness. There is no necessary incongruity between what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. The moral glow of Socrates, which we all feel by ignition, has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras which he so much scorned, but which he would hardly scorn to-day.

And here I am reminded of one amongst us, hoary but still strong, whose prophet-voice some thirty years ago, far more than any other of his age, unlocked whatever of life and nobleness lay latent in its most gifted minds; one fit to stand besides Socrates or the Maccabean Eleazar, and to dare and suffer all that they suffered and dared,—fit, as he once said of Fichte, “to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the grove of Academe.” With a capacity to grasp physical principles which his friend Goethe did not possess, and which even total lack of exercise has not been able to re-

duce to atrophy, it is the world's loss that he, in the vigor of his years, did not open his mind and sympathies to science, and make its conclusions a portion of his message to mankind. Marvelously endowed as he was, equally equipped on the side of the heart and of the understanding, he might have done much towards teaching us how to reconcile the claims of both, and to enable them in coming times to dwell together in unity of spirit, and in the bond of peace.

And now the end is come. With more time or greater strength and knowledge, what has been here said might have been better said, while worthy matters here omitted might have received fit expression. But there would have been no material deviation from the views set forth. As regards myself, they are not the growth of a day; and as regards you, I thought you ought to know the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary. A hint of Hamlet's, however, teaches us all how the troubles of common life may be ended; and it is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description; nor is it wanting in persons who seek their shelter, and try to persuade others to do the same. The unstable and the weak will yield to this persuasion, and they to whom repose is sweeter than the truth. But I would exhort you to refuse the offered shelter, and to scorn the base repose; to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation, the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp.

In the course of this address I have touched on debatable questions, and led you over what will be deemed dangerous ground; and this partly with the view of telling you that as regards these questions, science claims unrestricted right of search. It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that whether right or wrong, we ask the freedom to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it

into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare; not only a Boyle, but a Raphael; not only a Kant, but a Beethoven; not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary; not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the Mystery from which it emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith;—so long as this is done not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the Mystery in accordance with its own needs,—then casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man.

“Fill thy heart with it,” said Goethe, “and then name it as thou wilt.” Goethe himself did this in untranslatable language, Wordsworth did it in words known to all Englishmen, and which may be regarded as a forecast and religious vitalization of the latest and deepest scientific truth: —

“For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,—
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. *And I have felt*
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things.”

SCIENTIFIC LIMIT OF THE IMAGINATION.

From an Address to British Association.

If you look at the face of a watch you see the hour and minute hands, and possibly also a second-hand, moving over the graduated dial. Why do these hands move? and why are their relative motions such as they are observed to be? These questions cannot be answered without opening the watch, mastering its various parts, and ascertaining their relationship to each other. When this is done we find that the observed motion of the hands follows of necessity from the inner mechanism of the watch when acted upon by the force invested in the spring.

The motion of the hands may be called a phenomenon of art, but the case is similar with the phenomena of nature. These also have their inner mechanism, and their store of force to set that mechanism going. The ultimate problem of physical science is to reveal this mechanism, to discern this store, and to show that from the combined action of both the phenomena of which they constitute the basis must of necessity flow.

I thought that an attempt to give you even a brief and sketchy illustration of the manner in which scientific thinkers regard this problem would not be uninteresting to you on the present occasion; more especially as it will give me occasion to say a word or two on the tendencies and limits of modern science; to point out the region which men of science claim as their own, and where it is mere waste of time to oppose their advance, and also to define, if possible, the bourne between this and that other region to which the questionings and yearnings of the scientific intellect are directed in vain.

There have been writers who affirmed that the pyramids of Egypt were the productions of nature; and in his early youth Alexander von Humboldt wrote a learned essay with the express object of refuting this notion. We now regard the pyramids as the work of men's hands, aided probably by machinery of which no record remains. We picture to ourselves the swarming workers toiling at those vast erections, lifting the inert stones, and, guided by the volition, the skill, and possibly at times by the whip of the

architect, placing them in their proper positions. The blocks in this case were moved and posited by a power external to themselves, and the final form of the pyramid expressed the thought of its human builder.

Let us pass from this illustration of constructive power to another of a different kind. When a solution of common salt is slowly evaporated, the water which holds the salt in solution disappears, but the salt itself remains behind. At a certain stage of concentration the salt can no longer retain the liquid form; its particles, or molecules, as they are called, begin to deposit themselves as minute solids, so minute, indeed, as to defy all microscopic power. As evaporation continues solidification goes on, and we finally obtain, through the clustering together of innumerable molecules, a finite crystalline mass of a definite form. What is this form? It sometimes seems a mimicry of the architecture of Egypt. We have little pyramids built by the salt, terrace above terrace from base to apex, forming a series of steps resembling those up which the Egyptian traveler is dragged by his guides. The human mind is as little disposed to look unquestioning at these pyramidal salt-crystals as to look at the pyramids of Egypt without inquiring whence they came. How, then, are those salt-pyramids built up?

Guided by analogy, you may, if you like, suppose that, swarming among the constituent molecules of the salt there is an invisible population, guided and coerced by some invisible master, and placing the atomic blocks in their positions. This, however, is not the scientific idea, nor do I think your good sense will accept it as a likely one. The scientific idea is that the molecules act upon each other without the intervention of slave labor; that they attract each other and repel each other at certain definite points, or poles, and in certain definite directions; and that the pyramidal form is the result of this play of attraction and repulsion. While, then, the blocks of Egypt were laid down by a power external to themselves, these molecular blocks of salt are self-posed, being fixed in their places by the forces with which they act upon each other.

I take common salt as an illustration because it is so familiar to us all; but any other crystalline substance

would answer my purpose equally well. Everywhere, in fact, throughout inorganic nature, we have this formative power, as Fichte would call it—this structural energy ready to come into play, and build the ultimate particles of matter into definite shapes. The ice of our winters and of our polar regions is its handiwork, and so equally are the quartz, felspar, and mica of our rocks. Our chalk-beds are for the most part composed of minute shells, which are also the product of structural energy; but behind the shell, as a whole, lies a more remote and subtle formative act. These shells are built up of little crystals of calc-spar, and to form these crystals the structural force had to deal with the intangible molecules of carbonate of lime. This tendency on the part of matter to organize itself, to grow into shape, to assume definite forms in obedience to the definite action of force, is, as I have said, all-pervading. It is in the ground on which you tread, in the water you drink, in the air you breathe. Incipient life, as it were, manifests itself throughout the whole of what we call inorganic nature.

The forms of the minerals resulting from this play of polar forces are various, and exhibit different degrees of complexity. Men of science avail themselves of all possible means of exploring their molecular architecture. For this purpose they employ in turn as agents of exploration, light, heat, magnetism, electricity, and sound. Polarized light is especially useful and powerful here. A beam of such light when sent in among the molecules of a crystal is acted on by them, and from this action we infer with more or less of clearness the manner in which the molecules are arranged. That differences, for example, exist between the inner structure of rock-salt and crystallized sugar or sugar-candy, is thus strikingly revealed. These differences may be made to display themselves in chromatic phenomena of great splendor, the play of molecular force being so regulated as to remove some of the colored constituents of white light, and to leave others with increased intensity behind.

And now let us pass from what we are accustomed to regard as a dead mineral to a living grain of corn. When *it* is examined by polarized light, chromatic phenomena similar to those noticed in crystals are observed. And why?

Because the architecture of the grain resembles the architecture of the crystal. In the grain also the molecules are set in definite positions, and in accordance with their arrangement they act upon the light. But what has built together the molecules of the corn? I have already said regarding crystalline architecture that you may, if you please, consider the atoms and molecules to be placed in position by a power external to themselves. The same hypothesis is open to you now. But if in the case of crystals you have rejected this notion of an external architect, I think you are bound to reject it now, and to conclude that the molecules of the corn are self-posed by the forces with which they act upon each other. It would be poor philosophy to invoke an external agent in one case and to reject it in the other.

Instead of cutting our grain of corn into slices and subjecting it to the action of polarized light, let us place it in the earth and subject it to a certain degree of warmth. In other words, let the molecules, both of the corn and of the surrounding earth, be kept in that state of agitation which we call warmth. Under these circumstances the grain and the substances which surround it interact, and a definite molecular architecture is the result. A bud is formed; this bud reaches the surface, where it is exposed to the sun's rays, which are also to be regarded as a kind of vibratory motion. And as the motion of common heat with which the grain and the substances surrounding it were first endowed, enabled the grain and these substances to exercise their attractions and repulsions, and thus to coalesce in definite forms, so the specific motion of the sun's rays now enables the green bud to feed upon the carbonic acid and the aqueous vapor of the air. The bud appropriates those constituents of both for which it has an elective attraction, and permits the other constituent to resume its place in the air. Thus the architecture is carried on. Forces are active at the root, forces are active in the blade, the matter of the earth and the matter of the atmosphere are drawn towards both, and the plant augments in size. We have in succession the bud, the stalk, the ear, the full corn in the ear; the cycle of molecular action being completed by the production of grains similar to that with which the process began.

Now there is nothing in this process which necessarily eludes the conceptional or imagining power of the purely human mind. An intellect the same in kind as our own would, if only sufficiently expanded, be able to follow the whose process from beginning to end. It would see every molecule placed in its position by the specific attractions and repulsions exerted between it and other molecules, the whole process and its consummation being an instance of the play of molecular force. Given the grain and its environment, the purely human intellect might, if sufficiently expanded, trace out *à priori* every step of the process of growth, and, by the application of purely mechanical principles, demonstrate that the cycle must end, as it is seen to end, in the reproduction of forms like that with which it began. A similar necessity rules here to that which rules the planets in their circuits round the sun.

You will notice that I am stating my truth strongly. . . But I must go still further, and affirm that, in the eye of science, the *animal body* is just as much the product of molecular force as the stalk and ear of corn, or as the crystal of salt or sugar. Many of the parts of the body are obviously mechanical. Take the human heart, for example, with its system of valves, or take the exquisite mechanism of the eye or hand. Animal heat, moreover, is the same in kind as the heat of a fire, being produced by the same chemical process. Animal motion, too, is as directly derived from the food of the animal, as the motion of Trevethyck's walking engine from the fuel in its furnace. As regards matter, the animal body creates nothing; as regards force, it creates nothing. "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature?" All that has been said, then, regarding the plant may be restated with regard to the animal. Every particle that enters into the composition of a muscle, a nerve, or a bone, has been placed in its position by molecular force. And unless the existence of law in these matters be denied, and the element of caprice introduced, we must conclude that, given the relation of any molecule of the body to its environment, its position in the body might be determined mathematically. Our difficulty is not with the *quality* of the problem, but with its *complexity*; and this difficulty might

be met by the simple expansion of the faculties which we now possess. Given this expansion, with the necessary molecular data, and the chick might be deduced as rigorously and as logically from the egg as the existence of Neptune was deduced from the disturbances of Uranus, or as conical refraction was deduced from the undulatory theory of light.

You see I am not mincing matters, but avowing nakedly what many scientific thinkers more or less distinctly believe. The formation of a crystal, a plant, or an animal, is in their eyes a purely mechanical problem, which differs from the problems of ordinary mechanics in the smallness of the masses and the complexity of the processes involved. Here you have one half of our dual truth; let us now glance at the other half. Associated with this wonderful mechanism of the animal body we have phenomena no less certain than those of physics, but between which and the mechanism we discern no necessary connection. A man, for example, can say *I feel, I think, I love*; but how does consciousness infuse itself into the problem? The human brain is said to be the organ of thought and feeling; when we are hurt the brain feels it, when we ponder it is the brain that thinks, when our passions or affections are excited it is through the instrumentality of the brain. Let us endeavor to be a little more precise here. I hardly imagine there exists a profound scientific thinker, who has reflected upon the subject, unwilling to admit the extreme probability of the hypothesis, that for every fact of consciousness, whether in the domain of sense, of thought, or of emotion, a certain definite molecular condition is set up in the brain; who does not hold this relation of physics to consciousness to be invariable, so that, given the state of the brain, the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred; or given the thought or feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred.

But how inferred? It is at bottom not a case of logical inference at all, but of empirical association. You may reply that many of the inferences of science are of this character; the inference, for example, that an electric current of a given direction will deflect a magnetic needle in a definite way; but the cases differ in this, that the passage from the current to the needle, if not demonstrable, is

thinkable, and that we entertain no doubt as to the final mechanical solution of the problem. But the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable. Granted that a definite thought, and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassable. Let the consciousness of *love*, for example, be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of *hate* with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know when we love that the motion is in one direction, and when we hate that the motion is in the other; but the "WHY?" would remain as unanswerable as before.

In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the "Materialist" is stated, as far as that position is a tenable one. I think the materialist will be able finally to maintain this position against all attacks; but I do not think, in the present condition of the human mind, that he can pass beyond this position. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions *explain* everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the prescientific ages. Phosphorus is known to enter into the composition of the human brain, and a trenchant German

writer has exclaimed, “Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke.”¹ That may or may not be the case; but even if we knew it to be the case; the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist he is equally helpless. If you ask him whence is this “Matter” of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into inorganic forms, he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions. The process of things upon this earth has been one of amelioration. It is a long way from the iguanodon and his contemporaries to the president and members of the British Association. A time may, therefore, come when this ultra-scientific region by which we are now enfolded may offer itself to terrestrial, if not to human investigation. Meanwhile, the mystery is not without its uses. It certainly may be made a power in the human soul; but it is a power which has feeling, not knowledge, for its base. It may be, and will be, and we hope is, turned to account, both in steadyng and strengthening the intellect, and in rescuing man from that littleness to which, in the struggle for existence, or for precedence in the world, he is continually prone.

THOUGHTS ON THE MATTERHORN.

From ‘Hours of Exercise in the Alps.’

Standing on the *arête*, at the foot of a remarkable cliff gable seen from Zermatt, and permitting the vision to range over the Matterhorn, its appearance is exceedingly wild and impressive. Hardly two things can be more different than the two aspects of the mountain from above and below. Seen from the Riffel, or Zermatt, it presents itself as a compact pyramid, smooth and steep, and defiant of the weathering air. From above, it seems torn to pieces by the frosts of ages; while its vast facettes are so foreshortened as to stretch out into the distance like plains. But this underestimate of the steepness of the mountain is

¹ *Ohne . . . Gedanke*—Without phosphorus there is no thought.

checked by the deportment of its stones. Their discharge along the side of the pyramid to-day was incessant; and at any moment, by detaching a single boulder, we could let loose a cataract of them, which flew with wild rapidity and with a thunderous clatter down the mountain. We once wandered too far from the *arête*, and were warned back to it by a train of these missiles sweeping past us.

As long as our planet yields less heat to space than she receives from the bodies of space, so long will the forms upon her surface undergo mutation; and as soon as equilibrium in regard to heat has been established, we shall have, as Thomson has pointed out, not peace but death. Life is the product and accompaniment of change; and the selfsame power that tears the flanks of the hills to pieces is the mainspring of the animal and vegetable worlds. Still there is something chilling in the contemplation of the irresistible and remorseless character of those infinitesimal forces, whose integration through the ages pulls down even the Matterhorn. Hacked and hurt by time, the aspect of the mountain from its higher crags saddened me. Hitherto the impression that it made was that of savage strength; but here we had inexorable decay.

This notion of decay, however, implied a reference to a period when the Matterhorn was in the full strength of mountainhood. My thoughts naturally ran back to its possible growth and origin. Nor did they halt there; but wandered on through molten worlds to that nebulous haze which philosophers have regarded, and with good reason, as the proximate source of all material things. I tried to look at this universal cloud, containing within itself the prediction of all that has since occurred; I tried to imagine it as the seat of those forces whose action was to issue in solar and stellar systems, and all that they involve. Did that formless fog contain potentially the sadness with which I regarded the Matterhorn? Did the thought which now ran back to it simply return to its primeval home? If so, had we not better recast our definitions of matter and force? for if life and thought be the very flower of both, any definition which omits life and thought must be inadequate if not untrue.

Questions like these, useless as they seem, may still have a practical outcome. For if the final goal of man has not

been yet attained, if his development has not been yet arrested, who can say that such yearnings and questionings are not necessary to the opening of a finer vision, to the budding and the growth of diviner powers? Without this upward force could man have risen to his present height? When I look at the heavens and the earth, at my own body, at my strength and weakness of mind, even at these ponderings, and ask myself, Is there no being or thing in the universe that knows more about these matters than I do? —what is my answer? Supposing our theologic schemes of creation, condemnation, and redemption to be dissipated; and the warmth of denial which they excite, and which, as a motive force, can match the warmth of affirmation, dissipated at the same time: would the undeflected human mind return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards these ultra-physical questions? Is such a position one of stable equilibrium?

Such are the questions, without replies, which could run through consciousness during a ten-minutes' halt upon the weathered spire of the Matterhorn.

WILLIAM F. WAKEMAN (1822—1900) AND JOHN COOKE (1860 —).

WILLIAM F. WAKEMAN was born about the year 1822, and when he was about fifteen years old studied drawing under Dr. Petrie. Through Dr. Petrie's influence with the Director of the Ordnance Survey in Ireland (Lieutenant, afterward General, Sir Thomas Larcom), he obtained a position as draftsman in the Topographical Department of the Survey. Here he was under the orders and guidance of both Petrie and O'Donovan, and for several years he accompanied O'Donovan over the districts then being examined, drawing, measuring, and describing the various subjects of antiquarian interest met with. Happy in an employment congenial to his taste, and in the company of officials whom he fully appreciated and, indeed, revered, these few years of work were, perhaps, the brightest and freest from care of Wakeman's life ; but they came to an end all too soon, when the work of the Survey was contracted, and nearly all the antiquarian investigations, so happily begun, were stopped.

Mr. Wakeman had for some time found employment in drawing on wood and by taking pupils, and four years were spent in London, which city he left on his receiving the appointment of art teacher to St. Columba's College at Stackallen. While here he published in 1848 'The Handbook of Irish Antiquities' with illustrations from his own pencil. Of this useful little work a second edition was published in 1891. When the College was translated to the neighborhood of Rathfarnham, Wakeman resigned his post, but in a short time he received the appointment of drawing master to the Royal School at Portora. Here he passed nearly twenty years, years which he regarded as "golden ones," for he had both time and opportunity to investigate the antiquities of the district, and he contributed to the Journal of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of Ireland more than fifty articles about them. On the breaking up of the art class at Portora, Wakeman went once more to Dublin, and for years continued to read papers on Irish antiquities before the Antiquarian Society and the Academy, but for the best of art work there was but a feeble demand ; the evolution of the "process block" destroyed the wood-cutter's livelihood and photogravure lessened the demand for hand drawings, and so, while the journals were even more lavishly illustrated than before, work for Wakeman was wanting. Almost to the very last he attended the meetings of the Royal Society of Antiquarians, and he always helped the students from his long accumulated stores of knowledge. He was elected a Member of the Society in 1868, a Fellow in 1876, and an Honorary Fellow in 1888, and died (at the residence of his daughter in Coleraine) on Oct. 14, 1900, aged 78 years.

The task of editing Wakeman's 'Handbook of Irish Antiquities' could not have been confined to better hands than those of John Cooke, the editor of Murray's 'New Handbook to Ireland.'

Mr. Cooke, educator and antiquarian, was born in Ireland about 1860 and was educated there, graduating from Trinity College, Dublin, in 1882. He was the Auditor of the Historical Society and delivered the opening address on 'The Political Evolution of the Age.' He was appointed professor in the Church of Ireland Training College soon after he was graduated and still holds that post. He is an examiner to the Intermediate Education Board of Ireland and takes more than ordinary interest in educational matters affecting that country. He has edited many English classics for higher-school use. He is a member of the Council and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries. His interest in that subject is shown by the manner of his handling the new edition of Wakeman's 'Handbook,' which, while retaining its original general plan and spirit, has been transformed in his hands into what is practically a new book.

He is a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, *Blackwood's*, and other magazines.

FORTS, CROSSES, AND ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.

From Wakeman and Cooke's 'Handbook of Irish Antiquities.'

Out of the mass of myths and legends concerning primitive times in Ireland, it is invariably difficult, if not impossible, to disentangle the slight threads of fact from the web of romantic fables of bards and chroniclers. These have their value, however, when supported or tested by the evidence gleaned in the actual field of archeological investigation. Isolated geographically as Ireland was, she was yet the shore upon which the successive waves of influence sweeping over Europe spent themselves. She was, as a rule, not only late in being brought under the sphere of new influences, but some had especial opportunity of development, and many retained their hold and flourished long after they had ceased to exist elsewhere. The extent of the forts of Ireland, and the length of time they remained in occupation, is an example of this.

Most writers in the past have attributed the stone forts of the west of Ireland to the Firbolgs of the first century of our era, basing their conclusions on a bardic legend recited a thousand years after their invasion. But the forts are too numerous, and many of too vast proportions, for the stricken remnants of a race to have raised in their defence when driven to their last extremity on the wild shores of the Atlantic. The far-fetched theory, too, like

many other such, that they were erected by sea-rovers to hold their spoils, is equally untenable for the same and other very apparent reasons. The absence of water-supplies within the forts, which has puzzled some, is paralleled in the British and other European forts, and was no doubt a precautionary measure to prevent the pollution of springs and wells. It is an indication, also, that the forts were not intended to stand a prolonged siege, a practice in warfare of a later time, but were raised as a protection against raiding and sudden assault.

Their height above the sea was to give greater security, and their commanding sites, with due precaution in watching, prevented the dwellers being taken unawares. When life and property were unsafe, the desire for security, as well as social habit, gave rise to these works. The dwellers fortified their camps for themselves and their cattle, moving about freely in times of peace, and withdrawing to these strongholds in times of danger. They were as much a necessity in early days as the walls and bastions defending the towns in the Middle Ages. Their extraordinary number, out of all proportion compared to Scotland with its 1,300, testify to the fact that the land was not a peaceful land long before the coming of the Dane. It is difficult in the present state of our knowledge even to approximate the date of their first introduction, as it is difficult, if not impossible, to assign a definite date to any archeological period in Ireland.

The Irish forts are among the finest of a type of primitive defences extending across the continent of Europe from the Atlantic to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean shores of Greece. The construction of the walls in sections, and the passages and chambers, link the western forts through similar, though more perfect, features with the cyclopean walls of Tiryns, Mycenæ, and the Punic cities of North Africa. The cashels, the mounds, and the hill forts with their encircling ramparts have their counterpart in the middle latitudes of Europe, in the lands once dominated by the Celt, and which cover a period from the Bronze Age, at least, to the days of the Roman occupation. In Ireland their use ranges from prehistoric times down to the Middle Ages; and some were occupied for ordinary dwelling purposes down to modern times. . . .

Early Christian graves were usually marked by stones nowise differing from the pagan pillar-stone, except that in some instances they were sculptured with a cross. These were of the simplest form and rudely cut, and consisted of an elementary line cross, or one slightly developed and within a circle. Plain undressed slabs or rude stones were generally adopted in the first instance, the only use of the cutter's instrument being on the incised work. Many of the stones of this class are found in old Christian graveyards, or within the area of early monastic establishments.

The richest collection of them is to be seen at Clonmacnoise, numbering 188; and inscribed slabs to the number of 74 have been lost from this one spot alone. Clonmacnoise was founded by St. Kieran in the middle of the sixth century; and, in time, it was, as Ware says, "above all others famous for the sepulchers of nobility and bishops." Petrie, in his work on 'Christian Inscriptions,' shows, by means of the recorded names and 'Annals,' that for over 600 years, beginning with 628 A.D., this class of monument was used for sepulchral purposes. The inscribed crosses are of great variety—Celtic, Latin, and Greek—many being very chaste, with key-end and other patterns. The most typical form of Celtic cross is that formed from the plain Latin type enclosed in a ring that connects the arms, and leaves varied spaces between it and the corners of their intersection.

This style of memorial appears to have been succeeded by a rudely formed cross, the arms of which are little more than indicated, and which is usually fixed in a socket, cut in a large flat stone. Such crosses rarely exhibit any kind of ornament; but occasionally, even in very rude examples, the upper part of the shaft is hewn into the Celtic form already described, the portions of the stone by which the circle is indicated being frequently perforated or slightly recessed. A fine plain cross of this style may be seen on the road adjoining the graveyard of Tully, County Dublin; and there is an early decorated example near the church of Finglas, in the same county.

In the process of development of Christian art and architecture we find an advance in the work on the memorials of the dead. The design becomes more complicated,

ornamentation more profuse; and there is a change to the minuscule form of the alphabet in the inscriptions. From the rude pillar-stone, marked with the symbol of our Faith inclosed within a circle, the emblem of eternity, the finely-proportioned and elaborately-sculptured crosses of a later period were developed. In the latter, the circle, instead of being simply cut upon the face of the stone, is represented by a ring, binding, as it were, the shaft, arms, and upper portion of the cross together. The top of the shaft is usually in the form of a roof with sloping sides, resembling the shrines of the period for holding the relics of saints. The spaces between the binding ring and the intersecting arms are pierced; and these are finely relieved by rounded bands across the corners of intersection, or on the inner surface of the ring. The whole sculpture thus forms the cross, and is in striking contrast to the Scotch type of memorial, which has the cross carved in relief upon an upright slab. The inscribed crosses were sepulchral, and principally used in covering the grave; but the free standing crosses were erected either to the memory of some famous ecclesiastic or king, or dedicatory, as in the case of the SS. Patrick and Columba Cross at Kells, or terminal, marking the bounds of a sanctuary.

Of these 'high' crosses forty-five still remain, many of which are in a fair state of preservation. The striking feature of these crosses is the ornamental and pictorial work displayed in the carving. As in the manuscript and metal work, and in the general ornamentation of the churches, this is of a most elaborate character. There is a profusion of spiral pattern, Celtic tracery, and zoömorphic design found on these crosses. The whole body of Christian doctrine finds its expression in their sculpture, intended, no doubt, by means of symbolical representation, to be great object-lessons in the way of faith to every beholder. The central idea on the face of the cross is usually the Crucifixion, and on the back the Resurrection, or Christ in Glory; the remaining spaces in the panels and on the sides being filled with various sacred and other subjects. These highly-sculptured crosses appear to have been very generally erected between the tenth and thirteenth centuries; and there are few examples of a later date remaining, if we except a small number bearing inscriptions in Latin

or English, which generally belong to the close of the sixteenth or to the seventeenth century, and which can hardly be looked upon as either Irish or ancient.

The beautiful remains of this class at Monasterboice, near Drogheda, are the finest now remaining in Ireland, though nearly equaled by some of the many others scattered over the whole island. In these crosses alone there is evidence sufficient to satisfy the most sceptical of the skill which the Irish had attained, in more of the arts than one during the earlier ages of the Church. They may be regarded, not only as memorials of the piety and munificence of the founders, but also as the finest works of sculptured art of their period now existing.

Two of the crosses at Monasterboice remain in their ancient position, and are well preserved, though one of them, in particular, bears distinct evidence of a systematic attempt having been made to destroy it. A third has been broken to pieces, the people say by Cromwell; but its head and part of the shaft remaining uninjured, the fragment has been reset in its ancient socket. The Great Cross, the largest of the two more perfect crosses, measures 27 feet in height, and is composed of three stones. A portion of the base is buried in the soil. The shaft at its junction with the base is 2 feet in breadth, and 1 foot 3 inches in thickness. It is divided upon the western side by fillets into seven compartments, each of which contains two or more figures executed with bold effect, but much worn by the rain and wind of nearly nine centuries. The sculpture of the first compartment, beginning at the base, has been destroyed by those who attempted to throw down the monument. The second contains four figures, of which one, apparently the most important, is presenting a book to another, who receives it with both hands, while a large bird seems resting upon his head. The other figures in this compartment represent females, one of whom holds a child in her arms.

Compartments 3, 4, 5, and 6 contain three figures each, evidently the Apostles; and each figure is represented as holding a book. The seventh division, which runs into the circle forming the head of the cross, is occupied by two figures; and immediately above them is a representation of our Saviour crucified, with the usual figures of a soldier

CROSS AT MONASTERBOICE



upon each side, one piercing His body with a spear, and the other offering a sponge. To the right and to the left of the figure of our Saviour other sculptures appear. The figures upon the right arm of the cross are represented apparently in the act of adoration. The action of those upon the left is obscure; and, in consequence of the greater exposure of the upper portion of the stone to the weather, the sculpture which it bears is much worn, and almost effaced.

The sides of the shaft are ornamented with figures and scroll-work, placed alternately in compartments, one above the other. Of the circle by which the arms and stem are connected, the external edges are enriched. The eastern side is also divided into compartments occupied by sculptures, which may refer to Scripture history.

The smaller cross is the finest example of this class of Celtic sculpture now remaining. The figures and ornaments with which its various sides are enriched, appear to have been executed with an unusual degree of care and of artistic skill. It has suffered but little from the effects of time. The sacrilegious hands which attempted the ruin of the others appear to have spared this; and it stands almost as perfect as when, nearly a thousand years ago, this unrivaled work left the sculptor's hands. An inscription in Irish upon the lower part of the west face of the shaft desires "A prayer for Muiredach, by whom was made this cross"; but as Petrie, by whom the inscription has been published, remarks, there were two of the name mentioned in Irish 'Annals' as having been connected with Monasterboice—one an abbot, who died in the year 844, and the other in the year 924—"so that it must be a matter of some uncertainty to which of these the erection of the cross should be ascribed." There is reason, however, to assign it to the latter, "as he was a man of greater distinction, and probably wealth, than the former, and therefore more likely to have been the erector of the crosses." Its total height is exactly 15 feet, and it is 6 feet in breadth at the arms. The shaft, which at the base measures in breadth 2½ feet, and in thickness 1 foot 9 inches, diminishes slightly in its ascent, and is divided upon its various sides by twisted bands into compartments, each of which con-

tains either sculptured figures or tracery of very intricate design, or animals, probably symbolical.

The figures and other carvings retain much of their original form and beauty of execution. The former are of great interest, as affording an excellent idea of the dress, both ecclesiastical and military, of the Irish during the ninth and tenth centuries. In the first of the two lower compartments upon the west side are three ecclesiastics holding books, the central one with raised hand in the act of blessing. The lower panel is supposed to represent Christ being led away by armed soldiers. Within the circular head of the cross, upon its eastern face, He is represented sitting in judgment; in His right hand is a cross, indicating His Passion, and in his left a scepter, signifying His victory over death and the grave. A choir of angels occupy the arm to the right of the figure. Several are represented with musical instruments, among which the ancient Irish harp may be seen; it is small and triangular, and rests upon the knees of David, who is represented sitting; the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, rests upon the harp, inspiring the Psalmist.

The space to the left of the Saviour is crowded with figures, several of which are in an attitude of despair. They are the damned; and a fiend armed with a trident is driving them from before the throne. In the compartment immediately beneath is the Archangel Michael, the guardian of souls, weighing in a pair of huge scales a soul, the balance seeming to preponderate in his favor. One who appears to have been weighed, and found wanting, is lying beneath the scales in an attitude of terror. The next compartment beneath represents, apparently, the adoration of the Wise Men. The star above the head of the infant Christ is distinctly marked. The third compartment contains several figures, but what they symbolize is not known. The significance of the sculpture of the next following compartment is also very obscure: a figure seated upon the throne or chair is blowing a horn, and soldiers with conical helmets, armed with short broad-bladed swords, and with small circular shields, appear crowding in. The fifth and lowest division illustrates the Temptation and the Expulsion of Adam and Eve. The head of the cross upon this side is sculptured with a Crucifixion, very similar to that upon

the head of the larger cross; but the execution is better. Its northern arm, to the left of the Crucifixion, underneath bears the representation of the *Dexteræ Dei*, or Hand Symbol, used in early Christian art to represent the First Person of the Trinity. It is also to be seen on the Cross of Flann, at Clonmacnoise, where it is on the right of the Crucifixion; in both cases it is surrounded by a nimbus.

Round towers of about 18 feet in external diameter, and varying in height from 60 to about 110 feet, are frequently found in connection with the earlier monastic establishments of Ireland. The question of their origin and uses long occupied much antiquarian attention. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they had been regarded by archæologists as the work of the Danes; but towards the close of the latter century General Vallancey propounded various theories, which assumed them to be of Phœnician or Indo-Scythian origin, and to have contained the sacred fire from whence all the fires in the kingdom were annually rekindled. By those who affirmed their Christian origin they were successively declared to be anchorite towers in imitation of that of St. Simon Stylites, and penitential prisons, and thus theories were multiplied until they became almost as numerous as the towers themselves. Each succeeding writer, instead of elucidating, appeared to involve the subject in deeper mystery than ever—a mystery that was proverbial until dispelled by George Petrie in his great work on ‘The Origin and Uses of the Round Towers of Ireland,’ which was received, with good cause for the effusion, as “the most learned, the most exact, and the most important ever published upon the antiquities of the ancient Irish nation.”

That the general conclusions embodied in this work were arrived at after a long and patient investigation, not only of the architectural peculiarities of the numerous round towers, but also of the ecclesiastical structures usually found in connection with them, is sufficiently shown by the many references to, and illustrations of, examples scattered over the whole country. But Petrie also, with the assistance of the best Celtic scholars in Ireland, sought in the ‘Annals’ and other Irish MSS. for references to such buildings as it was the custom of the early inhabitants to erect; and from these hitherto-neglected sources of in-

formation, much light was thrown upon the subject of ancient Irish ecclesiastical architecture. The following is a summary of Petrie's conclusions:—

1. That the Irish ecclesiastics had, from a very early period, in connection with their cathedral and abbey churches, campaniles or detached belfries, called in the Irish 'Annals' and other ancient authorities by the term *Cloictheach*, 'House of a bell.'

2. That no other building, either round or square, suited to the purpose of a belfry, has ever been found in connection with any church of an age anterior to the twelfth century, with the single exception of the square belfry attached to a church on Inis Clothrann or Clorin, an island in Lough Ree, which seems to be of earlier date.

3. That they were designed to answer at least a twofold purpose—to serve as belfries, and as keeps or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, reliques, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security in cases of sudden attack.

4. An examination of ancient Irish literature tends strongly to the conclusion that the people so generally recognized this use of the round towers as a primary one, that they very rarely applied to a tower erected for defense any other term but that of 'cloictheach' or belfry.

5. That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.

Petrie, while establishing their ecclesiastical character and origin, gave, however, too wide a margin to the date of their erection, viz., from the sixth century to the thirteenth. The investigations of the late Lord Dunraven in tracing such structures on the Continent narrowed their first erection down to the ninth century. He shows that they were founded on European examples, the most notable being those of Ravenna, where six of its round towers still stand. The round towers were due to Byzantine influences, and some writers trace their original source to the towers built in connection with early Syrian churches. Miss Stokes, following Lord Dunraven, assigns the Irish round towers to three periods between 890 and 1238 A.D., and classifies them into four distinct groups, according to their style of masonry and doorways.

The Norse sea-rovers rendered ecclesiastical establishments most unsafe. The first period of their invasions extended from the end of the eighth century to the middle of the ninth century, and the land was ravaged from north to south with fire and sword. On the sea-coast and along the river valleys the country lay waste. On the banks of the Bann, the shores of Lough Neagh, by the Boyne, and broad expansions of the Shannon, and as far south as the distant Skellig Rock, few sacred establishments escaped plunder and desecration. To protect their churches, oratories, and sacred treasures, these towers were built by the monks, from which watch could be kept, and an easy retreat made to them as places of safety; their lines can still be traced along the shores of the waters where the fleets of the Danes are known to have appeared.

The usual features of the round towers may be thus summarized:

Doorways.—In form these are similar to the doorways we have described as characteristic of the early churches, but they are generally more highly ornamented, and appear to have been furnished with double doors. They are placed almost invariably at a considerable elevation above the ground. A flat projecting band, with a small bead-molding at the angles, is the most usual decoration; but in some instances a human head, sculptured in bold relief, is found upon each side of the arch. A stone immediately above the doorway of Antrim tower exhibits a cross sculptured in *alto-relievo*; and at Donaghmere, in County Meath, a figure of the Crucifixion, in bold relief, occupies a similar position. This style of decoration may have been much more common than is generally supposed, as, of the number of towers remaining in Ireland, the doorways of at least one-third have been destroyed. Concentric arches, with chevron and other moldings, occur at Timahoe and at Kildare.

Windows and Apertures.—Generally speaking, these are similar in form to the windows in contemporary churches—with this difference, that they never splay, and that the arch-head in numerous examples differs in interior form from that of the exterior. The windows in the earliest towers are square-headed or triangular, and in the latest they are well formed, and of cut stone. The tower was

divided into stories, about 12 feet in height, the floors of which were supported by projections of the masonry or by brackets. Each story, except the highest, was generally lighted by one small window; the highest has generally four of large size. A conical roof of stone completed the building. The tower usually rested on a low circular plinth; the walls varied in thickness, from 3 to 5 feet; the lowest story had no aperture, and sometimes its space was filled by solid masonry. The earliest towers were built of rubble masonry; and the spaces between the stones were filled with spawls; little mortar was used in laying the courses, but grouting abundantly. In the latest towers fine ashlar masonry was used, like the Norman work of the twelfth century; a few have external string courses, as in the perfect tower at Ardmore, County Waterford. About seventy round towers still remain, thirteen of which are perfect, of which ten retain the original conical cap.

JOSEPH COOPER WALKER.

(1747—1810.)

JOSEPH COOPER WALKER was born in 1747, at St. Valerie, near Bray, County Wicklow. While yet young he was appointed to a place in the Treasury in Dublin, but in consequence of bad health he went to Europe and traveled through the greater part of Italy, where he acquired a strong taste for the fine arts and increased his love of literature. In 1787 he was admitted a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and a little later was chosen Secretary to the Committee of Antiquities. He had already in 1786 produced his ‘Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards,’ a work which gave him a distinguished place among literary antiquarians.

Two years later he issued his ‘Historical Essays on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish,’ in which volume he also printed a ‘Memoir on the Armor and Weapons of the Irish.’ For some years after this he contributed largely to the ‘Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.’ In 1799 appeared in London ‘An Historical Memoir of Italian Tragedy from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, by a Member of the Arcadian Academy at Rome,’ which in 1805 was reprinted in Edinburgh under the title of ‘An Historical and Critical Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy.’ On April 12, 1810, after a lingering illness, Walker died at St. Valerie, the place of his birth. His ‘Memoirs of Alessandro Tassoni,’ edited by his brother, Samuel Walker, appeared in 1815.

DRESS OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

From ‘Historical Essays on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish.’

Amongst the ornaments which formerly adorned the fair daughters of this isle, the *bodkin* is peculiarly deserving our notice. Whence the Irish derived this implement, I might conjecture, but cannot determine. Although I have pursued it with an eager inquiry, I have not been able to trace it beyond the foundation of the celebrated palace of Eamania. The design of this palace (according to our old chroniclers) was sketched on a bed of sand by the Empress Macha with her *bodkin*. If this tradition be founded in reality, *bodkins* must have been worn by the Irish ladies several centuries before the Christian Era. But I should be contented to give them a less remote, provided I could assign them a more certain antiquity. If the word *aiccde* in the Brehon laws will admit of being translated

a bodkin, we may infer their use in Ireland about the commencement of the Christian Era : for in a code of sumptuary laws of the second century we find frequent mention of the aiccede. But I am rather inclined to consider the aiccede as a kind of broach from the circumstance of its marking the rank of the wearer by its value, as was formerly the case amongst the Highlanders, whose frequent intercourse with the Irish occasioned a striking familiarity in the customs and manners of both people.

This instrument was known in Ireland under several names, viz. *coitit*, *dealg*, *meannadh*. Its uses were two-fold : it was equally worn in the breast and head. The custom of wearing the bodkin in the breast is alluded to in the following passage of an old Irish MS. romance, called ‘The Interview between Fion Ma Cubhall and Cannan’ :—“Cannan, when he said this, was seated at the table; on his right hand sat his wife, and upon his left his beautiful daughter Findalve, so exceedingly fair, that the snow driven by the winter storm surpassed not her fairness, and her cheeks were the color of the blood of a young calf. Her hair hung in curling ringlets, and her teeth were like pearls. A spacious veil hung from her lovely head down on her delicate body, and the veil was bound by a golden bodkin.”

Such bodkins as were worn in the head were termed *dealg-fuilt*. Even at this day the female peasants in the interior parts of this kingdom, like the women of the same class in Spain and Turkey, collect their hair at top, and twisting it several times make it fast with a bodkin.

Besides these uses, the bodkin had another : it was sometimes made to answer the purpose of a needle. Hence its name of *meannadh-fuaghala*. To be so employed it must have an eye. It is in a bodkin of this kind that Pope’s Ariel threatens to imprison such of his sylphs as are careless of their charge—

“ Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin’s eye.”

Whether or not the Irish ladies, like those of the neighbouring nations, employed their bodkins as weapons offensive and defensive, neither tradition nor history informs us. But such of those implements as I have seen, certainly

seemed as capable of making a man's *quietus*, as that with which Julius Cæsar is said to have been killed, or that with which Simekin in the 'Reves Tale' protected the honor of his wife.

But perhaps we should not confine our bodkin to the toilet of the fair. However, I shall let it remain there until I am properly authorized either to give it a place in the breast, or to bury its body in the hair of the ancient heroes of this isle. According to the ingenious Mr. Whitaker, bodkins constituted a part of the ornamental dress of the early British kings. This he asserts on the authority of coins. And from the works of some of the old English dramatists it appears that bodkins were worn by Englishmen during the middle ages. . . .

Of the dresses of the turbulent reign of James II., I cannot speak with certainty; for little is certainly known. If any particular fashion prevailed at that time, it was probably of English origin. Some of the female peasantry, however, still continued attached to their old habits. Of these I will here describe one, as worn to the hour of her death by Mary Morgan, a poor woman, who was married before the battle of the Boyne, and lived to the year 1786. On her head she wore a roll of linen, not unlike that on which milkmaids carry their pails, but with this difference, that it was higher behind than before; over this she combed her hair, and covered the whole with a little round-eared cap or coif, with a border sewed on plain; over all this was thrown a kerchief, which, in her youth, was made fast on the top of her head, and let to fall carelessly behind; in her old age it was pinned under her chin. Her jacket was of brown cloth, or pressed frieze, and made to fit close to the shape by means of whalebone wrought into it before and behind; this was laced in front, but not so as to meet, and through the lacing were drawn the ends of her neckerchief. The sleeves, halfway to the elbows, were made of the same kind of cloth with the jacket; thence continued to the wrist of red chamlet striped with green ferreting; and there, being turned up, formed a little cuff embraced with three circles of green ribbon. Her petticoat was invariably of either scarlet frieze or cloth, bordered with three rows of green ribbon. Her apron green serge, striped longitudinally with scarlet ferreting, and bound

with the same. Her hose were blue worsted; and her shoes of black leather, fastened with thongs or strings.

This fashion of habit, however, had not been always peculiar to the peasantry: it appears to have prevailed formerly in the principal Irish families. About the close of the last century there lived at Credan, near Waterford, a Mrs. Power, a lady of considerable fortune, who, as being lineally descended from some of the kings of Munster, was vulgarly called the Queen of Credan. This lady, proud of her country and descent, always spoke the Irish language, and affected the dress and manners of the ancient Irish. Her dress, in point of fashion, answered exactly to that of Mary Morgan as just described, but was made of richer materials. The border of her coif was of the finest Brussels lace; her kerchief of clear muslin; her jacket of the finest brown cloth, trimmed with narrow gold lace, and the sleeves of crimson velvet striped with the same; and her petticoat of the finest scarlet cloth, bordered with two rows of broad gold lace.

The Huguenots who followed the fortunes of William III. brought with them the fashions of their country. But I cannot find that these fashions were infectious; at least it does not appear that the Irish caught them.

The hat was now shaped in the Ramillie cock. The periwig, which had been of several years' standing in Ireland, was not yet generally worn: it was confined to the learned professions, or to those who affected gravity. "Our ignorant nation (says Farquhar, in a comedy written in this reign), our ignorant nation imagine a full wig as infallible a token of wit as the laurel."

The head-dress which, *The Spectator* says, "made the women of such an enormous stature, that we appeared as grasshoppers before them," now prevailed here. This information I owe to the inquisitiveness of Lucinda, in the comedy which I have just quoted.

"*Lucinda.* Tell us some news of your country; I have heard the strangest stories, that the people wear horns and hoofs.

"*Roebuck.* Yes, faith, a great many wear horns; but we have that, among other laudable fashions, from London; I think it came over with your mode of wearing high top-knots; for ever since the men and wives bear their

heads exalted alike. They were both fashions that took wonderfully."

The reign of Queen Anne seems to have been an age of gay attire: the single dress of a woman of quality then was the product of an hundred climes. Swift, in a poem written in 1708, thus metamorphoses the dress of his Goody Baucis into the dress of the day.

"Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edged with colberteen,
Her petticoat transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down,
'Twas Madam in her grogram gown."

Besides the different articles of dress enumerated in those lines, the Irish ladies wore short jackets with close sleeves, made of Spanish cloth, each side of which was dyed of a different color: these jackets were fastened on the breast with ribbons. Their petticoats were swelled to a monstrous circumference by means of hoops. High stays, piked before and behind, gave an awkward stiffness to their carriage. Their shoes were of red and blue Spanish leather, laced with broad gold and silver lace at top and behind; the heels broad, and of a moderate height: some were fastened with silver clasps, others with knots or roses. Their stockings were generally of blue or scarlet worsted or silk, ornamented with clocks worked with gold or silver thread: neither thread nor cotton hose were then known. And their necks were usually adorned with black collars, tied in front with ribbons of divers colors.

I cannot find that the riding-coat, in such general use among the English ladies in this reign, and so justly reprobated by *The Spectator*, was now worn here: dress had not yet mingled the sexes. A lady in those days mounted her horse in the same dress in which she entered the drawing-room:—nay, she did not even forget her hoop.

"There is not (says Addison) so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress." The justness of this observation deters me from attempting to describe the head-dress of the ladies of those days. I shall be content with concluding that it rose and fell with the head-dress of the English ladies, which, within Addison's memory, rose and fell above thirty degrees. I must, however, observe that I can-

not learn, on the strictest inquiry, that the lovely tresses of nature were then permitted, as in the present day, to wanton on the neck, where (to borrow the language of Hogarth) "the many waving and contrasted turns of naturally intermingling locks ravish the eye with the pleasure of the pursuit, especially when put in motion by a gentle breeze."

But though I waive any attempt to describe the fashion of the ladies' hair at that time, I ought not to omit to mention, that they wore hoods of divers colors, and beaver hats trimmed with broad gold and silver lace, and a buckle in front.

Wafted by the breath of fashion, the mask alighted in this island. Immediately the ladies took it up and appeared in it in the streets, public walks, and theaters. Under this disguise they could now, without fear of discovery, rally their lovers or their friends, and safely smile at the obscenity of a comedy. Patches, too, were much worn: but whether or not their position was determined, as in England, by the spirit of party, I cannot say.

I have been informed that some Irish ladies of this reign affected the dress in which the unfortunate Queen of Scots is usually depicted: so that we may presume the ruff now occasionally rose about the neck of our lovely country-women.

The dress of the gentlemen of this reign was more uniform than that of the ladies. Their coats and waistcoats were laced with broad gold or silver lace: the skirts of each were long, and the sleeves of the coat slashed. Instead of stocks they wore cravats, edged with Flanders or Brussels lace, which, after passing several times round the neck, wandered through the button-holes of the coat, almost the whole length of the body. Their hose, like those of the ladies, were blue or scarlet worsted or silk, worked with gold or silver clocks. Their shoes in this (and in the following reign) had broad square toes, short quarters, and high tops; and were made fast with small buckles. Their heads—even the heads of youthful beaux—were enveloped in monstrous periwigs, on which perched a small felt hat. And through the skirts of their coats, stiffened with buckram, peeped the hilt of a small sword.

Longs cloaks too of Spanish cloth, each side dyed of a different color, were now worn by the gentlemen.

With the line of the Stuarts I shall close this crude essay. For, from the accession of George I. to the present day fashion has been such a varying goddess in this country, that neither history, tradition, nor painting has been able to preserve all her mimic forms: like Proteus struggling in the arms of Telemachus on the Pharian coast, she passed from shape to shape with the rapidity of thought.

JOHN FRANCS WALLER.

(1810—1894.)

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER was born in Limerick in 1810; entered Trinity College when he was but sixteen, and was graduated in 1832. He was called to the bar in 1833; in 1852 he received from his university the honorary degrees of LL.B. and LL.D., and was appointed one of the permanent officials of the Courts of Chancery.

He began to write when he was in London studying for the bar. For many years he was one of the most frequent poetic contributors to *The Dublin University Magazine*, his poems appearing usually under the name of "Jonathan Freke Slingsby." A collection of those poems under the title of 'The Slingsby Papers' was published in 1852. In 1854 Dr. Waller brought out a second volume of poems, which were highly spoken of in both the English and the Irish press. In 1856 'The Dead Bridal' appeared. He edited *The University Magazine* for some years after the retirement of Charles Lever, wrote many of the articles in 'The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography,' and generally supervised an edition of Goldsmith's works. He died in 1894, and to the end was actively engaged with his pen.

KITTY NEAL.

Ah, sweet Kitty Neal, rise up from that wheel,
Your neat little foot will be weary from spinning.
Come, trip down with me to the sycamore-tree;
Half the parish is there, and the dance is beginning.
The sun is gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool in the dew-whitened valley;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things
Each little bird sings in the green-shaded alley.

With a blush and a smile Kitty rose up the while,
Her eye in the glass, as she bound her hair, glancing;
'T is hard to refuse when a young lover sues—
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad couples are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing;
And Pat without fail leads out sweet Kitty Neil—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of refusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion;
With a cheer and bound the boys patter the ground,
The maids move around just like swans on the ocean,

Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing;
Search the world all around, from the sky to the ground,
NO SUCH SIGHT CAN BE FOUND AS AN IRISH LASS DANCING.

Sweet Kate, who could view your bright eyes of deep blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so mildly,
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,
Nor feel his heart warm, and his pulses throb wildly?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful, yet sweet love;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries with a sigh,
“Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love.”

EDWARD WALSH.

(1805—1850.)

EDWARD WALSH was born in 1805, while his father, a small farmer of County Cork, who had joined the militia under pressure of poverty, was stationed at Londonderry. He returned to Cork, and there his son received a good education, devoting a great deal of his time and attention to the Irish language, becoming thoroughly acquainted with the ancient tongue.

Walsh gained his poetic reputation chiefly by translating poems from the Irish. While engaged at various places as tutor or schoolmaster he published a number of translations and poems. These attracted the attention of men of intelligence, and gained for the poet the friendship of Charles Gavan Duffy, who procured him the post of sub-editor of *The Dublin Monitor*. But he did not remain in this position very long. When he resigned it he was engaged in some fugitive literary work, and collected a number of his own poems and translations of the waifs and strays of Gaelic poetry preserved among the people, which afterward appeared under the title of 'Jacobite Poetry.'

Later on he was appointed schoolmaster to the convicts on Spike Island. Here it was that there occurred the interview between him and John Mitchel, of which the latter has given a touching account in his 'Jail Journal.' "A tall gentleman-like person in black but rather over-worn clothes, came up to me and grasped my hands with every demonstration of reverence. I knew his face, but could not at first remember who he was—he was Edward Walsh, author of 'Mo Craoibhin Cno,' and other sweet songs, and of some very musical translations from Irish ballads. Tears stood in his eyes as he told me he had contrived to get an opportunity of seeing and shaking hands with me before I should leave Ireland. I asked him what he was doing in Spike Island, and he told me he had accepted the office of teacher to a school they kept here for small convicts—a very wretched office, indeed, and to a shy, sensitive creature like Walsh it must be daily torture. He stooped down and kissed my hands. 'Ah!' he said, 'you are now the man in all Ireland most to be envied.' I answered that I thought there might be room for difference of opinion about that; and then after another kind word or two, being warned by my turnkey, I bid farewell, and retreated into my own den. Poor Walsh! He has a family of young children; he seems broken in health and spirits; ruin has been on his track for years, and I think has him in the wind at last. There are more contented galley-slaves moiling at Spike than the schoolmaster. Perhaps, this man does really envy me, and most assuredly I do not envy him."

Not long after this interview between the two—in August, 1850—poor Walsh's earthly troubles were all over. At the time of his death he was schoolmaster in the Cork workhouse. Seven years after he had ceased to live, a graceful monument to his memory was raised by a number of the workingmen of Cork. He has left two volumes of poetic translations from the Irish, with the original text.

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE.¹

I am a wand'ring minstrel man,
 And Love my only theme;
 I've strayed beside the pleasant Bann,
 And eke the Shannon's stream;
 I've piped and played to wife and maid
 By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
 But never met a maiden yet
 Like *Brighidin ban mo store*.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
 By Nature's fingers wove—
 Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
 As is her breast of love;
 And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
 Beyond our cottage door,
 I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
 For *Brighidin ban mo store*.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
 And soft thy voice of song—
 It is not that thou fleest to meet
 My comings lone and long!
 But that doth rest beneath thy breast
 A heart of purest core,
 Whose pulse is known to me alone,
 My *Brighidin ban mo store*.

MAIRGRÉAD NI CHAELLEADH.²

At the dance in the village
 Thy white foot was fleetest;
 Thy voice 'mid the concert
 Of maidens was sweetest;

¹ *Brighidin ban mo store* is, in English, *fair young bride*, or *Bridget my treasure*. The proper name Brightit, or Bride, signifies *a fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the pagan days of Ireland.—*Walsh*.

² This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keefe, an outlaw, famous in the traditions of the county of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keefe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mairgréad ni Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward, undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers; but O'Keefe, having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian*. He lived in the time of William III., and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.—*Walsh*.

The swell of thy white breast
Made rich lovers follow;
And thy raven hair bound them,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid!
Than the *ceanabhan*¹ whiter;
And the glow of thy cheek
Than the *monadan*² brighter;
But death's chain hath bound thee,
Thine eye's glazed and hollow,
That shone like a sunburst,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
Thy melody swelling;
Nor thy beamy eye brighten
The outlaw's dark dwelling;
Or thy soft heaving bosom
My destiny hallow,
When thine arms twine around me,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

The moss couch I brought thee
To-day from the mountain,
Has drank the last drop
Of thy young heart's red fountain—
For this good *skian* beside me
Struck deep and rung hollow
In thy bosom of treason,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls
Thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils
Of the Sassanach maiden:
Such rich silks enrobed not
The proud dames of Mallow—
Such pure gold they wore not
As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas! that my loved one
Her outlaw would injure—

¹ *Ceanabhan*, a plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton and as white as snow.

² *Monadan*, the red berry of a creeping plant found on wild marshy mountains.

Alas! that he e'er proved
 Her treason's avenger!
 That this right hand should make thee
 A bed cold and hollow,
 When in Death's sleep it laid thee,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

And while to this lone cave
 My deep grief I'm venting,
 The Saxon's keen bandog
 My footprint is scenting;
 But true men await me
 Afar in Duhallow.
 Farewell, cave of slaughter,
 And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

MO CRAOIBHÍN CNO.¹

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
 And Dublin town;
 It strays beyond the southern side
 Of Cnoc-maol-Donn,²
 Where Cappoquin hath woodlands green,
 Where Amhan-mhor's³ waters flow,
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhín cno,
 Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhín cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
 Are rich and fair,
 With wavy plume, and silken gown,
 And stately air;
 Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
 Can silks thy neck of snow?
 Or measured pace, thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhín cno,
 When harebells scarcely show thy trace
Mo craoibhín cno?

¹ *Mo craoibhín cno*, pronounced *Ma Creeveen Kno*; "my cluster of nuts"; "my nut-brown maid."

² *Cnoc-maol-Donn* (the "brown bare hill"), Knockmealdown: between Tipperary and Waterford.

³ *Amhan-mhor* (the "Great River," pronounced *Oan-Vore*): the Black-water, which flows into the sea at Youghal.

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
 That maidens sung—
 They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
 In Saxon tongue.
 Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear
 Which cursed the Saxon foe,
 When thou didst charm my raptured ear
Mo craoibhín cno!
 And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhín cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee,
 And Lene's green bowers;
 I've seen the Shannon's widespread sea
 And Limerick's towers—
 And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
 Frown o'er the flood below;
 My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craoibhín cno!
 With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhín cno!

HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK?¹

From the Irish.

Have you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love there,
 And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright and fair?
 Saw you the most fragrant, flowery, sweet apple-tree?
 Oh! saw you my loved one, and pines she in grief like me?

“I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true-love there;
 And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright and fair;
 And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—
 I saw thy loved one—she pines *not* in grief like thee.”

Five guineas would price every tress of her golden hair—
 Then think what a treasure her pillow at night to share!

¹ The translator remarks: “This is a song of the South, but there are so many places of the name of Carrick, such as Carrick-on-Shannon, Carrick-on-Suir, etc., that I cannot fix its precise locality. In this truly Irish song, when the pining swain learns that his absent mistress is not lovesick like himself, he praises the beauty of her copious hair, throws off a glass to her health, enumerates his sufferings, and swears to forego the sex forever; but she suddenly bursts upon his view, his resolves vanish into thin air, and he greets his glorious maid.”

These tresses thick-clust'ring and curling around her brow—
O Ringlet of Fairness! I'll drink to thy beauty now!

When, seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with sighs—
I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise;
No aid, bright beloved! can reach me save God above,
For a blood-lake is formed of the light of my eyes with love!

Until yellow autumn shall usher the Paschal day,
And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway—
Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall grow,
My love on another I'll never in life bestow!

Lo! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like, high,
With long-flowing tresses adown to her sandal-tie—
Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,
A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to thee!

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY.¹

From the Irish.

I.

At early dawn I once had been
Where Lene's blue waters flow,
When summer bid the groves be green,
The lamp of light to glow.
As on by bower, and town, and tower,
And widespread fields I stray,
I met a maid in the greenwood shade
At the dawning of the day.

II.

Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
No mantle fair she wore;
But down her waist fell golden hair,
That swept the tall grass o'er.
With milking-pail she sought the vale,
And bright her charms' display;
Outshining far the morning star
At the dawning of the day.

¹ A close rendering of the Gaelic *Fáinne geal an Lae*. Walsh has preserved some of the internal chimes characteristic of Irish verse.

III.

Beside me sat that maid divine
 Where grassy banks outspread.
 "Oh, let me call thee ever mine,
 Dear maid," I sportive said.
 "False man, for shame, why bring me blame?"
 She cried, and burst away—
 The sun's first light pursued her flight
 At the dawning of the day.

LAMENT OF THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.¹

From the Irish.

I.

Beloved, do you pity not my doleful case,
 Pursued by priest and minister in dire disgrace?
 The churchmen brand the vagabond upon my brow—
 Oh! they 'll take me not as Protestant or Papist now!

II.

The parson calls me wanderer and homeless knave;
 And though I boast the Saxon creed with aspect grave,
 He says that claim my Popish face must disallow,
 Although I 'm neither Protestant nor Papist now!

III.

He swears (and oh, he 'll keep his oath) he 's firmly bent
 To hunt me down by penal Acts of Parliament;
 Before the law's coercive might to make me bow,
 And choose between the Protestant and Papist now!

IV.

The priest me deems a satirist of luckless lay,
 Whose merchant-craft hath often led fair maids astray,
 And, worse than hunted fugitive all disavow,
 He 'll take me not a Protestant or Papist now!

¹ Andrew Magrath, commonly called the *Mangaire Sugach* (or "Jolly Merchant"), having been expelled from the Roman Catholic Church for his licentious life, offered himself as a convert to the doctrines of Protestantism : but, the Protestant clergyman having also refused to accept him, the unfortunate *Mangaire* gave vent to his feelings in this lament.—*Author's note.*

V.

That, further, I 'm a foreigner devoid of shame,
 Of hateful, vile, licentious life and evil name;
 A ranting, rhyming wanderer, without a cow,
 Who now is deemed a Protestant—a Papist now!

VI.

Alas! it was not charity or Christian grace
 That urged to drag my deeds before the Scotic race.
 What boots it him to write reproach upon my brow,
 Whether they deem me Protestant or Papist now?

VII.

Lo! David, Israel's poet-king, and Magdalene,
 And Paul, who of the Christian creed the foe had been—
 Did Heaven, when sorrow filled their heart, reject their vow
 Though they were neither Protestant nor Papist now?

VIII.

Oh! since I weep my wretched heart to evil prone,
 A wanderer in the paths of sin, all lost and lone,
 At other shrines with other flocks I fain must bow.
 Who 'll take me, whether Protestant or Papist, now?

IX.

Beloved, whither can I flee for peace at last,
 When thus beyond the Church's pale I 'm rudely cast?
 The Arian creed, or Calvinist, I must avow,
 When severed from the Protestant and Papist now!

THE SUMMING-UP.

Lo Peter the Apostle, whose lapses from grace were three,
 Denying the Saviour, was granted a pardon free;
 O God! though the *Mangaire* from him Thy mild laws cast,
 Receive him, like Peter, to dwell in THY HOUSE at last!

JOHN WALSH.

(1835—1881.)

JOHN WALSH was born at Cappoquin, County Waterford, April 1, 1835. He was educated at the national school there and at Mount Melleray. He became a national school-teacher in his native town and afterward at Cashel, County Tipperary, where he remained till his death in February, 1881. He left a widow and six children, and was buried on the Rock of Cashel. He wrote a very large number of poems for *The Waterford Citizen* over the signature of "A Cappoquin Girl," for *The Irishman* over those of "Shamrock" and "Lismore," for *The Nation* over those of "J. W.", "J. J. W.", and "Boz," and for *The Irish People* over that of "Kilmartin." He also wrote for *The Harp*, *The Celt*, *Tipperary Examiner*, etc. He wrote some admirably simple and touching pieces, which have earned for him the name of "The Sweet Singer of the South." They have never been collected. Michael Cavanagh, the Irish-American poet and journalist, and author of a valuable life of T. F. Meagher, was his brother-in-law.

TO MY PROMISED WIFE.

Dear maiden, when the sun is down,
And darkness creeps above the town,
The woodlands' green is changed to brown,
 And the mild light
Melting beneath the tall hills' frown
 Steals into night,

I don an honest coat of gray,
And, setting stupid care at bay,
Across the fields of scented hay
 I stroll along,
Humming some quaint old Irish lay
 Or simple song.

And when, dear maid, I come to you,
A laughing eye of brightest blue,
And flushing cheek of crimson hue,
 Tell whom I greet,
And bounds a little heart as true
 As ever beat.

The green grass on the river-side,
The full moon dancing on the tide,

The half-blown rose that tries to hide
 Her blush in dew,
 Are fair; but none, my promised bride,
 As fair as you.

And though, dear love, our gathered store
 Of gold is small, the brighter ore
 Of love's deep mine we'll seek the more,
 And truth shall be
 The guard beside our cottage-door,
Astor mo chroidhe!

DRIMIN DONN DILIS.¹

Oh! *drimin donn dilis!* the landlord has come,
 Like a foul blast of death has he swept o'er our home;
 He has withered our roof-tree—beneath the cold sky,
 Poor, houseless, and homeless, to-night must we lie.

My heart it is cold as the white winter's snow;
 My brain is on fire, and my blood's in a glow.
 Oh! *drimin donn dilis,* 't is hard to forgive
 When a robber denies us the right we should live.

With 'my health and my strength, with hard labor and toil,
 I dried the wet marsh and I tilled the harsh soil;
 I moiled the long day through, from morn until even,
 And I thought in my heart I'd a foretaste of heaven.

The summer shone round us above and below,
 The beautiful summer that makes the flowers blow:
 Oh! 't is hard to forget it, and think I must bear
 That strangers shall reap the reward of my care.

Your limbs they were plump then—your coat it was silk,
 And never was wanted the mether of milk;
 For freely it came in the calm summer's noon,
 While you munched to the time of the old milking croon.

How often you left the green side of the hill,
 To stretch in the shade and to drink of the rill!
 And often I freed you before the gray dawn
 From your snug little pen at the edge of the bawn.

¹ *Drimin donn dilis*, "Dear brown cow."

But they racked and they ground me with tax and with rent
Till my heart it was sore and my life-blood was spent:
To-day they have finished, and on the wide world
With the mocking of fiends from my home I was hurled.

I knelt down three times for to utter a prayer,
But my heart it was seared, and the words were not there;
Oh! wild were the thoughts through my dizzy head came,
Like the rushing of wind through a forest of flame.

I bid you, old comrade, a long last farewell;
For the gaunt hand of famine has clutched us too well;
It severed the master and you, my good cow,
With a blight on his life and a brand on his brow.

JOHN EDWARD WALSH.

(1816—1869.)

JOHN EDWARD WALSH, the author of ‘Ireland Sixty Years Ago,’ was the son of the Rev. Robert Walsh, a well-known Irish writer of the early part of the nineteenth century, and was born on Nov. 12, 1816. His father was at the time rector of Finglas, County Dublin, and he was not improbably born at that place.

He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, graduating in 1836. Three years later he was called to the bar, and during his early years of practice found time to write frequently for *The Dublin University Magazine* and to edit a few law books. In the periodical just mentioned portions of the book afterward anonymously printed as ‘Ireland Sixty Years Ago’ first appeared. His great success at the bar, however, prevented him from devoting much time to literature. In 1857 he became a Queen’s Counsel, in 1866 Attorney-General, and in 1867 Master of the Rolls. He died in Paris, Oct. 25, 1869. The book by which he is chiefly known was published in 1847 and was subsequently reprinted as ‘Ireland Ninety Years Ago.’

SOME COLLEGE RECOLLECTIONS.

From ‘Ireland Sixty Years Ago.’

I entered college in the year 1791, a year rendered memorable by the institution of the Society of the United Irishmen. They held their meetings in an obscure passage called Back-lane, leading from Corn Market to Nicholas Street. The very aspect of the place seemed to render it adapt for cherishing a conspiracy. It was in the locality where the tailors, skinners, and curriers, held their guilds, and was the region of the operative democracy. I one evening proceeded from college, and found out Back-lane, and having inquired for the place of meeting, a house was pointed out to me, that had been the hall in which the corporation of tailors held their assemblies. I walked in without hesitation—no one forbidding me—and found the society in full debate, the Hon. Simon Butler in the chair. I saw there, for the first time, the men with the three names, which were now become so familiar to the people of Dublin—Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

The first was a slight effeminate looking man, with a

hatchet face, a long aquiline nose, rather handsome and genteel looking, with lank, straight hair combed down on his sickly red cheek, exhibiting a face the most insignificant and mindless that could be imagined. His mode of speaking was in correspondence with his face and person. It was polite and gentlemanly, but totally devoid of anything like energy or vigor. I set him down as a worthy, good-natured, flimsy man, in whom there was no harm, and as the least likely person in the world to do mischief to the state.

Tandy was the very opposite looking character. He was the ugliest man I ever gazed on. He had a dark, yellow, truculent-looking countenance, a long drooping nose, rather sharpened at the point, and the muscles of his face formed two cords at each side of it. He had a remarkable hanging-down look, and an occasional twitching or convulsive motion of his nose and mouth, as if he was snapping at something on the side of him while he was speaking.

Not so Hamilton Rowan. I thought him not only the most handsome, but the largest man I had ever seen. Tone and Tandy looked like pygmies beside him. His ample and capacious forehead seemed the seat of thought and energy; while with such an external to make him feared, he had a courtesy of manner that excited love and confidence. He held in his hand a large stick, and was accompanied by a large dog.

I had not been long standing on the floor, looking at and absorbed in the persons about me, when I was perceived, and a whisper ran round the room. Some one went up to the president, then turned round, and pointed to me. The president immediately rose, and called out that there was a stranger in the room. Two members advanced, and taking me under the arm, led me up to the president's chair, and there I stood to await the penalty of my unauthorized intrusion. I underwent an examination; and it was evident, from the questions, that my entrance was not accredited, but that I was suspected as a government spy. The "battalion of testimony" as it was called, was already formed, and I was supposed to be one of the corps. I, however, gave a full and true account of myself, which was fortunately confirmed by a member who knew something

about me, and was ultimately pronounced a harmless "gib," and admitted to the honor of the sitting. . . .

Revolutionary principles began to spread in college, and an incident happened which excited much indignation even among the most loyal. A little previous to the departure of the highly unpopular Lord Camden from the viceroyalty of Ireland, it was announced that the college, in their corporate capacity, intended to proceed to the Castle, and present an address to him. All the fellows and scholars, as members of the Corporation were especially summoned to attend, and generally obeyed the notice. Two scholars, named Power and Ardagh, absented themselves, and when cited before the board, made some trifling excuse. One said he had no gown at the time, and could not borrow one; the other that he was preparing his lecture, and thought it a more important occupation. It appeared, however, that the board had received some secret information that their absence was caused by disaffection, and that they were connected with secret treasonable societies then reported to exist in college. It was thought necessary to make an example; so Power and Ardagh were publicly expelled. There had been a difference of opinion on this measure at the board. Dr. Browne, a senior fellow, and member for the University in Parliament, not only dissented from the severe measure adopted by the board, but was so indiscreet as to mention his dissent to some of the students, as he came out of the board room. Greater importance was attached to this circumstance at that time, for the proceedings of the board were then kept profoundly secret. The two men expelled were of good character, acknowledged talents, and popular manners. Their case excited much sympathy. Their expulsion was considered a very harsh measure, altogether disproportioned to the declared offense, and was generally much condemned.

During this ebullition of collegiate feeling, my extern friend, O'Tundher, came to my rooms. He could hardly speak with rage. When his indignation a little subsided, he proposed that he and I should form a committee, and in the name of more, express our sentiments on the occasion. The proposal amused me, so I sent to the cellar for some "October"—a beverage of which he was fond—and, under its influence, we drew out what we called the resolu-

tions of the "Independent Scholars and Students of Trinity College, Dublin."

When we had read and criticised the precious document, I threw it on the table, supposing it would lie there, like the embryo constitutions we had drawn up for the provisional government, and, like them, have no more important result than the entertainment of the hour.

A short time after, a notice appeared on the college gate, announcing a visitation to be held on Thursday, April 19, 1798, enjoining the attendance without fail, of all the members of the University. I was reading it when my friend, O'Tundher, passed out. He held down his head, but cast at me a significant glance of intelligence under his eye, and holding his middle finger against his thumb, he cracked them with the forefinger, making a report like the lashing of a whip—a mode he had of expressing more than usual glee and satisfaction.

Immediately afterwards I met a lad named E——. He came up to me in great apparent tribulation, and asked me if I knew the cause of the visitation. I declared with truth I did not know it. He began to express himself with great anxiety, and with a confidence altogether gratuitous and unsought on my part; telling me he was deeply compromised, and in hourly expectation of being arrested. He expected some confidential communication in return, and was much disappointed when I declared I had no cause of apprehension, and left him, repeating, "Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwrung." In fact, I had abstained carefully from mixing myself with parties, and felt a perfect security from any charge, or even suspicion. I afterwards had reason to believe my reserve towards E—— was most fortunate.

On the day of the visitation we all assembled in the hall. Lord Clare, as vice-chancellor of the University, sat as the acting visitor, with Dr. Duigenan as his assessor, on an elevated platform at the upper end of the dining-hall, then followed in order the provost, senior and junior fellows, and scholars, as members of the corporation; then the graduate and undergraduate students; and lastly, the inferior officers and porters of the college. The great door was closed with a portentous sound, and shut in many an anxious heart; I felt mine, however, quite free from care or apprehension.

Those who have seen Lord Clare in his visitorial capacity never will forget him—the hatchet sharpness of his countenance, the oblique glance of his eye, which seemed to read what was passing in the mind of him to whom it was directed. Silence was commanded, and the multitude was still. The vice-chancellor then said:—

The prevalent reports respecting the state of the University had induced the visitors to inquire whether the disaffection imputed to the college was founded in reality, or was a mere rumor or surmise. Appointed to the high office of superintending the conduct, and promoting the welfare of that college, he should neglect an important duty, if he were to suffer it to continue stained with the infamous imputation of disaffection and rebellion, if unfounded, or permit any guilty member thereof to poison and destroy the prospects of the uninfected. His duty, therefore, to what he considered the happiness of the students, without referring to the more general consequence to society, from the lettered portion of the rising generation cherishing and acting on those devastating principles which had destroyed the peace, and almost annihilated the morals of Europe, indispensably required of him to investigate and suppress any serious disorders. He found great probability had been given to the reports in circulation by a rebellious publication, purporting to be the resolution of the independent scholars and students of the University and it behooved all who heard him to acquit themselves of any concern therein. Such members as acted with want of candor, and refused to exonerate themselves from the treasonable charge made against the University, and which the abominable paper he held in his hand so much warranted, he was determined to remove, and adopt the necessary measures to prevent them from contaminating the youth of the several colleges in England and Scotland, by representing to the governors of them their dangerous principles, and so exclude them from admission. In one of those secret societies, the formation of which he knew of in college, a system of assassination had been recommended, and a proposal made to collect arms. The first proposal was considered, but adjourned to the next meeting, when it was negatived by a small majority. The second was carried and acted on. He concluded by a

declaration of his intention to punish with severity the encouragers and abettors of sedition and treason, and more especially the miscreant authors of that wicked paper, whom he was determined to detect and punish. It had not only been thrown into every letter-box in college, but audaciously flung at his own head, in his house, by way of menace and defiance.

He read the “infamous” paper, and to my utter horror and dismay, it proved to be my own “RESOLUTION!” I was at the time standing close to him. My seniority had placed me near that end of the hall, but my curiosity and the crowd behind had pushed me even higher than I was entitled to by my standing; and when he held the paper in his hand, and waved it in a threatening manner, he actually seemed to shake it in my face, and fix his eye intently on me as the detected victim. It is impossible to describe my feelings of astonishment at my own indiscretion, or my apprehension of the consequences. I had no more notion that the resolutions that we had framed would ever see the light, than that the constitutions we had drawn up would be adopted by the provisional government. I saw myself at once entangled in an awful responsibility, which might compromise my life, and I had not even the support of enthusiasm or participation in what some might think a noble cause. I had been fabricating a falsehood without foundation, in which I actually felt neither interest nor concern, and was in danger of suffering the penalty of a traitor, without having the least connection with the treason. When I contemplated the number it might implicate in suspicion, and the confusion and misery it might cause, I felt as if I had pulled down the pillars of the earth, and the fragments were falling on my head. When I recovered a little from the first stun of surprise, I attempted to converse with the person next me, as if to show my unconcern, but literally *vox fauibus hæsit*, my mouth was so dry, I could not utter a syllable. It next rushed into my mind to escape from the hall, but I saw at once that this would surely cause suspicion. Once it occurred to me to anticipate discovery, and avail myself of the lenity which the visitors had intimated would be extended to those who confessed their faults and abjured their errors—to acknowledge my share

in the authorship, and make a merit of confessing a thing, the detection of which I thought must be immediate and inevitable. But my final and enduring determination was to "bide my time," and bear up, as best I could, against all consequences.

The roll was now called of all the names on the college books, beginning with the provost. Several excuses were offered for absence, some few of which were admitted, but in almost every case personal attendance was insisted on. Among the absent was Robert Emmet, for whom his tutor pleaded hard, but without effect. He was set down as contumacious.

When the examination of individuals commenced, each person, when called on, was first sworn to discover all matters as to which he should be questioned. The provost was the first examined. Among other questions, he was asked if the copy of that paper which had been "hurled at" the chancellor, had been sent to him. He replied that it had, and by the same conveyance—the penny post. He was also interrogated with respect to the proceedings of the board in the expulsion of Power and Ardagh, and the number and description of the votes given on the occasion.

The examination then proceeded through the senior fellows, till it came down to Dr. Browne. He was, as I have mentioned, a member of the board, and represented the college in parliament. His politics were in the extreme of liberality, and therefore he was an object of peculiar suspicion. He was questioned touching his vote at the board in the case of Ardagh and Power. He acknowledged he opposed their expulsion, and voted for rustication during a year, and stated that there were two other members of the board who voted with him. He admitted that he had gone from the board into the college court, and there declared the vote he had given, and said he did so because he thought it was right. The vice-chancellor declared that the conduct of Dr. Browne was highly reprehensible; and that it promoted a spirit of insubordination among the students, by exciting discontent against the proceedings of the board, which it was his duty to recommend as just and proper; and that if the board had thought fit to expel him for such conduct, he would have confirmed the expulsion. Dr. Browne was also asked if

he was the author of that paper, and when he denied it in a most earnest manner, he was asked did he know any person who was its author, or had any connection with it. He, of course, declared he did not.

Dr. Whitley Stokes, then a junior fellow, was next called on. The vice-chancellor, eying him with a stern countenance, and with the confidence of a person who was sure of his man, asked him, in an emphatic manner, if he knew of United Irish Societies existing in college. Stokes answered decidedly, "No." The vice-chancellor looked much amazed by the unexpected repulse, and a slight murmur of surprise ran through the hall. The paper was held out to Stokes, and, in a similar manner he was asked if he knew anything of the authorship of it; and, in a similar tone, and to the surprise of all (except myself), he denied all knowledge of it or its authors. The exceeding candor of Stokes and his love of truth induced all to believe that he would at once declare whatever he knew, when asked, and many thought that he knew much. He was then asked if he knew anything of secret or illegal societies in college. He answered promptly and without hesitation, that he did. He was then called on to explain and declare what they were.

"The only societies of that description, which I am aware of," said he, "are Orange Societies, and I know some members of them."

If the chancellor had been struck a violent blow, he could not have shown more surprise and indignation. He actually started on his seat at the audacious sincerity of this simple-minded man, and another murmur ran through the hall.

A long examination ensued, during which Dr. Stokes answered the questions put to him in a quiet and dignified manner, and with perfect candor and simplicity. He admitted that he had been a member of the society of United Irishmen before the year 1792, when their views were confined to legitimate objects; but stated that he was wholly unconnected with them ever since that time. He admitted that he had since that time subscribed money to their funds, but added that it was merely to supply the necessities of individuals—Butler and Bond, who were in prison. He had, he said, received some account of seri-

ous injuries inflicted on a village by the soldiery, which he communicated to Mr. Sampson, a United Irishman, as materials for Lord Moira's information, on his motion in the House of Lords, but had previously made a communication to his excellency the lord lieutenant. He admitted he had visited a man who was a treasonable character, but he did so as a professional duty, as the man was very poor and sick; and he had always brought with him a third person, to be present, lest there should be any misrepresentation of his motives. He added, that when the French invaded this country, and their fleets were lying off the shore, he went among the Roman Catholics of the city of Dublin, exciting them to take up arms against the common enemy:—

"This my lord," said Stokes, in an emphatic manner, "was not the conduct of a disaffected man, nor of one entertaining those principles with which this examination appears to try to connect me."

A Mr. Kerns, a pupil of Dr. Stokes, stood forward, and earnestly defended his tutor. He said that temptations had been held out to him to join treasonable societies, and had so far succeeded as to induce him to withdraw his name from the college corps; but in consequence of the advice and earnest persuasion of Dr. Stokes, he had withdrawn himself from the society of the disaffected, and replaced his name in his company; and that he was not the only person so advised by Dr. Stokes, but that, to his knowledge, several others had been equally influenced in the same way by his persuasions.

Dr. Graves with similar earnestness and zeal, bore testimony to Stokes' character. He said that atheism and republicanism were uniformly connected at that time, but that he had the strongest proof, from his writings, that Dr. Stokes was tainted with neither the one nor the other. When Paine's 'Age of Reason' first appeared, the earliest and best answer to it was from the pen of Dr. Stokes. His work was dedicated to the students of Trinity College, and was published without any view of pecuniary profit by Dr. Stokes, who gratuitously made earnest and indefatigable exertions to disseminate it among the junior members of the University.

Many others entered their testimony in favor of a man so much loved and respected; and the vice-chancellor said he was happy to find so many respectable and disinterested witnesses standing forward in Dr. Stokes's favor, and that he was now convinced he was a well-meaning man, but had been led into great indiscretions.

The examination proceeded among the scholars and students. The most lengthy was the examination of a man named Robinson. When pressed with questions, he admitted that he had lent his rooms on a particular day, but was not aware of the purpose for which they were borrowed. He, however, at last confessed that he was aware that the meeting to be held there was of a disaffected nature. He hesitated and wavered much when pressed by the chancellor's and Duigenan's questions.

A growing disposition was soon manifested to decline taking the oath of discovery in the unqualified form in which it had been at first administered. Of those called on, some declared they were ready to swear as to themselves, and purge their character by an oath from any charge or suspicion of disaffection, but would not swear to inform against or implicate others by answering *all* questions put to them. Others declined being sworn, because, as they said, it would be an example subversive of the best acknowledged principles of the English law and of justice, to swear to tell what might criminate themselves. The first day closed with about fifty recusants, who declined to take the oath, and were marked for expulsion as contumacious. On the second day of the visitation, the chancellor found it necessary to modify the examination in such a way as to give the recusants an opportunity of redeeming their contumacy. He indicated what would be the awful state of the University if so large a proportion of its members should appear to be implicated in the conspiracy; and he explained that the visitation was a domestic court, in which the students formed members of a family, and that the authority exercised was merely parental; that the same oath was administered to all—to the provost himself and to the youngest student—and was always accompanied by an injunction not to criminate themselves. The chancellor also indicated that these persons would come forward and confess their own

errors, without reference to others, and promise to separate themselves altogether from their imprudent and dangerous connections, the past should be forgiven and forgotten.

Among those who at first refused to take the oath was Thomas Moore. He was then an undergraduate in college, and already distinguished by the early and juvenile indications of his poetic talents. The scene was amusing. The book was presented to him. He shook his head and declined to take it. It was thrust into his right hand. He hastily withdrew the hand, as if he was afraid of its being infected by the touch, and placed it out of the way behind his back. It was then presented to his left hand, which he also withdrew, and held behind his back with his right. Still the persevering book was thrust upon him, and still he refused, bowing and retreating, with his hands behind him, until he was stopped by the wall. He afterwards, however took the oath, as modified by the explanation, acquitted himself of all knowledge of treasonable practices or societies in college, and was dismissed without further question.

Influenced by the visitor's explanation, many, who had been contumacious, came forward and confessed their errors. In a few instances the names of the persons implicated were insisted on; but for the most part, the information was given in such a general way as to assist in suppressing the evil of disaffection, without compromising individuals. It appeared that there were four committees of United Irishmen in college, the secretaries to which were said to be Robert Emmet, M'Laughlin, Flynn, and Corbett, junior.

In the course of the second day, Dr. Browne made an earnest and deprecating appeal to the visitors, in explanation of his conduct, declaring that their condemnation of it would embitter his future life. The vice-chancellor expressed himself satisfied that, had Dr. Browne known the entire extent of the revolutionary practices to which some members of the college had proceeded, he would have taken every means in their suppression, and not have proclaimed his vote and dissent from the salutary measures of the board; and that his doing so arose from his total ignorance of the dangerous situation of the University.

Browne expressed strongly his contrition for his conduct, and with a servility little according with the independent spirit he was supposed to possess, humbled himself before the vice-chancellor, declaring his deep sorrow for having incurred the censure of the visitors.

At the conclusion of the visitation, the chancellor adverted to the case of Dr. Stokes. He declared himself gratified to find that the rumor of an eminent member of the University having been connected with a treasonable association, was entirely refuted; but, nevertheless, as he had been drawn into a communication with persons who were inimically disposed to the government of the country, he thought it his duty to prevent him from becoming a governing member of the University for the space of three years, which would be the period until the next visitation. During his suspension, it would be seen whether that gentleman had wholly withdrawn himself from the dangerous and improper connections in which he had become indiscreetly entangled. He expressed himself gratified at being able to bear testimony to the general good conduct of the youth of the University. He reiterated his assurance that he had positive information of the existence of societies where assassination was canvassed and arms collected, and which he pledged himself he would have been able to prove, had those who contumaciously absented themselves, or refused to be examined, submitted. He expressed his concern at the duty imposed on him of using severity against the few who had acted with determined obstinacy, or were committed by acts of sedition and treason. He then presented nineteen names of persons for whose offenses he recommended expulsion.

Lord Clare's direction was immediately acted upon, and the sentence of expulsion was pronounced and executed by the board.

Among the disorders which the political excitement had caused was one serious evil—a propensity to dueling. One of the young men previously expelled—Ardagh—supposing that a man named M'Carthy had given secret information to the board against him, immediately branded him as an informer, and sent him a hostile message. They met and exchanged four shots, but parted without reconciliation or concession on either side. The examination

of Robinson, even during the sitting of the visitation, led to angry recrimination, which went as far as blows, and would have ended in a hostile meeting but for the interference of the college authorities. This bitter spirit had broken out in various other duels.

The occasion for these disorders was submitted to the vice-chancellor, and his direction asked, whether a challenge or a duel was to be punished with expulsion. He replied, that whatever allowance might be made for young men forgetting their academic in their military character, yet he would think it right, on the first duel that should again occur, to recommend the lord lieutenant to disband the college corps; but he hoped that as all faction was now crushed within the college walls, all cause for such encounters would cease also. He recommended all gownsmen to avoid collisions with the citizens, and ended with an extraordinary promise, that if a gownsman were offered any insult, he would take up the case at his own expense, and make such an example of the offender as would prevent a repetition of the offense.

The visitation, which had lasted three days, at length concluded, and the visitors retired amid the plaudits and acclamations of the assembled students.

The impression left on the minds of the auditory by the conduct of Dr. Browne and Dr. Stokes was very different indeed. They saw the latter standing, like Teneriffe or Atlas, unmoved by the assault made upon him; the former bending and yielding with a weak subserviency, ill according with the independent spirit he was before supposed to possess. The distrust excited by his conduct showed itself at the next election for the college. The then very unpopular measure of the Union was suspected to be in agitation, though not yet declared, and a test was put to Browne, whether, in the event of the measure being proposed, he would oppose it. Instead of declaring his determination in a manly manner, he affected displeasure at the suspicion implied by singling him out to take the test. When pressed for an explicit answer, he at length, after much evasion, declared that he saw no case in which he would vote for a union with England, except it was proposed as an alternative for a union with France. It was on this occasion that John Walker stood up, and with that

strange pronunciation by which he always substituted *w* for *r*, surprised us by saying—"If Iwland lose hew lib-
ewty and independence, and we awe to be depwived of ouw
wights and pwivileges, it is a mattew of no gweat conse-
quence who awe to be ouw mastews."

I did not learn, until after the visitation was over, some circumstances about it. It seems my friend, O'Tundher, had returned to my rooms, and carried off the paper we had composed. He had altered and interpolated many passages, and immediately had five hundred copies of it printed, and with his own hand disseminated them through college. The circumstance which to me rendered the visitation so extraordinary was, that in the searching scrutiny which took place, and lasted three days, a principal delinquent—*fons et origo mali*—was never called on or suspected, while his fellow-students all around him were arraigned for offending by a publication in which they had neither hand nor part. It taught me a painful lesson of caution, to see the University disturbed, its character compromised, its members endangered, some even expelled from its walls and scattered in exile, and all this perhaps traceable to the silly and idle production of a giddy student and woolen-draper's shopman.

There is no doubt that much secret information had been given previous to the visitation. A principal agent in collecting it was said to be E——, who had accosted me in the courts the day previously, and whom I had providentially evaded, without having at the time the slightest suspicion of his motive. Others, into whose confidence he wormed himself, were not so fortunate; and it was reported that through his instrumentality many were implicated. He afterwards obtained a commission in the army. He had entered college as a sizar, and from being an obscure and shabby-looking lad, he emerged from college in full uniform, which he was fond of displaying in the most public streets as long as he remained in Dublin.

Among the expelled men, the most remarkable was Robert Emmet. Those whom I was most intimate with were two brothers of the name of Corbett. The elder was a low, smart little man, a lieutenant in the college corps; the other was tall and delicate, of a mild disposition, and very pleasing manners; he was a sergeant in the corps. Imme-

dately afterwards they went to France, and obtained commissions in the French service; and, I believe, one of them joined in the expedition to Ireland in which Wolfe Tone was captured. The line-of-battle-ship in which Tone embarked, and six of the French frigates, were taken. Two escaped, in one of which was Corbett. He afterwards perished on the field of battle. The other brother met, in France, Sweeney, one of the United Irishmen who had been confined in Fort George; they had a quarrel and fought. After one of the most desperate duels on record, in which they exchanged eight shots, Corbett, who, even after he was wounded, refused all reconciliation, was shot through the heart.

After the visitation, I did not meet my coadjutor in political composition until the evening of the intended insurrection in Dublin—the memorable 23d of May, 1798. On the morning of that day, I received a pressing invitation from my sister, who then lived in Buckingham Street, to join her family, that we might, as she said “all die together.” I set out in the evening for her house. The streets were silent and deserted; no sound was heard but the measured tread of the different yeomanry corps taking up their appointed stations. The only acquaintance I met abroad was my friend O’Tundher. He accosted me in the street, told me it was dangerous to be out, and pressed me to go home and pass the night with him. I was little disposed to join in any plan of his again, even if I had had no other engagement, so I declined his offer. While we were talking, we heard the sound of approaching steps, and saw the attorneys’ corps with solemn tread, marching toward us. My companion disappeared down a lane and I walked up to meet them, and when they had passed me, proceeded on my way. When I reached my sister’s house in Buckingham Street, I found a neighbor had called there, and given to my brother-in-law, who was a clergyman, a handful of ball cartridges, bidding him defend his life as well as he could. So great was their alarm, they had, on parting, taken a solemn leave of each other, as people who never hoped to meet again. The only weapon of defense in the house was a fowling-piece, which I charged with powder, but found the balls in the cartridges too large for the calibre. The family were persuaded to go to bed,

leaving me to keep guard; and with the fowling-piece on my shoulder, and the large ball stuck in the muzzle, I marched up and down until sunrise in the morning. Meetings of the disaffected were held that night in the Barley fields (as the neighborhood of George's Church was then called), and on the strand of Clontarf. The design was, to commence the insurrection in Dublin by the rescue of the state prisoners in Newgate and Kilmainham prisons; but the arrest of Neilson prevented the execution of this plan. More than once, in the still, calm night, I thought I heard the undulating buzz and sound of a crowd, and the regular tread of a mass of men marching, but all else was awfully still.

The companion, my intercourse with whom was marked by such singular results, had many excellent qualities. What I have heard of his subsequent career in life is extraordinary, but I had no opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with him.

ELLIOT WARBURTON.

(1810—1852.)

BARTHOLOMEW ELLIOT GEORGE WARBURTON was born at Tullamore, King's County, Ireland, in 1810. He was educated in Yorkshire, at Cambridge, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1837.

In 1843 he traveled through Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, and contributed his impressions of travel to *The Dublin University Magazine*. Lever, who was then the editor, persuaded him to publish them in book form, and 'The Crescent and the Cross, or Romance and Reality of Eastern Travel,' one of the most fascinating books of travel ever issued, was the result. It was immediately a great success, and after thirteen editions had been published the copyright was sold for £425 (\$2,100).

His other books are 'Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers'; 'Reginald Hastings,' a novel of the great rebellion; 'Memoirs of Horace Walpole and his Contemporaries'; 'Darien, or the Merchant Prince: An Historical Romance'; and 'A Memoir of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.'

He afterward became a confirmed rover, traveling much in Europe and in South America. He was lost in the burning of the West India mail steamer Amazon Jan. 2, 1852. As the ship went down, he was the last passenger recognized on the burning deck.

THE PYRAMIDS.

From 'The Crescent and the Cross.'

"Upon the desert's edge, as last I lay,
Before me rose, in wonderful array,
Those works where man has rivaled Nature most—
Those pyramids, that fear no more decay
Than waves inflict upon the rockiest coast,
Or winds on mountain-steeps; and like endurance beast."

—R. M. MILNES.

Take the whole area of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and convert its gardens into a heap of stones; take one hundred thousand men from their families and their free labors, and employ them, with the taskmaster's lash as their only stimulus, during twenty years in heaping upon that platform the materials of all the houses for miles around it; accumulate their ruins till the pile mounts up one-third higher than the cross of St. Paul's—and you will then have an exact representation of the Great Pyramid, in its size and its mode of construction.

Then proceed with all the other squares of London ; heap upon each the brick and stone that compose the city for miles around ; and continue these insane constructions from Cæsar's Tower to Hampton Court : you will then have imitated those exploits of the Pharaohs, that have filled the world with wonder and misplaced respect for four thousand years.

The Pyramids had become as familiar to our view as the Grampians to a Highlander, when we suddenly recollectēd that we had left them unexplored, while the days of our stay at Cairo were already numbered. Our donkeys, which stood at our door, from sunrise to sunset, were put into immediate requisition, and we started about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th of April.

Mahmoud had a child's birthday to celebrate ; and as he assured us we should find comfortable lying among the tombs, and have no occasion for his services, we rashly believed him, and left him to his festivities. He was the best of Dragomans, but an Egyptian still, and we afterwards found cause to repent having trusted to him.

We sallied forth then from the "City of Victory," mounted on two donkeys; Abdallah and another donkey preceded us, as servants always do in this paradoxical country, while a sumpter-mule and four Arabs brought up the procession.

Arriving at the moldering quays of Cairo Vecchia, we embarked our donkeys in a large ferry-boat, which they entered as freely as if it belonged to the craft designated in our service "Jackass frigates." We passed the Nilometer on the island of Rhoda, and landed on the western bank of the river.

The sun had just set in glory over the crimsoned sands of the Lybian desert, throwing the mountain pyramids into fine relief against the gilded sky. There was a brilliant moon, that rendered the absence of the day-god a matter of indifference, except in an ornamental point of view, and even for this purpose, the pale, soft beams of Isis better became the "City of the Dead" we were about to visit. The plain which we traversed on our way thither, however, was as *pliant* as if it led to Paris. Wide tracts of waving corr spread all around, and an avenue of acacias concealed all of the distant city, except its minarets, and the silvery mist

which rose amongst them. The air was very balmy, and the breeze, which had been exploring the Pyramids, seemed to be whispering its discoveries to the palm-trees, and the ruins which ever and anon we came to, and passed by. Suddenly that green plain ceased like a bank, and the ocean-like desert received our silent steps, moving over its waves as noiselessly as ships upon the water.

We killed, somewhat wantonly, two large silvery snakes, traversed some dreary glens, and, surrounded by an immense number of Arabs, soon found ourselves at the foot of the rocky platform on which stands the Great Pyramid. This advantage of ground has been but little noticed by travelers, and yet it gives an additional elevation to the site of the Pyramid of at least forty feet above the surrounding plain.

Vast as these Pyramids appear at a distance, they do not appear to increase in size as you approach; but when at length you arrive at their base, and look up and around, you *do* feel as it were in an awful presence.

After indulging in the usual course of reveries pursued on such occasions, we proceeded in a practical spirit to examine the sepulchre that was to be our lodging for the night. The rocky platform I have alluded to is hollowed out towards the south into numerous tombs; from these the unresisting dead have been long expelled, but have bequeathed a Dejanira *souvenir* of stench and deathiness that Hercules himself might hesitate to encounter. Whilst we were smoking our chibouques and dinner was preparing, such swarms of fleas came crawling and quivering over us, that it gave one the sensation of wearing a hair shirt. There is nothing like statistics—my companion slew fifty-seven of these vampires, in the few minutes that intervened between our ordering dinner, and its appearance.

We did not remain long at the banquet, and hurried out to the Pyramids, accompanied only by five Bedouins, who had volunteered as guides. It was about midnight when we stood under the greatest wonder of the world, and then it appeared in all its mountain magnificence, eclipsing half of the sky.

We climbed up some distance on the eastern front, when we found the narrow entrance, and then half slid down a long narrow passage, which was admirably fitted with

grooves for wheels the whole way through. There seemed to me little doubt that a car was adapted to run down this inclined plane, to be carried by the momentum of its descent up a circular staircase, now broken, which leads to another downward passage. These steep and smooth passages we traversed with considerable difficulty, the torches and naked Bedouins rendering the heat and other annoyances excessive. At length we stood in the King's Chamber, in the heart of the Pyramid. This is lined throughout with polished granite, and is entirely empty. The body of the King has hitherto escaped the researches of caliphs and antiquaries, and is supposed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson to lie beneath a niche which he points out.

As soon as we entered, the Bedouins set up a shout that made the Pyramid echo again through all its galleries, and then, turning somewhat rudely round, they demanded money from us. We put a fierce face on the matter, and began our difficult ascent with the assistance of our angry guides. As soon as we had emerged the Arabs turned round again, and declared that we should not stir until we made them a present. As I put my hands in my pocket, a gigantic Bedouin drew near to receive the expected tribute, and was not a little startled to feel the cold muzzle of a pistol at his breast, which an eloquent click had assured him was no mere demonstration; he fell back terrified, and humbly begged for pardon. Giving him a kick, and threatening him with the bastinado, we drove our guides before us to the other pyramids; which we wandered about in the bright moonlight; and then, after a glimpse at the Sphinx, and a shot or two at jackals, we returned to our abominable tomb. Here, stretched on our cloaks on the hard rock, we were soon asleep, though the indignant Arabs crowded and stormed outside at the doorway, and myriads of fleas were avenging their cause within. We placed Abdallah for a door, reinforced him with a table, and courteously informed our besiegers that the first Arab who presented himself would receive a bullet in his brains as the price of his admission.

By the first daylight we resumed our investigation of the Pyramids and the Sphinx. The latter is cut out of the solid rock, except the leonine paws, which are *built* of hewn stone. In front of this monster is a paved court,

about fifty feet in extent, on which sacrifices were offered; and there was a sanctuary in her bosom (which sounds well), wherein the priests worshiped. This fantastic animal is “always found representing a king, the union of intellect and physical force;” and abounds in ancient Egypt, though never elsewhere in a form of such colossal dimensions as here. On one of the paws is a Greek inscription, a translation of which, by Dr. Young, I subjoin, as it is a sort of autobiography of the monster:—

“ My form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land:
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encompassed once with sand;
And near the Pyramids have bid me stand:
Not that fierce sphynx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona’s servant, mild and bland;
Watching the prince beloved, who fills the throne
Of Egypt’s plains, and calls the Nile his own.
That heavenly monarch, who his foes defies,
Like Vulcan powerful, and like Pallas wise.”

This inscription is attributed to Arrian.

The Sphinx is called by the Arabs “the father of terror,” or “immensity.” Its features, as well as its attitude, convey an impression of profound repose: the former are mutilated, and want a nose, but appear to be Egyptian in their character; though they are partially painted a dirty red color, and might pass for an exaggeration of the countenance of Crib after a severe “punishing,” some authors have traced in them an expression of the softest beauty and most winning grace. If it were so, the contrast of such loveliness with the colossal size, and its leonine body, must have produced a wonderful effect, Una and her Lion, or the Zodiacial signs of Leo and Virgo, thus blended into one.

Near here is an immense tomb, discovered by Colonel Vyse, containing a coffin of black basalt, which still remains, and a sarcophagus, which has been removed to the British Museum. Near here was also found a magnificent gold ring, belonging formerly to Cheops, and now to Dr. Abbott.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson dates the building of the Pyramids about 2160 B.C., or six hundred and twenty-five years before the Exodus of the Israelites. Lord Lindsay inge-

niously argues that they were built by the shepherd kings, who were expelled by Alisphragmuthosis, the Pharaoh of our Joseph. This would make their date about 1900 B.C. But such discussion would be out of place in a work like this, and I shall only mention having met with an authority, which I cannot now recall, that describes the three Great Pyramids as having been designated the gold, the silver, and the jeweled, owing to their being cased over with yellow, white, and spotted marble. Much has been said to contradict their having been used as sepulchers, and with some appearance of plausibility. If they were used for this purpose, they were doubtless connected also with the worship of the country, and may have been selected for the former purpose on account of their consecration, as we use Westminster Abbey. . . .

The erection of one of these Pyramids is ascribed to a Pharaonic princess of great beauty, who was one day taunted by her father with the inutility of the admiration that she excited. Pyramid-building was then the fashion of the family, and she swore that she would leave behind her a monument of the power of her charms as perdurable as her august relations did of the power of their armies. The number of her lovers was increased by all those who were content to sacrifice their fortunes for her smiles. The Pyramid rose rapidly; with the frailty of its foundress, the massive monument increased; her lovers were ruined, but the fair architect became immortal, and found celebrity long afterwards in Sappho's verse.

Another legend relates that a beautiful Greek girl, named Rhodope, was once bathing in the Nile, and the very birds of the air hovered round to gaze upon her beauty. An eagle, more enthusiastic than the rest, carried away one of her slippers in his talons, but startled by a shout of Memphian loyalty, he let fall the souvenir at the feet of Pharaoh, who was holding his court in the open air. It is needless to add how the owner was sought, how found, how wooed, how won; and how she now sleeps within her Pyramid.

To return to practical details: the Great Pyramid covers eight acres, and is eight hundred feet in height, or one-third higher than the cross on St. Paul's. Each Pyramid appears to have stood in a square court, hewn from the

rock, in which were small tombs, and perhaps temples. Far away as the eye can follow, a line of Pyramids of various dimensions succeeds, among wavy heaps of tombs and catacombs, that might seem to be the cemetery of the whole world.

On our return to the tomb, we found the sheikh of the village, who had heard of the robber-like demands of the Arabs, and had brought his executioner to bastinado them. We refused, perhaps weakly, to permit this; and, distributing some small gratuities that made the whole tribe happy, we took our homeward way, shooting quails as we passed through the corn-fields.

BETHLEHEM.

From 'The Crescent and the Cross.'

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

—BISHOP HEBER.

After visiting the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane, I rode round the walls, and set forth across the Plain of Rephaim to visit Bethlehem.

The distance is about five miles, and the way lies for the most part over arid and dreary hills, with here and there a scanty crop of wheat in the intervening valleys, and an occasional herd of goats browsing invisible herbage, under the guardianship of a herdsman as shaggy as his flock, and as brown and almost as bare as the rocks around him.

Occasionally we catch glimpses of the wild mountain scenery that wraps the Dead Sea in its barren bosom. No other landscape in the world is like this. It resembles rather some visionary sketch of Martin's, roughly done in raw sienna, than anything in Nature; distorted piles of cinderous hills, with the Dead Sea lying among them like melted lead, unlighted even by the sunshine that is pouring so vertically down as to cast no shadow.

We pass the convent of Mar Elyas on a hill upon the left, and the tomb of Rachel, in a valley on the right. Thence

the scenery becomes more attractive; some olive groves, intermingled with small vineyards, clothe the hills; rich corn-fields are in the valleys; and lo! as we round a rugged projection in the path, Bethlehem stands before us!

This little city, as it is called by courtesy, has an imposing appearance, walled round, and commanding a fertile valley from a rugged eminence. I rode through steep and rocky streets, that were crowded with veiled and turbaned figures in their gala dresses (for it was a festival), and was much struck by the apparent cleanliness and comfort of this little Christian colony. Ibrahim Pasha, hearing complaints of quarrels between the Christian and Moslem inhabitants, and finding that the former were more numerous, ordered the latter to emigrate; so that Bethlehem is now almost exclusively Christian.

The beauty of the women of Bethlehem has often been observed upon, but I confess it did not strike me as remarkable; nor did I see a countenance there that betokened Jewish blood.

It is remarkable that the Madonna of Raphael, with which, perhaps, all Christendom associates the idea of a portrait, has nothing of the Jewish character; nor does any other master appear to have borne in mind the race that she belonged to. Except the Madonna of Murillo, and the celebrated Negro Virgin, all the pictures of value that we possess are exquisitely fair, and rather an abstraction of feminine grace, sweetness, and purity, than a resemblance of a “daughter of the house of David.”

We forget that Mary was a Nazarene, and eagerly scrutinize each maiden-face in Bethlehem, for a realization of the blessed countenance that has so long haunted our imaginations—in vain: she remains as it should be, a half-divine abstraction.

The reader may smile, as I do now; but it was with something like grave respect I looked upon each carpenter in Bethlehem; the very donkeys assumed an additional interest; and the cross, with which they are so singularly marked, a meaning; the camels seemed as if they had just come from the East with gifts, and the palm-tree offered its branches to strew the holy ground; every shepherd appeared to have a mystic character; and, when night came with

stars, I looked eagerly for His, and tried to trace it over Bethlehem.

Well, these are dreams that soon dispel themselves, as we alight at the walls within which an Armenian, Greek, and Latin convent are gathered round the place of the Nativity, under one roof.

Entering by a very low door and long passage, almost upon hands and knees, I stood up under the noble dome of the Church of St. Helena. The roof, constructed of cedar wood from Lebanon, is supported by forty huge marble pillars, showing dimly the faded images of painted saints. The whole building is silent, dirty, and neglected-looking, but of noble proportions. From its court are parked off the different chapels belonging to the rival sects. The Armenian is the handsomest and wealthiest of these, as its friars are by far the most respectable.

The Chapel of the Nativity is a subterranean grotto, into which you descend in darkness that gives way to the softened light of many silver lamps suspended from the roof. Notwithstanding the improbability of this being the actual place of the Nativity, one cannot descend with indifference into the inclosure which has led so many millions of pilgrims in rags or armor during 1800 years from their distant homes. It is, however, impossible to recognize anything like reality in the mass of marble, brass, and silken tawdry ornaments, and one leaves this most celebrated spot in the world with feelings of disappointment.

I then hastened to pay my respects to our bishop, whom I found in the refectory of the Armenian convent, which the monks had surrendered to his use and that of his family. I shall long remember with grateful pleasure the evening I passed in that Armenian convent, where the kindness and piety of our bishop appeared to have conciliated towards him the affection and respect of all the monks.

I should have mentioned that, on his lordship's arrival in Jerusalem, the Armenian patriarch at once recognized his high commission, and waited on him with professions of regard and consideration that were afterwards fully borne out. The Greek patriarch imitated his example; and, as the convents form the only places of hospitality in Palestine, both the Armenians and the Greeks placed theirs at the service of our bishop and his family, and seemed

pleased and flattered when they were visited. The Roman patriarch alone stood aloof from his brother in the Church, and no communication has ever passed between the prelates of the Latin Church and ours.

It was a striking sight, that ancient refectory, gloomy with carved paneling and painted glass, occupied only by the prelate of a different creed, and the fair girl, his daughter, who sat beside him. As the dark-robed monks passed by the grating that separated the refectory from the corridor, each laid his hand upon his heart, and made a graceful reverence, with his eyes still fixed upon the ground.

After dinner, as there was still half an hour of daylight, and a bright moonlight to fall back upon, I mounted my horse, and, accompanied only by my dragoman, rode forth to the Pools of Solomon, about six miles distant, on the road to Hebron.

This neighborhood has a bad character, and I was warned more than once of danger from the Arabs, but I had so often received similar intimations that I now heard them as mere commonplaces. In the hurry of departure, my servant had come away from the convent unarmed, but he cantered along after me as cheerfully as if clad in panoply, and seemed to consider a small bottle that peeped suspiciously from his holsters as a good substitute for more offensive weapons.

As we rode out of the gates, I met a troop of girls carrying water from the well, who presented a most picturesque appearance. With one hand they supported the vase-like vessel on the head, with the other they held up their light drapery, which at every graceful movement revealed their symmetrical proportions. Delicate complexions, although united to the ever-brilliant Eastern eye, distinguished them from all the Arab women I had yet seen; while the finely cut lip, thin, but vermillion bright, and a Grecian profile, distinguished them from the Jewish race. The instep was finely arched, so that only the heel and forepart of the foot left an impression in the sand, and the carriage and attitude of the body were most graceful. Such at least was one whom I stopped upon the steep pathway to ask my way of. I think I see her now, as her round arm detached itself from the folds of her blue mantle, and was raised with pointed finger in the direction of Hebron.

Then, looking up, she said something about night and robbers, and, shaking her head as I smiled in reply, she put up her second hand to steady the water-vessel, and resumed her path.

We now pushed forward at a gallop over a wild and rocky tract, where the pathway was scarcely visible among the fragments with which it was thickly strewn; yet this has been a highway from the days of Abraham, and we read of the constant use of chariots along these roads. Now the way lay over a smooth and slippery rocky surface; now, narrowed between blocks of stone, it was covered with tangled roots or seamed by wide fissures. All the same to my bold Arab courser seemed smooth turf or rugged rock. Eagerly she swept along over hill and hollow, as if it was a pastime; bounding from rock to rock with the ease of a gazelle and the mettle of a bloodhound. The evening was sultry warm, but no stain darkened her silken skin, not a pant escaped from her deep chest, not a spot of foam flecked the Mameluke bit.

The sun was just setting in Eastern glory as we reached a vast embattled Saracenic castle, on which ruin has made but slight impression. Beneath it lie the Pools of Solomon, from which water was once conveyed to Jerusalem. They are in good repair, but quite dry, and indeed it would take all the water I have yet seen in Judea to fill them. They are three in number, at three different levels, and measure respectively about 600, 500, and 300 feet in length.

I returned more slowly and pensively to Bethlehem, by the light of as brilliant a moon as ever shone over this hallowed land in its proudest hour. On the fields through which I was passing, the glory of the Lord once shone around, and the announcement of "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," was heard through this calm air from angel voices. In the distance, clear against the sky, stood "the city of David," from out whose gloomy walls arose the Light of the world.

As I rode thoughtfully along, I did not observe that my servant was missing: I had heard a shot, but such sounds are too familiar to excite attention in a country where every man goes armed. I rode back to the valley where I had seen him last, but there was no sign of him; a few minutes afterwards, I met a goatherd with a musket slung

upon his shoulder, which I seized hold of, as I demanded intelligence of the dragoman. The man did not appear surprised, said he had heard a shot, and had seen a man galloping off towards the mountains. At the same time, he opened the pan of his firelock, to show that *he* had not fired. I offered him a piece of gold if he would accompany me in my search, but he pointed silently to his flock, and moved on. I then rode along each path, and ascended every eminence, shouting out Nicola's name, which the echoing hills took up, and carried far away. There was no sign of him, and the rocky pathways afforded no trace. I rode back to Bethlehem, and the governor not being visible, I enlisted some volunteers in the pursuit; I then went in search of the bishop, to request that his mounted servants might assist me. He was in the convent chapel, and, hurried as I was, I paused for a moment to contemplate the scene that revealed itself as I drew aside the tapestry that hung across the doorway.

The altar blazed with gold, and the light of the consecrated lamps showed richly on its embroidered velvet drapery. The Superior of the convent, with a reverend gray beard falling over his dark purple robes, had his right hand raised in the attitude of declamation, while the Bishop, in his black dress, would have been scarcely visible in the gloom, but for the white drapery of the lady, his daughter, who leant upon his arm, and followed with her eyes the arguments of each speaker. The sudden change, from excitement, and hard riding, and crowded streets, and eager voices, to that calm, solemn chapel scene, was so imposing, that I almost forgot my haste in its contemplation; but the clank of sword and spur broke dissonantly into the conversation of the churchmen. They turned to me with anxious and kind attention, and the bishop immediately placed his groom and janissary at my disposal.

I did not wait while the servants were arming themselves and mounting; but, leaving directions for them to try the Jerusalem road, and directing some armed citizens, who pressed eagerly to be employed, to disperse themselves over the neighboring hills, I rode away to the ill-favored village, in the direction of which my servant had last been seen. This place bore an evil character in the country; it sold little but wine and spirits, and bought nothing; yet it was

walled round as carefully as if it contained the most respectable and valuable community.

Unwearied as in the morning, my gallant mare dashed away over the rocky valley, exulting in her strength and speed. She pressed against the powerful Mameluke bit, as if its curb were but a challenge, and it was only by slackening the rein that she could be induced to pause over some precipitous descent, or tangled copse; then, tossing her proud head, she would burst away again like a greyhound from the leash.

Her hoofs soon struck fire out of the flinty streets of the unpopular village; few people appeared there, and those few seemed to have just come in from the country, for every man carried a musket, and wore a knife in his sash. They answered sulkily to my inquiries, and said that no horseman had entered their village for many a day.

I now saw that it was useless to seek further until daylight, and pushed on towards a different gate from that by which I had entered. A steep street, whose only pavement was the living rock, led down to this; as I cantered along, I could see a group of dark figures standing under the archway, and the two nearest of the party had crossed their spears to arrest my passage. I could not have stopped if I would; neither the custom of the country, nor the circumstances of the case, required much ceremony; so, shouting to them to clear the way, I gave spurs to my eager steed, and burst through them as if I was "switching a rasper." The thin spears cracked like twigs; the mob rebounded to the right and left, against the wall; and though they were all armed, mine was the only steel that gleamed, as a fellow rushed forward to seize my bridle. The next moment my mare chested him, and sent him spinning and tangled in his long, blue gown, while we shot forth into the open moonlight, and, turning round a pile of ruins, were in a moment hidden from their view.

This is a sort of incident that does not happen every night; but somehow it appeared quite natural then, and I scarcely alluded to it in relating my adventures that evening. I only mention it here as characteristic of the state of the country. The citizens probably only meant to inquire, perhaps demand, the real reason of my untimely

visit; but the result would probably have been an uncomfortable one to a solitary stranger.

I now held on my way for Bethlehem, when, at a turn of the path, I came suddenly upon an armed party. They proved to be only some Bethlehemites, however, who had come out to inform me that my servant was found. They would scarcely believe that I had been in and *out* of that "den of robbers," as they harshly called the village I had just been visiting, and at the same time requested a reward for their services. A few minutes afterwards I found my unfortunate dragoman at the convent, pale and trembling, and leaning against his foaming horse, while a crowd of men, women, and children were listening, with open mouths and eyes, to his adventures.

He had forgotten his rosary at the Pools of Solomon, and rashly turned back to look for it. As he was descending a steep part of the road, an Arab had fired at him from behind a rock, so close that his jacket was singed, while the bullet had torn off part of the embroidery of his collar. I believe the poor fellow would have preferred having his skin scratched, but he was so terrified that as he galloped off he mistook the road, and never drew rein until he reached Jerusalem. Here he found the gates closed, and the guard refused to admit him: he had been met at last by the bishop's janissary making the best of his way back to Bethlehem.

I had enjoyed my moonlight gallop, notwithstanding my anxiety for the cause of it; yet I found it a most pleasant change to join the quiet tea-party in the refectory. It was a rare and real pleasure to enjoy such society, under such circumstances; and the evening flew rapidly away, and the convent's chimes announced the hour for prayer. Then, in the midst of that gloomy convent, I heard the noble liturgy of our own creed read by a father of our own Church, whose voice was echoed by the spot from whence that worship sprung.

And afterwards we walked on the convent's terraced roof, and traced by the clear moonlight the various scenes of interest that lay beneath us. In yonder valley Ruth was found gleaning by her gentle kinsman; yonder mountain is Goliath's hill. Among those fields on which a glory seems still to shine, the shepherds received the angel tid-

ings that Christ was come. Beneath us was the manger where he lay; around us the objects on which his infant eyes unclosed; from beyond those distant, pale blue mountains came the "kings of Arabia and Saba, bringing gifts," and over the hill country opposite, in after-ages, came other pilgrims in warrior guise or humble weed, ready to lay down their lives, their loves—anything but their sins—upon that hallowed spot.

SIR JAMES WARE.

(1594—1666.)

JAMES WARE was born in Castle Street, Dublin, Nov. 26, 1594 ; his father was Auditor-General of Ireland. At sixteen he entered Trinity College, and while there made the acquaintance of Ussher. Before he was thirty years of age, he had made an important collection of books and manuscripts. In 1626 he visited London, and in that same year the ‘Antiquities of Ireland’ began to appear. It was published in parts, and bears evidences of patchwork. Soon after his return to Ireland he began the publication of his ‘Lives of the Irish Bishops’; two years later, in 1628, he again visited London, and brought back to Ireland large additions to his collection. In 1629 he was knighted, and in 1632, when his father died, he succeeded to both the fortune and office of his parent. In 1639 he was made one of the Privy Council, and the same year he published his most quoted work, ‘Writers of Ireland.’ In this year also he was elected Member of Parliament for the University of Dublin.

On his way to Ireland the vessel in which he sailed was captured by a Parliamentarian vessel, and he was sent a prisoner to the Tower of London. After his release he resided in France for some time, continuing his favorite pursuits of hunting for manuscripts and making extracts from those lent to him or which he was allowed to see. In 1651 he was permitted to return to London on family business, and in 1653 he was allowed to return to Ireland. In 1654 he published his final installment of the ‘Antiquities of Ireland,’ of which a second and improved edition appeared in 1659. In 1656 appeared his ‘Works Ascribed to St. Patrick,’ in 1664 his ‘Annals of Ireland,’ and in 1665 he saw the completion of his ‘Lives of the Irish Bishops.’

The Restoration brought about Ware’s restoration to his previous offices and at the election for Parliament he was again chosen Member for the University. A little later, Dec. 1 (Wills says the 3d) 1666, he died, famed for uprightness and benevolence. He was buried in the family vault in the Church of St. Werburgh, Dublin.

Ware’s works were all written and published in Latin, but in the following century they were translated into English by Walter Harris, who married Ware’s great-granddaughter, and thereby inherited his manuscripts.

LANGUAGE OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

From ‘The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland.’

Some learned men are of the opinion that the British was the ancient language of the Irish; and they labor to demonstrate this assertion from the vast abundance of

British words which the Irish, even at this day, use, either entire or but little corrupted. I confess I am of the same opinion, but as I think that their most ancient language was British, introduced among them by their first colonies, who were from Britain, so I cannot but be of opinion that their proper language was partly refined and polished by the intermixture of other colonies, and that it was partly changed by the revolutions of time. According to Horace—

“ Such words which now the present age decries,
Shall in the next with approbation rise;
Others, grown old in fame and high request,
In the succeeding age shall be supprest.
So much doth custom o'er our speech prevail,
The sole unquestioned judge and law of all.”

The Greeks and Italians may serve us for examples of this assertion, and (which is not to be forgotten in this place) it is evident that, in some years after the arrival of the Saxons, the British language was in Britain itself, as it were, banished and thrust down into Cornwall and Wales, insomuch that in the other parts of the island scarce the least trace or footprint of the ancient language remains to this day.

Besides, as the Irish of old spoke the ancient British language, so also they borrowed their alphabet or letters from the ancient Britains, as it is possible the Saxons afterwards might have done from the Irish, when they flocked to their schools for the sake of education. Further, as, among other arguments, the first inhabitants of Ireland are thought to be colonies of Britains, from the affinity between their languages, so the Albanian Scots, especially those of the north, are for the same reason thought to be colonies of the Irish. “ It is from many arguments plain (says Johannes Major) that we derive our origin from the Irish. This we are taught by Bede, an Englishman, who would not be fond of lessening the offspring of his own country; this is evident from the language, for almost half Scotland speaks Irish at this day, and more did so some time past.”

Besides the vulgar characters, the ancient Irish made use of various occult forms and artificial rules in writing called *ogam*, to which they committed their secret affairs.

I have in my custody an ancient parchment book filled with such characters.

SURNAMES OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

From 'The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland.'

Surnames have been added to the proper names of the ancient Irish either from some remarkable action, or from the quality of the mind, or from the color, or mark, or defect in the body, or from some accident, and sometimes ironically. Thus Neill, king of Ireland, was called Nigialac,¹ because he had exacted nine hostages from the petty kings, and held them for some time bound in fetters. King Brien was called Boruma, because he had recovered from the provincialists of Leinster an annual tribute called by that name. Caenfela was called the wise; St. Barr, Finn Barr, or Barr the white; St. Cornin, Fada, *i. e.* long Cornin; and Æd. Clericus Barbosus, the bearded clerk, from an overgrown beard he affected to wear. . . . The same practice prevailed among the Grecians. Seleucus, the third king of Syria, was called Ceraunus, the thunderbolt, from his violent temper. Ptolemy, the seventh king of Egypt, was known by the name of Physeon, from the grossness of his paunch; and, to pass by other instances, the last Ptolemy save one was called Auletes, or the piper, from his excessive fondness of the pipe. So, among the Romans, Marcus Valerius was called Corvus, and his posterity Corvini, because in a single combat he slew a Gaul, who had challenged him, by the help of a raven. One of the Scipios got the name of Africanus, the other of Asiaticus, from victories obtained by them in these two different quarters of the world. So a man born in the absence of his father was called Proclus, if after his father's death, Posthumus, and if lame, Claudius. . . .

It is to be observed that the old Irish besides surnames took other names, by ancient custom, from their paternal names, as Dermot MacCormac, or the son of Cormac; Cormac MacDonald, or the son of Donald; Donald MacTirdelvach, or the son of Tirlagh.

¹ *Nigi* signifies nine, and *geall* a pledge or hostage.

At length, in the reign of King Brien, the surnames of the Irish, or family names, began to be fixed, and handed down to posterity with the aspirate *h* or the mono-syllable *ra* prefixed, which was afterwards changed into the vowel *O*, and signifies one descended from some chieftain or head of a principal family, as O'Brien, O'Connor, O'Neill. Yet it must be confessed that some centuries after King Brien's reign numbers of families took no fixed or certain surnames.

It has been observed by writers that about the year 1000, in Brien's reign, surnames also began to be assumed in France, England, and Scotland, first among people of distinction, and afterwards by degrees among the inferior sort. Finally, after surnames were settled in Ireland, some particular children of Irish families had additional sobriquets or nicknames given them, as Bane—White, Boy—Yellow, Bacca—Lame, Moil—Bald, and the like; and the same custom also gradually crept in among some families of English birth.

THE ORIGIN OF THE IRISH.

From 'The Whole Works of Sir James Ware concerning Ireland.'

It is certain there is nothing concerning the first original of nations to be found anywhere worthy of credit but in Holy Writ. Moses hath given us a catalogue of the posterity of Noah, whose children and grandchildren he recounts in order, probably not all, but the principal of them, from whom the most famous nations of the world have drawn their names and originals. "By the sons of Japhet the isles of the Gentiles were divided in their lands, every man after his tongue, and after their families in their nations." Commentators interpret the isles of the Gentiles to mean the maritime parts of Asia, and all Europe, to which the necessary passage is by sea. Josephus hath placed the posterity of Japhet in those countries of Asia which lie extended from the mountains Taurus and Amanus near the Mediterranean Sea, to the river Tanais northward of the Euxine, and from thence hath brought them into Europe, as far as the Gades, that is

Cadiz or Cades, within the mouth of the Streights of Gibraltar.

If then this be so, it is easy to conceive how the rest of Europe came in time to be peopled. For as the nature of man is inquisitive after novelties, and as the number of our ancestors increased, both necessity and curiosity forced them to go in quest of other countries, at once to gratify their ambition and find room for their people. From Cadiz we can easily see them dispersing themselves over Spain; from thence in process of time pushing one another forward into Germany, Gaul, etc., and across the narrow firth from Calis to the coast of Kent; from thence by degrees northward into that part of Britain since called Scotland, and south and southwest to Wales; from each of which countries Ireland is visible, and might easily receive colonies in their wicker corraghs, and other contrivances of these early ages. And this I take to be the most rational way of accounting for the first planting of Ireland; as it is most natural to suppose, that islands were first planted from countries that border nearest to them; which is the reason given by Tacitus why the Gauls first peopled Britain.

But as Ireland, with the rest of Europe, are descended from Japhet, the difficulty then remains from which of his sons we are to claim our original. In the time of Moses the names and fixed seats of the descendants of Noah were without question clear enough; but now, after the space of upwards of three thousand years, after so many flittings, changes, and confusions of nations, there remains nothing to rely upon.

It is very observable what Josephus says upon this subject. "From this time forward (*i. e.* from the confusion of Babel) the multitudes dispersed themselves into divers countries and planted colonies in all places. Some there were also who, passing the sea in ships and vessels, first peopled the islands; and there are some nations likewise who at this day retain the names which in times past were imposed on them; some others have changed them, and others are altered into names more familiar and known to the neighbors, and deriving them from the Greeks, the authors of such titles. For they in latter time, having grown to great name and power, appropriated the ancient

glory to themselves in giving names to the nations which they subdued, as if they took their original from them."

We see here a lively picture of the dispersion and plantation of colonies in several parts of the world, and of the changes and variations of their names; we see the ambitious humor of the Greeks in seeking to draw other nations to a dependence on them for their originals; which hath afforded scope enough to later writers for invention. But to proceed. If we allow the progress and dispersion of our ancestors to be in the manner as before is set forth, then we must admit our descent from Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, through the Britains, who are confessedly descended from that original. Josephus is my witness that Gomer was the founder of the Gomarians, whom the Greeks (says he) called Galatians, others Gallo-Grecians. Berossus styles Gomer himself Gomerus-Gallus, Gomer the Gaul. . . . But this descent from the Britains must be understood of the first and early colonies arriving in Ireland, which by the best account are allowed to be of British original and consequently descended from Gomer.

As to the Milesian or Scythian, which was the last that got footing in Ireland before the arrival of the English, Magog, another son of Japhet, was their ancestor. The sacred historian gives no manner of account of the sons of Magog; but Josephus makes him "the founder of the Magogians," called by the Greeks Scythians, and whom Ptolemy names the Massagetae. Keating hath given us a particular genealogy of the posterity of Magog to Milesius through twenty-two generations, and hath conducted them in their several voyages until he sets them down in Spain in as exact manner as if he had been their pilot.

JAMES WHITESIDE.

(1806—1876.)

JAMES WHITESIDE was born Aug. 12, 1806, in Delgany, County Wicklow, and was the son of the Rev. William Whiteside, rector of the parish. His undergraduate career in Trinity College was distinguished and he was graduated with honors. In 1830 he was called to the Irish bar, and before long had a large practice and made a high reputation. In 1842 he was made a Q. C., and from that time onward there was scarcely a case of great importance at nisi prius in which he was not employed. He was sought as counsel in the most momentous state prosecutions of his country, and particularly in that which is one of the most remarkable in the history of Ireland.

When O'Connell, Charles Gavan Duffy, and their colleagues, were put on trial in 1844, Whiteside was one of the counsel for their defense. At the end of the first day of the speech there rose enthusiastic cheers from all parts of the court—from men and from women, from lawyers accustomed to control their feelings—from Catholic and Protestant ; and his peroration is said to have moved to tears even the judges, who assuredly were not easily impressed by appeals in favor of O'Connell and his friends. Again, in 1848, he was counsel in a great state trial, his client on this occasion being Smith O'Brien. In 1851 he was returned as Member for Enniskillen. Before long he had established a position at St. Stephen's equal to that which he had so long held in his own profession.

In 1852 he became Solicitor-General, and in 1858 Attorney-General for Ireland. During this period he was still actively engaged in his profession, and in 1861 he was one of the counsel for Miss Longworth in the famous Yelverton trial.

In 1866, with the return of the Conservative party to office, Mr. Whiteside once more became Attorney-General. He held his post for but a few weeks, the resignation of Mr. Lefroy, leaving a vacancy in the Lord-Chief-Justiceship of the Queen's Bench. It was almost a necessity of his position, perhaps also of his years, that he should have accepted this office. But it added nothing to his fame, and perhaps little to his comfort. He died Nov. 25, 1876.

A tour for the benefit of his health produced ‘Italy in the Nineteenth Century’—a work sketchy, disconnected, commonplace, which, first published in 1848, passed through six editions. ‘Vicissitudes of the Eternal City’ was published in 1849. A volume of his essays and lectures, historical and literary, was published in 1869.

IN DEFENSE OF CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

I have told you what constitutes the great crime of conspiracy; it is one of combination, and it is fearfully set forth in books, so often quoted in the history of the state

trials of England, where there are terrible examples given of wrong verdicts, by which men were deprived of their liberty, their lives, and by which innocence was struck down. But, on the other hand, there were in those state trials great and glorious examples of triumphs over power, over the crown, and over kings—as in the case of Hardy on parliamentary reform, and in the case of Horne Tooke, who saved public opinion so far from being extinguished in England, and which would have been the case had not the jury interfered. In earlier days, in the days of the Second James, the seven bishops were charged with a conspiracy for asserting the opinion of freedom; but then a jury also interfered, and those bishops were acquitted, and acquitted amidst those shouts which proclaimed universal freedom. In darker periods of history—in the times of Cromwell, who usurped the monarchy and all under the sacred name of religion, yet dared not to abolish the forms of public justice, they so prevailed and subsisted—that when, in the plenitude of his power, he prosecuted for a libel, there were twelve honest men who had the courage not to pronounce the defendant guilty, thus proving that the unconquerable love of liberty still survived in the hearts of Englishmen. I will say that the true object of this unprecedented prosecution is to stifle the discussion of a great public question. Reviewed in this light, all other considerations sink into insignificance, its importance becomes vast indeed. A nation's rights are involved in the issue—a nation's liberties are at stake—that one—what preserves the precious privileges you possess? The exercise of the right of political discussion—free, untrammeled, bold. The laws which wisdom framed—the institutions struck out by patriotism, learning, or genius—can they preserve the springs of freedom fresh and pure? No; destroy the right of free discussion, and you dry up the sources of freedom. By the same means by which your liberties were won, can they be increased or defended. Do not quarrel with the partial evils free discussion creates, nor seek to contract the enjoyment of the greatest privilege within the narrow limit timid men prescribe. With the passing mischiefs of its extravagance, contrast the prodigious blessings it has heaped on man.

Free discussion aroused the human mind from the

torpor of ages—taught it to think, and shook the thrones of ignorance and darkness. Free discussion gave to Europe the Reformation, which I have been taught to believe the mightiest event in the history of the human race—illuminated the world with the radiant light of spiritual truth. May it shine with steady and increasing splendor! Free discussion gave to England the Revolution, abolished tryanny, swept away the monstrous abuses it rears, and established the liberties under which we live. Free discussion, since that glorious epoch, has not only preserved but purified our constitution, reformed our laws, reduced our punishments, and extended its wholesome influence to every portion of our political system. The spirit of inquiry it creates has revealed the secrets of nature—explained the wonders of creation, teaching the knowledge of the stupendous works of God. Arts, science, civilization, freedom, pure religion, are its noble realities. Would you undo the labors of science, extinguish literature, stop the efforts of genius, restore ignorance, bigotry, barbarism,—then put down free discussion, and you have accomplished all. Savage conquerors, in the blindness of their ignorance, have scattered and destroyed the intellectual treasures of a great antiquity. Those who make war on the sacred rights of free discussion, without their ignorance imitate their fury. They may check the expression of some thought which, if uttered, might redeem the liberties or increase the happiness of man. The insidious assailants of this great prerogative of intellectual beings, by the cover under which they advance, conceal the character of their assault upon the liberties of the human race. They seem to admit the liberty to discuss—blame only its extravagance, pronounce hollow praises on the value of freedom of speech, and straightway begin a prosecution to cripple or destroy it. The open despot avows his object is to oppress or enslave—resistance is certain to encounter his tyranny, and perhaps subvert it. Not so the artful assailant of a nation's rights—he declares friendship while he wages war, and professes affection for the thing he hates.

State prosecutions, if you believe them, are ever the fastest friends of freedom. They tell you peace is disturbed, order broken by the excesses of turbulent and seditious

demagogues. No doubt there might be a seeming peace—a deathlike stillness—by repressing the feelings and passions of men. So in the fairest portions of Europe this day, there is peace, and order, and submission, under paternal despotism, ecclesiastical and civil. That peace springs from terror, that submission from ignorance, that silence from despair. Who dares discuss, when with discussion and by discussion tyranny must perish? Compare the stillness of despotism with the healthful animation, the natural warmth, the bold language, the proud bearing, which spring from freedom, and the consciousness of its possession. Which will you prefer? Insult not the dignity of manhood by supposing that contentment of the heart can exist under despotism. There may be degrees in its severity, and so degrees in the sufferings of its victims. Terrible the dangers which lurk beneath the calm surface of despotic power. The movements of the oppressed will at times disturb the tyrant's tranquillity, and warn him, that their day of vengeance or of triumph may be nigh. But in these happy countries the very safety of the state consists in freedom of discussion. Partial evils in all systems of political governments there must be; but their worst effects are obviated when their cause is sought for, discovered, considered, discussed. Milton has taught a great political truth, in language as instructive as his sublimest verse:—“For this is not the liberty which we can hope, that no grievances ever should arise in the commonwealth—that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed—then is the utmost bound of civil liberty obtained that wise men look for.” Suffer the complaints of the Irish people to be freely heard. You want the power to have them speedily reformed. Their case to-day may be yours to-morrow. Preserve the right of free discussion as you would cling to life. Combat error with argument, misrepresentation by fact, falsehood with truth. “For who knows not,” saith the same great writer, “that truth is strong—next to the Almighty? One needs no policies nor stratagems to make her victorious—these are the shifts error uses against her power.”

If this demand for a native parliament rest on a delusion, dispel that delusion by the omnipotence of truth.

Why do you love—why do other nations honor England? Are you—are they dazzled by her naval or military glories, the splendor of her literature, her sublime discoveries in science, her boundless wealth, her almost incredible labors in every work of art and skill? No; you love her—you cling to England because she has been for ages past the seat of free discussion, and therefore, the home of rational freedom, and the hope of oppressed men throughout the world. Under the laws of England it is our happiness to live. They breathe the spirit of liberty and reason. Emulate this day the great virtues of Englishmen—their love of fairness—their immovable independence, and the sense of justice rooted in their nature—these are the virtues which qualify jurors to decide the rights of their fellow-men. Deserted by these, of what avail is the tribunal of a jury? It is worthless as the human body when the living soul has fled. Prove to the accused, from whom, perchance, you widely differ in opinion—whose liberties and fortunes are in your hands—that you are there not to persecute, but to save. Believe me, you will not secure the true interests of England by leaning too severely on your countrymen. They say to their English brethren, and with truth—We have been at your side whenever danger was to be faced or honor won. The scorching sun of the east and the pestilence of the west, we have endured to spread your commerce—to extend your empire—to uphold your glory. The bones of our countrymen whitened the fields of Portugal, of Spain, of France. Fighting your battles they fell—in a nobler cause they could not. We have helped to gather your imperishable laurels. We have helped to win your immortal triumphs. Now, in time of peace, we ask you to restore that parliament you planted here with your laws and language, uprooted in a dismal period of our history, in the moment of our terror, our divisions, our weakness, it may be our crime. Re-establish the commons on the broad foundation of the people's choice—replace the peerage, the Corinthian pillars of the capitol, secured and adorned with the strength and splendor of the crown—and let the monarch of England, as in ages past, rule a brilliant and united empire in solidity, magnificence, and power.

When the privileges of the English parliament were in-

vaded, that people took the field, struck down the ministry, and dragged their sovereign to the block. We shall not imitate English precedent, while we struggle for a parliament. That institution you prize so highly, which fosters your wealth, adds to your prosperity, and guards your freedom, was ours for six hundred years. Restore the blessing and we shall be content. This prosecution is not essential for the maintenance of the authority and prerogative of the crown. Our gracious sovereign needs not state prosecutions to secure her prerogatives or preserve her power. She has the unbought loyalty of a chivalrous and gallant people. The arm of authority she requires not to raise. The glory of her gentle reign will be—she will have ruled, not by the sword, but by the affections; that the true source of her power has been, not in terrors of the law but in the hearts of her people. Your patience is exhausted. If I have spoken suitably to the subject, I have spoken as I could have wished; but if, as you may think, deficiently, I have spoken as I could. Do you, from what has been said, and from the better arguments omitted, which may be well suggested by your manly understandings and your honest hearts, give a verdict consistent with justice, yet leaning to liberty—dictated by truth, yet inclining to the side of the accused men, struggling against the weight, and power, and influence of the crown, and prejudice more overwhelming still—a verdict undesired by any party, but to be applauded by the impartial monitor within your breasts, becoming the high spirit of Irish gentlemen, and the intrepid guardians of the rights and liberties of a free people.

LADY WILDE ("SPERANZA").

(1826—1896.)

JANE FRANCESCA ELGEE, afterward Lady Wilde, was the daughter of a Wexford clergyman, and was born in 1826. She came of an Italian family long settled in Ireland. McClure, the discoverer, was her uncle, and she was related to Maturin, the author of 'Bertram.'

In the year 1844 Charles Gavan Duffy received at *The Nation* office some verses which were signed "Speranza," with no indication of the real name of the author. From time to time other verses came from the same hand. They attracted much attention even in the pages which were then made bright by so many brilliant poets, and the verses of "Speranza" became more welcome than those of any other writer of the time. "Speranza," moreover, was not only a maker of poems, for some of the most daring, effective, and vehement prose articles of *The Nation* also came from her hand. One of the articles attributed to "Speranza's" pen was the well-known one headed 'Jacta alea est' (the die is cast), which created more sensation than anything that had previously appeared in *The Nation*, and was one of those produced on the trial of Charles Gavan Duffy. After some months of mystification, Mr. Duffy was invited to a house in Lisson Street, and there the editor of *The Nation*, brought face to face with the contributor, found to his surprise that "Speranza" was not a man but a lady in her early youth.

"Speranza" proved to be Jane Francesca Elgee, a young lady who had been brought up amid surroundings of such intense Conservatism that when the immense funeral procession that marked the admiration in which Thomas Davis was held passed by her window she did not know who that great poet was. Some time after this she got hold of *The Spirit of the Nation*, containing poems by Dalton Williams; her imagination was fired and her patriotic feelings were aroused. The passionate rhetoric of her verses, which reflected her own fearless and generous character, helped in no small degree to make *The Nation* a political force, but, as in the case of many other writers of both prose and verse, she won her true literary success in the former medium.

In 1851 Miss Elgee became the wife of Dr. Wilde, afterward Sir William Wilde, who died in 1869 in Dublin, where he had held for many years an eminent position in his profession. Lady Wilde survived her husband for over a quarter of a century, and continued to write till within a short time of her death, which occurred in 1896.

She published among her prose volumes, 'Driftwood from Scandinavia' (1884), 'Legends and Charms of Ireland' (1886), 'Social Studies' (1893), and a pamphlet on the 'Irish in America,' which attracted great attention on both sides of the Atlantic. She also published several translations of French and German works, among others 'Sidonia the Sorceress,' from the German; and a very remarkable philosophical novel from the German, entitled 'The First Temptation, or Eritis sicut Deus.' Some of her most interesting work was the gathering up of 'The Ancient Legends of Ireland.'

THE DEMON CAT.

From 'Ancient Legends of Ireland.'

There was a woman in Connemara, the wife of a fisherman; as he had always good luck, she had plenty of fish at all times stored away in the house ready for market. But, to her great annoyance, she found that a great cat used to come in at night and devour all the best and finest fish. So she kept a big stick by her, and determined to watch.

One day, as she and a woman were spinning together, the house suddenly became quite dark; and the door was burst open as if by the blast of the tempest, when in walked a huge black cat, who went straight up to the fire, then turned round and growled at them.

"Why, surely this is the devil," said a young girl, who was by, sorting fish.

"I'll teach you how to call me names," said the cat; and, jumping at her, he scratched her arm till the blood came. "There, now," he said, "you will be more civil another time when a gentleman comes to see you." And with that he walked over to the door and shut it close, to prevent any of them going out, for the poor young girl, while crying loudly from fright and pain, had made a desperate rush to get away.

Just then a man was going by, and hearing the cries, he pushed open the door and tried to get in; but the cat stood on the threshold, and would let no one pass. On this the man attacked him with his stick, and gave him a sound blow; the cat, however, was more than a match in the fight, for it flew at him and tore his face and hands so badly that the man at last took to his heels and ran away as fast as he could.

"Now, it's time for my dinner," said the cat, going up to examine the fish that was laid out on the tables. "I hope the fish is good to-day. Now, don't disturb me, nor make a fuss; I can help myself." With that he jumped up and began to devour all the best fish, while he growled at the woman.

"Away, out of this, you wicked beast," she cried, giving it a blow with the tongs that would have broken its back,

only it was a devil; “out of this; no fish shall you have to-day.”

But the cat only grinned at her, and went on tearing and spoiling and devouring the fish, evidently not a bit the worse for the blow. On this, both the women attacked it with sticks, and struck hard blows enough to kill it, on which the cat glared at them, and spit fire; then, making a leap, it tore their heads and arms till the blood came, and the frightened women rushed shrieking from the house.

But presently the mistress returned, carrying with her a bottle of holy water; and, looking in, she saw the cat still devouring the fish, and not minding. So she crept over quietly and threw holy water on it without a word. No sooner was this done than a dense black smoke filled the place, through which nothing was seen but the two red eyes of the cat, burning like coals of fire. Then the smoke gradually cleared away, and she saw the body of the creature burning slowly till it became shriveled and black like a cinder, and finally disappeared. And from that time the fish remained untouched and safe from harm, for the power of the evil one was broken, and the demon cat was seen no more.

THE HORNED WOMEN.

From ‘Ancient Legends of Ireland.’

A rich woman sat up late one night carding and preparing wool, while all the family and servants were asleep. Suddenly a knock was given at the door, and a voice called —“Open! open!”

“Who is there?” said the woman of the house.

“I am the Witch of the one Horn,” was answered.

The mistress, supposing that one of her neighbors had called and required assistance, opened the door, and a woman entered, having in her hand a pair of wool carders, and bearing a horn on her forehead, as if growing there. She sat down by the fire in silence, and began to card the wool with violent haste. Suddenly she paused, and said aloud: “Where are the women? they delay too long.”

Then a second knock came to the door, and a voice called as before, "Open! open!"

The mistress felt herself constrained to rise and open to the call, and immediately a second witch entered, having two horns on her forehead, and in her hand a wheel for spinning wool.

"Give me place," she said, "I am the Witch of the two Horns," and she began to spin as quick as lightning.

And so the knocks went on, and the call was heard, and the witches entered, until at last twelve women sat round the fire—the first with one horn, the last with twelve horns.

And they carded the thread, and turned their spinning-wheels, and wound and wove.

All sang together an ancient rhyme, but no word did they speak to the mistress of the house. Strange to hear, and frightful to look upon, were these twelve women, with their horns and their wheels; and the mistress felt near to death, and she tried to rise that she might call for help, but she could not move, nor could she utter a word or a cry, for the spell of the witches was upon her.

Then one of them called to her in Irish, and said—

"Rise, woman, and make us a cake." Then the mistress searched for a vessel to bring water from the well that she might mix the meal and make the cake, but she could find none.

And they said to her, "Take a sieve and bring water in it."

And she took the sieve and went to the well; but the water poured from it, and she could fetch none for the cake, and she sat down by the well and wept.

Then a voice came by her and said, "Take yellow clay and moss, and bind them together, and plaster the sieve so that it will hold."

This she did, and the sieve held the water for the cake; and the voice said again—

"Return, and when thou comest to the north angle of the house, cry aloud three times and say, 'The mountain of the Fenian women and the sky over it is all on fire.'"

And she did so.

When the witches inside heard the call, a great and terrible cry broke from their lips, and they rushed forth with

wild lamentations and shrieks, and fled away to Slievenamon,¹ where was their chief abode. But the Spirit of the Well bade the mistress of the house to enter and prepare her home against the enchantments of the witches if they returned again.

And first, to break their spells, she sprinkled the water in which she had washed her child's feet (the feet-water) outside the door on the threshold; secondly, she took the cake which the witches had made in her absence of meal mixed with the blood drawn from the sleeping family, and she broke the cake in bits, and placed a bit in the mouth of each sleeper, and they were restored; and she took the cloth they had woven and placed it half in and half out of the chest with the padlock; and lastly, she secured the door with a great crossbeam fastened in the jambs, so that they could not enter, and having done these things she waited.

Not long were the witches in coming back, and they raged and called for vengeance.

"Open! open!" they screamed, "open, feet-water!"

"I cannot," said the feet-water, "I am scattered on the ground, and my path is down to the Lough."

"Open, open, wood and trees and beam!" they cried to the door.

"I cannot," said the door, "for the beam is fixed in the jambs and I have no power to move."

"Open, open, cake that we have made and mingled with blood!" they cried again.

"I cannot," said the cake, "for I am broken and bruised and my blood is on the lips of the sleeping children."

Then the witches rushed through the air with great cries, and fled back to Slievenamon, uttering strange curses on the Spirit of the Well, who had wished their ruin; but the woman and the house were left in peace, and a mantle dropped by one of the witches in her flight was kept hung up by the mistress as a sign of the night's awful contest; and this mantle was in possession of the same family from generation to generation for five hundred years after.

¹ *Sliabh-na-mban*—i.e. mountains of the women.

THE PRIEST'S SOUL.

From 'Ancient Legends of Ireland.'

In former days there were great schools in Ireland, where every sort of learning was taught to the people, and even the poorest had more knowledge at that time than many a gentleman has now. But as to the priests, their learning was above all, so that the fame of Ireland went over the whole world, and many kings from foreign lands used to send their sons all the way to Ireland to be brought up in the Irish schools.

Now, at this time there was a little boy learning at one of them who was a wonder to every one for his cleverness. His parents were only laboring people, and of course poor; but young as he was, and as poor as he was, no king's or lord's son could come up to him in learning. Even the masters were put to shame; for when they were trying to teach him he would tell them something they never heard of before, and show them their ignorance. One of his great triumphs was in argument; and he would go on till he proved to you that black was white, and then when you gave in, for no one could beat him in talk, he would turn round and show you that white was black, or maybe that there was no color at all in the world. When he grew up his poor father and mother were so proud of him that they resolved to make him a priest, which they did at last, though they nearly starved themselves to get the money. Well, such another learned man was not in Ireland, and he was as great in argument as ever, so that no one could stand before him. Even the bishops tried to talk to him, but he showed them at once they knew nothing at all.

Now, there were no schoolmasters in those times, but it was the priests taught the people; and as this man was the cleverest in Ireland, all the foreign kings sent their sons to him, as long as he had house-room to give them. So he grew very proud, and began to forget how low he had been, and worst of all, even to forget God, who had made him what he was. And the pride of arguing got hold of him, so that from one thing to another he went on to prove that there was no Purgatory, and then no Hell, and

then no Heaven, and then no God; and at last that men had no souls, but were no more than a dog or a cow, and when they died there was an end of them. "Whoever saw a soul?" he would say. "If you can show me one, I will believe." No one could make any answer to this; and at last they all came to believe that as there was no other world, every one might do what they liked in this; the priest setting the example, for he took a beautiful young girl to wife. But as no priest or bishop in the whole land could be got to marry them, he was obliged to read the service over for himself. It was a great scandal, yet no one dared to say a word, for all the king's sons were on his side, and would have slaughtered any one who tried to prevent his wicked goings-on. Poor boys; they all believed in him and thought every word he said was the truth. In this way his notions began to spread about, and the whole world was going to the bad, when one night an angel came down from Heaven, and told the priest he had but twenty-four hours to live. He began to tremble, and asked for a little more time.

But the angel was stiff, and told him that could not be.

"What do you want time for, you sinner?" he asked.

"Oh, sir, have pity on my poor soul!" urged the priest.

"Oh, no! You have a soul, then," said the angel.

"Pray, how did you find that out?"

"It has been fluttering in me ever since you appeared," answered the priest. "What a fool I was not to think of it before."

"A fool, indeed," said the angel. "What good was all your learning, when it could not tell you that you had a soul?"

"Ah, my lord," said the priest, "if I am to die, tell me how soon I may be in Heaven?"

"Never," replied the angel. "You denied there was a Heaven."

"Then, my lord, may I go to Purgatory?"

"You denied Purgatory also; you must go straight to Hell," said the angel.

"But, my lord, I denied Hell also," answered the priest, "so you can't send me there either."

The angel was a little puzzled.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I can do for you.

You may either live now on earth for a hundred years, enjoying every pleasure, and then be cast into Hell forever; or you may die in twenty-four hours in the most horrible torments, and pass through Purgatory, there to remain till the Day of Judgment, if only you can find some one person that believes, and through his belief mercy will be vouchsafed to you, and your soul will be saved."

The priest did not take five minutes to make up his mind.

"I will have death in the twenty-four hours," he said, "so that my soul may be saved at last."

On this the angel gave him directions as to what he was to do, and left him.

Then immediately the priest entered the large room where all the scholars and the kings' sons were seated, and called out to them—

"Now, tell me the truth, and let none fear to contradict me; tell me what is your belief—have men souls?"

"Master," they answered, "once we believed that men had souls; but thanks to your teaching, we believe so no longer. There is no Hell, and no Heaven, and no God. This is our belief, for it is thus you taught us."

Then the priest grew pale with fear, and cried out—"Listen! I taught you a lie. There is a God, and man has an immortal soul. I believe now all I denied before."

But the shouts of laughter that rose up drowned the priest's voice, for they thought he was only trying them for argument.

"Prove it, master," they cried. "Prove it. Who has ever seen God? Who has ever seen the soul?"

And the room was stirred with their laughter.

The priest stood up to answer them, but no word could he utter. All his eloquence, all his powers of argument had gone from him; and he could do nothing but wring his hands and cry out, "There is a God! there is a God! Lord have mercy on my soul!"

And they all began to mock him! and repeat his own words that he had taught them—

"Show him to us; show us your God." And he fled from them, groaning with agony, for he saw that none believed; and how, then, could his soul be saved?

But he thought next of his wife. "She will believe," he said to himself; "women never give up God."

And he went to her; but she told him that she believed only what he taught her, and that a good wife should believe in her husband first and before and above all things in Heaven or earth.

Then despair came on him, and he rushed from the house, and began to ask every one he met if they believed. But the same answer came from one and all—"We believe only what you have taught us," for his doctrine had spread far and wide through the country.

Then he grew half mad with fear, for the hours were passing, and he flung himself down on the ground in a lonesome spot, and wept and groaned in terror, for the time was coming fast when he must die.

Just then a little child came by. "God save you kindly," said the child to him.

The priest started up.

"Do you believe in God?" he asked.

"I have come from a far country to learn about him," said the child. "Will your honor direct me to the best school they have in these parts?"

"The best school and the best teacher is close by," said the priest, and he named himself.

"Oh, not to that man," answered the child, "for I am told he denies God, and Heaven, and Hell, and even that man has no soul, because he cannot see it; but I would soon put him down."

The priest looked at him earnestly. "How?" he inquired.

"Why," said the child, "I would ask him if he believed he had life to show me his life."

"But he could not do that, my child," said the priest. "Life cannot be seen; we have it, but it is invisible."

"Then if we have life, though we cannot see it, we may also have a soul, though it is invisible," answered the child.

When the priest heard him speak these words, he fell down on his knees before him, weeping for joy, for now he knew his soul was safe; he had met one at last that believed. And he told the child his whole story—all his wickedness, and pride, and blasphemy against the great God; and how the angel had come to him, and told him of

the only way in which he could be saved, through the faith and prayers of some one that believed.

"Now, then," he said to the child, "take this penknife and strike it into my breast, and go on stabbing the flesh until you see the paleness of death on my face. Then watch—for a living thing will soar up from my body as I die, and you will then know that my soul has ascended to the presence of God. And when you see this thing, make haste and run to my school, and call on all my scholars to come and see that the soul of their master has left the body, and that all he taught them was a lie, for that there is a God who punishes sin, and a Heaven, and a Hell, and that man has an immortal soul destined for eternal happiness or misery."

"I will pray," said the child, "to have courage to do this work."

And he kneeled down and prayed. Then when he rose up he took the penknife and struck it into the priest's heart, and struck and struck again till all the flesh was lacerated; but still the priest lived, though the agony was horrible, for he could not die until the twenty-four hours had expired.

At last the agony seemed to cease, and the stillness of death settled on his face. Then the child, who was watching, saw a beautiful living creature, with four snow-white wings, mount from the dead man's body into the air and go fluttering round his head.

So he ran to bring the scholars; and when they saw it, they all knew it was the soul of their master; and they watched with wonder and awe until it passed from sight into the clouds.

And this was the first butterfly that was ever seen in Ireland; and now all men know that the butterflies are the souls of the dead, waiting for the moment when they may enter Purgatory, and so pass through torture to purification and peace.

But the schools of Ireland were quite deserted after that time, for people said, "What is the use of going so far to learn, when the wisest man in all Ireland did not know if he had a soul till he was near losing it, and was only saved at last through the simple belief of a little child?"

SEANCHAN THE BARD AND THE KING OF THE CATS.

When Seanchan, the renowned Bard, was made *Ard-Filé*, or Chief Poet of Ireland, Guaire, the king of Connaught, to do him honor, made a great feast for him and the whole Bardic Association. And all the professors and learned men went to the king's house, the great ollaves of poetry and history and music, and of the arts and sciences; and the learned, aged females, Grug and Grag and Grangait; and all the chief poets and poetesses of Ireland, an amazing number. But Guaire the king entertained them all splendidly, so that the ancient pathway to his palace is still called "The Road of the Dishes."

And each day he asked, "How fares it with my noble guests?" But they were all discontented, and wanted things he could not get for them. So he was very sorrowful, and prayed to God to be delivered from "the learned men and women, a vexatious class."

Still the feast went on for three days and three nights. And they drank and made merry. And the whole Bardic Association entertained the nobles with the choicest music and professional accomplishments.

But Seanchan sulked and would neither eat nor drink, for he was jealous of the nobles of Connaught. And when he saw how much they consumed of the best meats and wine, he declared he would taste no food till they and their servants were all sent away out of the house.

And when Guaire asked him again, "How fares my noble guest, and this great and excellent people?" Seanchan answered, "I have never had worse days, nor worse nights, nor worse dinners in my life." And he ate nothing for three whole days.

Then the king was sorely grieved that the whole Bardic Association should be feasting and drinking while Seanchan, the chief poet of Erin, was fasting and weak. So he sent his favorite serving-man, a person of mild manners and cleanliness, to offer special dishes to the bard.

"Take them away," said Seanchan; "I'll have none of them."

"And why, O Royal Bard?" asked the servitor.

"Because thou art an uncomely youth," answered Sean-

chan. "Thy grandfather was chip-nailed—I have seen him; I shall eat no food from thy hands."

Then the king called a beautiful maiden to him, his foster-daughter, and said, "Lady, bring thou this wheaten cake and this dish of salmon to the illustrious poet, and serve him thyself." So the maiden went.

But when Seanchan saw her he asked: "Who sent thee hither, and why hast thou brought me food?"

"My Lord the king sent me, O Royal Bard," she answered, "because I am comely to look upon, and he bade me serve thee with food myself."

"Take it away," said Seanchan, "thou art an unseemly girl, I know of none more ugly. I have seen thy grandmother; she sat on a wall one day and pointed out the way with her hand to some traveling lepers. How could I touch thy food?" So the maiden went away in sorrow.

And then Guaire the king was indeed angry, and he exclaimed, "My malediction on the mouth that uttered that! May the kiss of a leper be on Seanchan's lips before he dies!"

Now there was a young serving-girl there, and she said to Seanchan, "There is a hen's egg in the place, my lord; may I bring it to thee, O Chief Bard?"

"It will suffice," said Seanchan; "bring it that I may eat."

But when she went to look for it, behold the egg was gone.

"Thou hast eaten it," said the bard, in wrath.

"Not so, my lord," she answered; "but the mice, the nimble race, have carried it away."

"Then I will satirize them in a poem," said Seanchan; and forthwith he chanted so bitter a satire against them that ten mice fell dead at once in his presence.

"T is well," said Seanchan; "but the cat is the one most to blame, for it was her duty to suppress the mice. Therefore I shall satirize the tribe of the cats, and their chief lord, Irusan, son of Arusan; for I know where he lives with his wife Spit-fire, and his daughter Sharp-tooth, with her brothers the Purrer and the Growler. But I shall begin with Irusan himself, for he is king, and answerable for all the cats."

And he said: "Irusan, monster of claws, who strikes

at the mouse but lets it go; weakest of cats. The otter did well who bit off the tips of thy progenitor's ears, so that every cat since is jagged-eared. Let thy tail hang down; it is right, for the mouse jeers at thee."

Now Irusan heard these words in his cave, and he said to his daughter Sharp-tooth: "Seanchan has satirized me, but I will be avenged."

"Nay, father," she said, "bring him here alive that we may all take our revenge."

"I shall go then and bring him," said Irusan; "so send thy brothers after me."

Now when it was told to Seanchan that the King of the Cats was on his way to come and kill him, he was timorous, and besought Guaire and all the nobles to stand by and protect him. And before long a vibrating, impressive, impetuous sound was heard like a raging tempest of fire in full blaze. And when the cat appeared he seemed to them of the size of a bullock; and this was his appearance—rapacious, panting, jagged-eared, snub-nosed, sharp-toothed, nimble, angry, vindictive, glare-eyed, terrible, sharp-clawed. Such was his similitude. But he passed on amongst them, not minding till he came to Seanchan; and him he seized by the arm and jerked him upon his back, and made off the way he came before any one could touch him; for he had no other object in view but to get hold of the poet.

Now Seanchan, being in evil plight, had recourse to flattery. "O Irusan," he exclaimed, "how truly splendid thou art: such running, such leaps, such strength, and such agility! But what evil have I done, O Irusan, son of Arusan? spare me, I entreat. I invoke the saints between thee and me, O great King of the Cats."

But not a bit did the cat let go his hold for all this fine talk, but went straight on to Clonmacnoise, where there was a forge; and St. Kieran happened to be there standing at the door.

"What!" exclaimed the saint; "is that the Chief Bard of Erin on the back of a cat? Has Guaire's hospitality ended in this?" And he ran for a red-hot bar of iron that was in the furnace, and struck the cat on the side with it, so that the iron passed through him, and he fell down lifeless.

"Now my curse on the hand that gave that blow!" said the bard, when he got upon his feet.

"And wherefore?" asked St. Kieran.

"Because," answered Seanchan, "I would rather Irusan had killed me, and eaten me every bit, that so I might bring disgrace on Guaire for the bad food he gave me; for it was all owing to his wretched dinners that I got into this plight."

And when all the other kings heard of Seanchan's misfortunes, they sent to beg he would visit their courts. But he would have neither kiss nor welcome from them, and went on his way to the bardic mansion, where the best of good living was always to be had. And ever after the kings were afraid to offend Seanchan.

So long as he lived he had the chief place at the feast, and all the nobles there were made to sit below him, and Seanchan was content. And in time he and Guaire were reconciled; and Seanchan and all the ollaves, and the whole Bardic Association, were feasted by the king for thirty days in noble style, and had the choicest of viands and the best of French wines to drink, served in goblets of silver. And in return for his splendid hospitality the Bardic Association decreed unanimously a vote of thanks to the king. And they praised him in poems as "Guaire the Generous," by which name he was ever after known in history, for the words of the poet are immortal.

THE BLACK LAMB.

It is a custom amongst the people, when throwing away water at night, to cry out in a loud voice, "Take care of the water;" or literally, from the Irish, "Away with yourself from the water"—for they say that the spirits of the dead last buried are then wandering about, and it would be dangerous if the water fell on them.

One dark night a woman suddenly threw out a pail of boiling water without thinking of the warning words. Instantly a cry was heard, as of a person in pain, but no one was seen. However, the next night a black lamb entered the house, having the back all fresh scalded, and it

lay down moaning by the hearth and died. Then they all knew that this was the spirit that had been scalded by the woman, and they carried the dead lamb out reverently, and buried it deep in the earth. Yet every night at the same hour it walked again into the house, and lay down, moaned, and died; and after this had happened many times, the priest was sent for, and finally, by the strength of his exorcism, the spirit of the dead was laid to rest; the black lamb appeared no more. Neither was the body of the dead lamb found in the grave when they searched for it; though it had been laid by their own hands deep in the earth, and covered with clay.

THE EXODUS.

“A million a decade!” Calmly and cold
 The units are read by our statesmen sage;
 Little they think of a nation old,
 Fading away from history’s page;
 Outcast weeds by a desolate sea—
 Fallen leaves of humanity.

“A million a decade!”—of human wrecks,
 Corpses lying in fever sheds—
 Corpses huddled on foundering decks,
 And shroudless dead on their rocky beds;
 Nerve and muscle, and heart and brain,
 Lost to Ireland—lost in vain.

“A million a decade!” Count ten by ten,
 Column and line of the record fair;
 Each unit stands for ten thousand men,
 Staring with blank, dead eye-balls there;
 Strewn like blasted trees on the sod,
 Men that were made in the image of God.

“A million a decade!”—and nothing done;
 The Cæsars had less to conquer a world;
 And the war for the right not yet begun,
 The banner of freedom not yet unfurled:
 The soil is fed by the weed that dies;
 If forest leaves fall, yet they fertilize.

But ye—dead, dead, not climbing the height,
Not clearing a path for the future to tread;
Not opening the golden portals of light,
Ere the gate was choked by your piled-up dead:
Martyrs ye, yet never a name
Shines on the golden roll of fame.

Had ye rent one gyve of the festering chain,
Strangling the life of the nation's soul;
Poured your life-blood by river and plain,
Yet touched with your dead hand freedom's goal;
Left of heroes one footprint more
On our soil, tho' stamped in your gore—

We could triumph while mourning the brave,
Dead for all that was holy and just,
And write, through our tears, on the grave,
As we flung down the dust to dust—
“They died for their country, but led
Her up from the sleep of the dead.”

“A million a decade!” What does it mean?
A nation dying of inner decay—
A churchyard silence where life has been—
The base of the pyramid crumbling away:
A drift of men gone over the sea,
A drift of the dead where men should be.

Was it for this ye plighted your word,
Crowned and crownless rulers of men.
Have ye kept faith with your crucified Lord,
And fed his sheep till he comes again?
Or fled like hireling shepherds away,
Leaving the fold the gaunt wolf's prey?

Have ye given of your purple to cover,
Have ye given of your gold to cheer,
Have ye given of your love, as a lover
Might cherish the bride he held dear,
Broken the sacrament-bread to feed
Souls and bodies in uttermost need?

Ye stand at the judgment-bar to-day—
The angels are counting the dead-roll, too;
Have ye trod in the pure and perfect way,
And ruled for God as the crowned should do?
Count our dead—before angels and men,
Ye're judged and doomed by the statist's pen.

RELATED SOULS.

Between us may roll the severing ocean
 That girdles the land where the red suns set,
 But the spell and thrill of that strange emotion
 Which touched us once is upon us yet.
 Ever your soul shadows mine, o'erleaning
 The deepest depths of my inmost thought;
 And still on my heart comes back the meaning
 Of all your eloquent lips have taught.
 Time was not made for spirits like ours,
 Nor the changing light of the changing hours;
 For the life eternal still lies below
 The drifted leaves and the fallen snow.

Chords struck clear from our human nature
 Will vibrate still to that past delight
 When our genius sprang to its highest stature,
 And we walked like gods on the spirit-height.
 Can we forget—while these memories waken,
 Like golden strings 'neath the player's hands,
 Or as palms that quiver, by night-winds shaken,
 Warm with the breath of the perfumed lands?
 Philosophy lifted her torch on high,
 And we read the deep things of the spirit thereby,
 And I stood in the strength your teaching gave,
 As under Truth's mighty architrave.

Royally crowned were those moments of feeling,
 Or sad with the softness of twilight skies,
 While silent tears came mournfully stealing
 Up through the purple depths of our eyes!
 I think of you now—while ocean is dashing
 The foam in a thunder of silver spray,
 And the glittering gleams of the white oars flashing
 Die in the sunset flush of the day.
 For all things beautiful, free, divine,
 The music that floats through the waving pine,
 The starry night, or the infinite sea,
 Speak with the breath of your spirit to me.

All my soul's unfulfilled aspiration—
 Founts that flow from eternal streams—
 Awoke to life, like a new creation,
 In the paradise light of your glowing dreams.

As gold refined in a threefold fire,
 As the Talith robe of the sainted dead,
 Were the pure, high aims of our hearts' desire,
 The words we uttered, the thoughts half said.
 We spoke of the grave with a voice unmoved,
 Of love that could die as a thing disproved,
 And we poured the rich wine, and drank, at our pleasure,
 Of the higher life, without stint or measure.

Time fled onward without our noting,
 Soft as the fall of the summer rain,
 While thoughts in starry cascades came floating
 Down from the living fount of the brain.
 Yet—better apart! Without human aidance
 I cross the River of Life and Fate—
 Wake me no more with that voice, whose cadence
 Could lure me back from the Golden Gate;
 For my spirit would answer your spirit's call,
 Though life lay hid where the death-shadows fall,
 And the mystic joys of the world unseen
 Would be less to me than the days that have been.

Life may be fair in that new existence
 Where saints are crowned and the saved rejoice,
 But over the depth of the infinite distance
 I'll lean and listen to hear your voice.
 For never on earth, though the tempest rages,
 And never in heaven, if God be just,
 Never through all the unnumbered ages
 Can souls be parted that love and trust.
 Wait—there are worlds diviner than this,
 Worlds of splendor, of knowledge, and bliss!
 Across the death-river—the victory won—
 We shall meet in the light of a changeless sun.

TO IRELAND.

My country, wounded to the heart,
 Could I but flash along thy soul
 Electric power to rive apart
 The thunder-clouds that round thee roll,
 And, by my burning words, uplift
 Thy life from out Death's icy drift,
 Till the full splendors of our age
 Shone round thee for thy heritage—

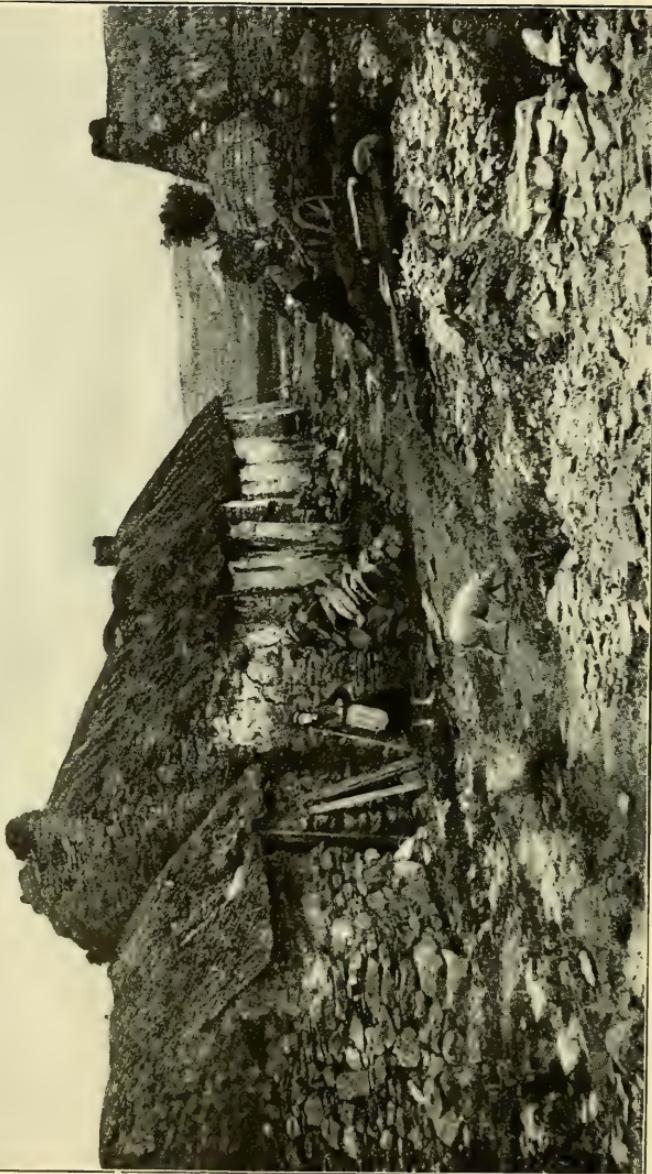
As Miriam's, by the Red Sea strand
 Clashing proud cymbals, so my hand
 Would strike thy harp,
 Loved Ireland!

She flung her triumphs to the stars
 In glorious chants for freedom won,
 While over Pharaoh's gilded cars
 The fierce, death-bearing waves rolled on;
 I can but look in God's great face,
 And pray him for our fated race,
 To come in Sinai thunders down,
 And, with his mystic radiance, crown
 Some prophet-leader, with command
 To break the strength of Egypt's band,
 And set thee free,
 Loved Ireland!

New energies, from higher source,
 Must make the strong life-currents flow,
 As Alpine glaciers in their course
 Stir the deep torrents 'neath the snow.
 The woman's voice dies in the strife
 Of Liberty's awakening life;
 We wait the hero heart to lead,
 The hero, who can guide at need,
 And strike with bolder, stronger hand,
 Though towering hosts his path withstand,
 Thy golden harp,
 Loved Ireland!

For I can breathe no trumpet call,
 To make the slumbering soul arise;
 I only lift the funeral-pall,
 That so God's light might touch thine eyes,
 And ring the silver prayer-bell clear,
 To rouse thee from thy trance of fear;
 Yet, if thy mighty heart has stirred,
 Even with one pulse-throb at my word,
 Then not in vain my woman's hand
 Has struck the gold harp while I stand,
 Waiting thy rise,
 Loved Ireland!

FAMINE SCENE IN IRELAND



THE FAMINE YEAR.

Weary men, what reap ye?—"Golden corn for the stranger."
What sow ye?—"Human corses that await for the Avenger."
Fainting forms, all hunger-stricken, what see you in the
offing?

"Stately ships to bear our food away amid the stranger's
scorning."

There's a proud array of soldiers—what do they round your
door?

"They guard our master's granaries from the thin hands of the
poor."

Pale mothers, wherefore weeping?—"Would to God that we
were dead—

Our children swoon before us, and we cannot give them
bread!"

Little children, tears are strange upon your infant faces,
God meant you but to smile within your mother's soft em-
braces.

"Oh! we know not what is smiling, and we know not what is
dying;

But we're hungry, very hungry, and we cannot stop our
crying;

And some of us grow cold and white—we know not what it
means.

But as they lie beside us we tremble in our dreams."

There's a gaunt crowd on the highway—are ye come to pray
to man,

With hollow eyes that cannot weep, and for words your faces
wan?

"No; the blood is dead within our veins; we care not now for
life;

Let us die hid in the ditches, far from children and from wife;
We cannot stay to listen to their raving, famished cries—

Bread! Bread! Bread!—and none to still their agonies.

We left an infant playing with her dead mother's hand:

We left a maiden maddened by the fever's scorching brand:"

Better, maiden, thou wert strangled in thy own dark-twisted
tresses!

Better, infant, thou wert smothered in thy mother's first
caresses.

"We are fainting in our misery, but God will hear our groan;
Yea, if fellow-men desert us, He will hearken from His throne!

Accursed are we in our own land, yet toil we still and toil;
But the stranger reaps our harvest—the alien owns our soil.
O Christ, how have we sinned, that on our native plains
We perish, houseless, naked, starved, with branded brow, like
Cain's?

Dying, dying wearily, with a torture sure and slow—
Dying as a dog would die, by the wayside as we go.

“One by one they're falling round us, their pale faces to the
sky;

We've no strength left to dig them graves—there let them lie.
The wild bird, when he's stricken, is mournèd by the others,
But we, we die in Christian land—we die amid our brothers—
In the land which God has given—like a wild beast in his
cave,

Without a tear, a prayer, a shroud, a coffin, or a grave.
Ha! but think ye the contortions on each dead face ye see,
Shall not be read on judgment-day by the eyes of Deity?

“We are wretches, famished, scorned, human tools to build
your pride,

But God will yet take vengeance for the souls for whom Christ
died.

Now is your hour of pleasure, bask ye in the world's caress;
But our whitening bones against ye will arise as witnesses,
From the cabins and the ditches, in their charred, uncoffined
masses,

For the ANGEL OF THE TRUMPET will know them as he passes.
A ghastly, spectral army before great God we'll stand
And arraign ye as our murderers, O spoilers of our land!”

OSCAR WILDE.

(1856—1900.)

OSCAR FINGAL O'FLAHERTIE WILLS WILDE was born in Dublin, in 1856. He was the son of Sir Wm. Wilde and J. Francesca Elgee—Lady Wilde (*q.v.*). He was educated at Enniskillen and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he won the Berkeley gold medal with an essay on the Greek comic poets. He afterward went to Oxford and was graduated there in 1878.

On leaving college he plunged into the vortex of London society, posed as the apostle of culture, established for himself a reputation as a wit, and by the charm of his conversation attracted to him the brightest spirits of his time.

At this period he contributed poems to *The Month*, *The Catholic Mirror*, *The Irish Monthly*, *Kottabos*, and to *Time*. These poems were collected and published in a volume in 1882.

His affectations and mannerisms caused him to be caricatured in *Punch*, good-humoredly rallied in all the public prints, and satirized in a comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan entitled *Patience*, of which he was the central figure, as the poet Bunthorne.

His fame soon spread to the United States, and in 1882 he came here on a lecturing tour. On arriving he sent a characteristic cablegram to England saying that he was "disappointed with the Atlantic," and that the American and English people had everything in common "except, of course, language."

He married in 1884 the daughter of Horace Lloyd, LL.D., Q.C., and for some time thenceforward was busily occupied in literature. He wrote two original and very successful volumes of fairy tales, 'The Happy Prince' and 'A House of Pomegranates,' two stories entitled 'Lord Arthur Savile's Crime' and 'The Picture of Dorian Gray,' and published a volume of essays entitled 'Intentions.' The stage next attracted his attention, and some of his tragedies and comedies were highly successful. Among the latter may be mentioned 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' 'An Ideal Husband,' 'A Woman of No Importance,' and 'The Importance of Being in Earnest.'

The closing years of his career were dark and sorrowful indeed. He became involved in the meshes of the law, and was condemned to a term of imprisonment. On his release he went to live in France, and died there in the year 1900. Soon after his release he published the ballad of 'Reading Gaol,' which has been characterized by a competent critic as second only, in weird power, to Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner.' He was, as the late William E. Henley once said, "the sketch of a great man." As a wit and a dramatist he is worthy to be compared to that other Irishman of genius, William Congreve.

LIFE, ART, AND NATURE.

From 'The Decay of Lying.'

Vivian. Paradox though it may seem—and paradoxes are always dangerous things—it is none the less true that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life. We have all seen in our own day in England how a certain curious and fascinating type of beauty, invented and emphasized by two imaginative painters, has so influenced Life that whenever one goes to a private view or to an artistic salon one sees, here the mystic eyes of Rossetti's dream, the long ivory throat, the strange square-cut jaw, the loosened shadowy hair that he so ardently loved, there the sweet maidenhood of "The Golden Stair," the blossom-like mouth and weary loveliness of the "Laus Amoris," the passion-pale face of Andromeda, the thin hands and lithe beauty of the Vivien in "Merlin's Dream." And it has always been so. A great artist invents a type, and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in a popular form, like an enterprising publisher. Neither Holbein nor Vandyck found in England what they had given us. They brought their types with them, and Life with her keen imitative faculty set herself to supply the master with models.

The Greeks, with their quick artistic instinct, understood this, and set in the bride's chamber the statue of Hermes or of Apollo, that she might bear children as lovely as the works of art that she looked at in her rapture or her pain. They knew that Life gains from Art not merely spirituality, depth of thought and feeling, soul-turmoil or soul-peace, but that she can form herself on the very lines and colors of Art, and can reproduce the dignity of Pheidias as well as the grace of Praxiteles. Hence came their objection to realism. They disliked it on purely social grounds. They felt that it inevitably makes people ugly, and they were perfectly right. We try to improve the conditions of the race by means of good air, free sunlight, wholesome water, and hideous bare buildings for the better housing of the lower orders. But these things merely produce health, they do not produce beauty. For this, Art is required, and the true disciples of the great artist are not his studio-imitators, but those who

become like his works of art, be they plastic as in Greek days, or pictorial as in modern times: in a word, Life is Art's best, Art's only pupil.

As it is with the visible arts, so it is with literature. The most obvious and the vulgarest form in which this is shown is in the case of the silly boys who, after reading the adventures of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin, pillage the stalls of unfortunate applewomen, break into sweet-shops at night, and alarm old gentlemen who are returning home from the city by leaping out on them in suburban lanes, with black masks and unloaded revolvers. This interesting phenomenon, which always occurs after the appearance of a new edition of either of the books I have alluded to, is usually attributed to the influence of literature on the imagination. But this is a mistake. The imagination is essentially creative, and always seeks for a new form. The boy-burglar is simply the inevitable result of life's imitative instinct. He is Fact, occupied as Fact usually is, with trying to reproduce Fiction, and what we see in him is repeated on an extended scale throughout the whole of life.

Schopenhauer has analyzed that pessimism that characterizes modern thought, but Hamlet invented it. The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy. The Nihilist, that strange martyr who has no faith, who goes to the stake without enthusiasm, and dies for what he does not believe in, is a purely literary product. He was invented by Tourgueniev, and completed by Dostoeffski. Robespierre came out of the pages of Rousseau as surely as the People's Palace rose out of the *débris* of a novel. Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but molds it to its purpose. The nineteenth century, as we know it, is largely an invention of Balzac. Our Luciens de Rubempré, our Rastignacs, and De Marsays made their first appearance on the stage of the *Comédie Humaine*. We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy or creative vision of a great novelist. I once asked a lady who knew Thackeray intimately, whether he had any model for Becky Sharp. She told me that Becky was an invention, but that the idea of the character had been partly suggested by a governess who lived in the neighborhood of

Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very selfish and rich old woman. I inquired what became of the governess, and she replied that, oddly enough, some years after the appearance of ‘Vanity Fair,’ she ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a short time made a great splash in society, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley’s style, and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley’s methods. Ultimately she came to grief, disappeared to the Continent, and used to be occasionally seen at Monte Carlo and other gambling places.

The noble gentleman from whom the same great sentimentalist drew Colonel Newcome died, a few months after ‘The Newcomes’ had reached a fourth edition, with the word “Adsum” on his lips. Shortly after Mr. Stevenson published his curious psychological story of transformation, a friend of mine, called Mr. Hyde, was in the north of London, and being anxious to get to a railway station, took what he thought would be a short cut, lost his way, and found himself in a network of mean, evil-looking streets. Feeling rather nervous, he began to walk extremely fast, when suddenly out of an archway ran a child right between his legs. It fell on the pavement, he tripped over it, and trampled upon it. Being of course very much frightened and a little hurt, it began to scream, and in a few seconds the whole street was full of rough people who came pouring out of the houses like ants. They surrounded him, and asked him his name. He was just about to give it when he suddenly remembered the opening incident in Mr. Stevenson’s story. He was so filled with horror at having realized in his own person that terrible and well written scene, and at having done accidentally, though in fact, what the Mr. Hyde of fiction had done with deliberate intent, that he ran away as hard as he could go. He was, however, very closely followed, and finally he took refuge in a surgery, the door of which happened to be open, where he explained to a young assistant, who happened to be there, exactly what had occurred. The humanitarian crowd were induced to go away on his giving them a small sum of money, and as soon as the coast was clear he left. As he passed out, the name on the brass door-plate of the surgery caught his eye. It was “Jekyll.” At least it should have been.

Here the imitation, as far as it went, was of course accidental. In the following case the imitation was self-conscious. In the year 1879, just after I had left Oxford, I met at a reception at the house of one of the Foreign Ministers a woman of very curious exotic beauty. We became great friends, and were constantly together. And yet what interested me most in her was not her beauty, but her character, her entire vagueness of character. She seemed to have no personality at all, but simply the possibility of many types. Sometimes she would give herself up entirely to Art, turn her drawing-room into a studio, and spend two or three days a week at picture-galleries or museums. Then she would take to attending race-meetings, wear the most horsey clothes, and talk about nothing but betting. She abandoned religion for mesmerism, mesmerism for politics, and politics for the melodramatic excitements of philanthropy. In fact, she was a kind of Proteus, and as much a failure in all her transformations as was that wondrous sea-god when Odysseus laid hold of him. One day a serial began in one of the French magazines. At that time I used to read serial stories, and I well remember the shock of surprise I felt when I came to the description of the heroine. She was so like my friend that I brought her the magazine, and she recognized herself in it immediately, and seemed fascinated by the resemblance.

I should tell you, by the way, that the story was translated from some dead Russian writer, so that the author had not taken his type from my friend. Well, to put the matter briefly, some months afterwards I was in Venice, and finding the magazine in the reading-room of the hotel, I took it up casually to see what had become of the heroine. It was a most piteous tale, as the girl had ended by running away with a man absolutely inferior to her, not merely in social station, but in character and intellect also. I wrote to my friend that evening about my views on John Bellini, and the admirable ices at Florio's, and the artistic value of gondolas, but added a postscript to the effect that her double in the story had behaved in a very silly manner. I don't know why I added that, but I remember I had a sort of dread over me that she might do the same thing. Before my letter had reached her, she had

run away with a man who deserted her in six months. I saw her in 1884 in Paris, where she was living with her mother, and I asked her whether the story had had anything to do with her action. She told me that she had felt an absolute irresistible impulse to follow the heroine step by step in her strange and fatal progress, and that it was with a feeling of real terror that she had looked forward to the last few chapters of the story. When they appeared, it seemed to her that she was compelled to reproduce them in life, and she did so. It was a most clear example of this imitative instinct of which I was speaking, and an extremely tragic one.

However, I do not wish to dwell any further upon individual instances. Personal experience is a most vicious and limited circle. All that I desire to point out is the general principle that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life, and I feel sure that if you think seriously about it you will find that it is true. Life holds the mirror up to Art, and either reproduces some strange type imagined by painter or sculptor, or realizes in fact what has been dreamed in fiction. Scientifically speaking, the basis of life—the energy of life, as Aristotle would call it—is simply the desire for expression, and Art is always presenting various forms through which this expression can be attained. Life seizes on them and uses them, even if they be to her own hurt. Young men have committed suicide because Rolla did so, have died by their own hand because by his own hand Werther died.

Cyril. The theory is certainly a very curious one, but to make it complete you must show that Nature, no less than Life, is an imitation of Art. Are you prepared to prove that?

Vivian. Certainly. Where, if not from the Impressionists, do we get those wonderful brown fogs that come creeping down our streets, blurring the gas-lamps and changing the houses into monstrous shadows? To whom, if not to them and their master, do we owe the lovely silver mists that brood over our river, and turn to faint forms of fading grace curved bridge and swaying barge? The extraordinary change that has taken place in the climate of London during the last ten years is entirely due to this particular school of Art. You smile. Consider the matter

from a scientific or a metaphysical point of view, and you will find that I am right. For what is Nature? Nature is no great mother who has borne us. She is our creation. It is in our brain that she quickens to life. Things are because we see them, and what we see, and how we see it, depends on the Arts that have influenced us. To look at a thing is very different from seeing a thing. One does not see anything until one sees its beauty. Then, and then only, does it come into existence. At present, people see fogs, not because there are fogs, but because poets and painters have taught them the mysterious loveliness of such effects. There may have been fogs for centuries in London. I dare say there were. But no one saw them, and so we do not know anything about them. They did not exist until Art had invented them. Now, it must be admitted, fogs are carried to excess. They have become the mere mannerism of a clique, and the exaggerated realism of their method gives dull people bronchitis. Where the cultured catch an effect, the uncultured catch cold. And so, let us be humane, and invite Art to turn her wonderful eyes elsewhere. She has done so already, indeed. That white quivering sunlight that one sees now in France, with its strange blotches of mauve, and its restless violet shadows, is her latest fancy, and, on the whole, Nature produces it quite admirably.

Where she used to give us Corots and Daubignys, she gives us now exquisite Monets and entrancing Pisaros. Indeed there are moments, rare, it is true, but still to be observed from time to time, when Nature becomes absolutely modern. Of course she is not always to be relied upon. The fact is that she is in this unfortunate position. Art creates an incomparable and unique effect, and, having done so, passes on to other things. Nature, upon the other hand, forgetting that imitation can be made the sincerest form of insult, keeps on repeating this effect until we all become absolutely wearied of it. Nobody of any real culture, for instance, ever talks nowadays about the beauty of the sunset. Sunsets are quite old-fashioned. They belong to the time when Turner was the last note in Art. To admire them is a distinct sign of provincialism of temperament. Upon the other hand, they go on. Yesterday evening Mrs. Arundel insisted on my going to the win-

dow, and looking at the glorious sky, as she called it. Of course, I had to look at it. She is one of those absurdly pretty Philistines, to whom one can deny nothing. And what was it? It was simply a very second-rate Turner, a Turner of a bad period, with all the Painter's worst faults exaggerated and over-emphasized. Of course, I am quite ready to admit that Life very often commits the same error. She produces her false Renés and her sham Vautrins, just as Nature gives us, on one day a doubtful Cuyp, and on another a more than questionable Rousseau. Still, Nature irritates one more when she does things of that kind. It seems so stupid, so obvious, so unnecessary. A false Vautrin might be delightful. A doubtful Cuyp is unbearable. However, I don't want to be too hard on Nature. I wish the Channel, especially at Hastings, did not look quite so often like a Henry Moore, gray pearl with yellow lights, but then, when Art is more varied, Nature will, no doubt, be more varied also. That she imitates Art, I don't think even her worst enemy would deny now. It is the one thing that keeps her in touch with civilized man.

THE SELFISH GIANT.

From 'The Happy Prince, and Other Tales.'

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the spring-time broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and

he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board.

TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
PROSECUTED.

He was a very selfish Giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her great white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in gray, and his breath was like ice.

"I cannot understand why the spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always Winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the giant; and he jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the tree and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the

Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and then I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they all ran away. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant stole up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-bye.

"But where is your little companion?" he said, "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here to-morrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The Giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge armchair, and watched the children at their games,

and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said, "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?" For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

And the child smiled on the Giant, and said to him, "You let me play once in your garden, to-day you shall come with me to my garden, which is Paradise."

And when the children ran in that afternoon, they found the Giant lying dead under the tree, all covered with white blossoms.

AVE IMPERATRIX.

Set in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! What shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
 Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
 And through its heart of crystal pass,
 Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
 The long white-crested waves of fight,
 And all the deadly fires which are
 The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
 The treacherous Russian knows so well,
 With gaping blackened jaws are seen
 To leap through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
 Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
 To battle with the storm that mars
 The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
 Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
 And the high steeps of Indian snows
 Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief who lies
 Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,
 Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
 When on the mountain-side he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
 To tell how he hath heard afar
 The measured roll of English drums
 Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
 Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
 England with bare and bloody feet
 Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
 Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
 Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
 Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
 Bokhara, where red lilies blow,

And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go;

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermillion;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat,

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain—
Some tarnished epaulette—some sword—
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
 And others in the seas which are
 The portals to the East, or by
 The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
 O silence of the sunless day!
 O still ravine! O stormy deep!
 Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And those whose wounds are never healed,
 Whose weary race is never won,
 O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
 For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
 Change thy glad song to song of pain;
 Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
 And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
 Possess the flower of English land—
 Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
 Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
 The whole round world with nets of gold,
 If hidden in our heart is found
 That care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
 Pine-forest like, on every main?
 Ruin and wreck are at our side,
 Grim warders of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
 Where is our English chivalry?
 Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
 And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
 What word of love can dead lips send?
 O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
 Is this the end? Is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
 To vex their solemn slumber so;

Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go.

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchman shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

APOLOGIA.

Is it thy will that I should wax and wane,
Barter my cloth of gold for hodden gray,
And at thy pleasure weave that web of pain
Whose brightest threads are each a wasted day?

Is it thy will—Love that I love so well—
That my Soul's House should be a tortured spot
Wherein, like evil paramours, must dwell
The quenchless flame, the worm that dieth not?

Nay, if it be thy will I shall endure,
And sell ambition at the common mart,
And let dull failure be my vestiture,
And sorrow dig its grave within my heart.

Perchance it may be better so—at least
I have not made my heart a heart of stone,
Nor starved my boyhood of its goodly feast,
Nor walked where Beauty is a thing unknown.

Many a man hath done so; sought to fence
In straitened bonds the soul that should be free,
Trodden the dusty road of common sense,
While all the forest sang of liberty.

Not marking how the spotted hawk in flight
Passed on wide pinion through the lofty air,
To where the steep untrodden mountain height
Caught the last tresses of the Sun God's hair.

Or how the little flower he trod upon,
The daisy, that white-feathered shield of gold,
Followed with wistful eyes the wandering sun,
Content if once its leaves were aureoled.

But surely it is something to have been
 The best belovèd for a little while,
 To have walked hand in hand with Love, and seen
 His purple wings flit once across thy smile.

Ay! though the gorged asp of passion feed
 On my boy's heart, yet have I burst the bars,
 Stood face to face with Beauty, known indeed
 The Love which moves the Sun and all the stars!

FABIEN DEI FRANCHI.

The silent room, the heavy creeping shade,
 The dead that travel fast, the opening door,
 The murdered brother rising through the floor,
 The ghost's white fingers on thy shoulders laid,
 And then the lonely duel in the glade,
 The broken swords, the stifled scream, the gore,
 Thy grand revengeful eyes when all is o'er,—
 These things are well enough,—but thou wert made
 For more august creation! frenzied Lear
 Should at thy bidding wander on the heath
 With the shrill fool to mock him, Romeo
 For thee should lure his love, and desperate fear
 Pluck Richard's recreant dagger from its sheath—
 Thou trumpet set for Shakespeare's lips to blow!

HER VOICE.

The wild bee reels from bough to bough
 With his fury coat and his gauzy wing,
 Now in a lily-cup, and now
 Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
 In his wandering;
 Sit closer love: it was here I trow
 I made that vow,

Swore that two lives should be like one
 As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
 As long as the sun-flower sought the sun,—
 It shall be, as I said, for eternity
 'T wixt you and me!
 Dear friend, those times are over and done,
 Love's web is spun.

Look upward where the poplar trees
 Sway in the summer air,
 Here in the valley never a breeze
 Scatters the thistledown, but there
 Great winds blow fair
 From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
 And the wave-lashed leas.

Look upward where the white gull screams,
 What does it see that we do not see?
 Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
 On some outward voyaging argosy,—
 Ah! can it be
 We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!
 How sad it seems.

Sweet, there is nothing left to say
 But this, that love is never lost,
 Keen winter stabs the breasts of May
 Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
 Ships tempest-tossed
 Will find a harbor in some bay,
 And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do
 But to kiss once again, and part,
 Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
 I have my beauty,—you your Art,
 Nay, do not start,
 One world was not enough for two
 Like me and you.

AMOR INTELLECTUALIS.

Oft have we trod the vales of Castaly
 And heard sweet notes of sylvan music blown
 From antique reeds to common folk unknown:
 And often launched our bark upon that sea
 Which the nine Muses hold in empery,
 And plowed free furrows through the wave and foam
 Nor spread reluctant sail for more safe home
 Till we had freighted well our argosy.
 Of which despoiled treasures these remain,
 Sordello's passion, and the honeyed line

Of young Endymion, lordly Tamburlaine
Driving his pampered jades, and more than these,
The seven-fold vision of the Florentine,
And grave-browed Milton's solemn harmonies.

HELAS!

To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?—
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God;
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance—
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

(1789—1847.)

RICHARD HENRY WILDE was born in Dublin, Sept. 24, 1789. When eight years old his parents came to Baltimore, where he received his early education. His father died in 1802, and Richard removed with his mother to Augusta, Georgia, for the purpose of completing his studies for the law. In 1815 he was called to the bar, and he early attained to the position of Attorney-General for the State of Georgia. Mr. Wilde was an accomplished linguist, and contributed translations from Spanish, French, and Italian poets to *the Southern Review* and other leading periodicals.

Mr. Wilde was three times elected member of Congress for Georgia, and distinguished himself by his clear views, sound judgment, and eloquence as a speaker. In the latter part of 1845 he went to Europe for literary research and the gratification of his classic tastes. He traveled through England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, but spent the greater portion of his time in the beautiful city of Florence. Here he was engaged in examining the secret archives of the city by permission of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It was owing to his research that the fresco portrait of Dante, by Giotto, was discovered, coated over with whitewash, on the wall of the Bargello at Florence.

In 1840 the fruit of his labors appeared in ‘Conjectures and Researches concerning the Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso.’ This work was well received by the critics, and bears the stamp of earnest research and discriminating selection.

The poems from Tasso are admirably translated into English, preserving closely the sentiment and expression of the original. In 1844 Mr. Wilde became a member of the New Orleans bar, and in the spring of 1847 he was appointed professor of common law in the Louisiana University. He died on Sept. 10 of that year.

TO GOLD.

From ‘Hesperia.’

Bright sparkling pile! dull earth’s most glittering prize,
Of wealth the brief epitome and sign,
The type of worth,—bewitching mortal eyes,
At least I humbly own enchanting mine,—
What fascination in thy glances lies!
What grace, what grandeur, in thy presence shine!
For thy seducing smile what votaries strive,
Crassus, Pizarro, Cortes, Bacon, Clive.

In my hot youth I did account thee base,
 Forsware thy worship, and renounced thy name,
 Defied thy touch, ay! and blasphemed thy face
 For empty Pleasure and still emptier Fame:
 What brought they? Disappointment and Disgrace,
 Imputed faults and genius,—pride and shame,—
 False friends, that cooled, and summer loves, that flew
 With the first wintry, withering blast that blew.

I do repent me of that early sin,
 The folly of my inconsiderate days;
 And now, however late, would fain begin
 To burn' thee incense, and to hymn thy praise;
 If all who truly worship thee may win,
 I too would offer thee a laureate's lays,—
 Happly for ears tuned to sweet chimes unfit,
 And yet not worse than have for GOLD been writ.

Most subtile casuist! pure and calm, and sweet,—
 Whose sure persuasion, eloquent though dumb,
 Ever converted men the most discreet,
 Or if it failed, failed only in the sum;
 Where shall we find thee rank and title meet,
 High-priestess of the kingdom not to come,
 Since even now thy rule and reign are seen,
 Rock of all faiths, of every realm the queen?

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE.¹

My life is like the summer rose,
 That opens to the morning sky,
 But ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scattered on the ground—to die.
 Yet on the rose's humble bed
 The sweetest dews of night are shed,
 As if she wept the waste to see—
 But none shall weep a tear for me!

¹ These beautiful verses ran the risk of being considered merely a translation from the Greek. Some time after their publication they appeared in a Georgia newspaper in Greek, purporting to be an ode written by Alcæus, an early Eolian poet of obscure fame. Mr. Wilde, conscious that the poem was his own, had the matter investigated. It was found that the author was a young Oxford scholar, who had translated the poem into Greek for the purpose of deciding a wager that no one in the University was sufficiently familiar with the style of the early Greek poets to detect the forgery. We believe the student won the wager.

My life is like the autumn leaf,
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
 Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
 Restless—and soon to pass away!
 Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The winds bewail the leafless tree,
 But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
 Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 All trace will vanish from the sand;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
 But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

CANZONE.

TO THE PRINCE OF TUSCANY FROM PRISON.

But I—than other lovers' state,
 So much more hard, alas! my own
 As love less cruel is than hate—
 Must sigh to winds that round me moan,
 Just anger at my unjust fate—
 And not for sweet illusions flown,
 Averted look, or prudish air,
 False words, or a deceitful tone,
 Disdainful smile, or frown severe,
 Nor roses lost, nor lilies flown,
 Nor glove, nor veil reclaimed, alone—
 No! no! alas! from none of those
 Arise my far more serious woes.

For I, unhappy wretch! complain
 Of torments strange and new
 Save in the realms of hate and pain,
 Nor does a tear for me bedew
 Even Pity's cheek, which free from stain
 Wears a pale marble hue.
 Nor of my living hell the gates
 Can I break down, where angels deign

My faults to punish, like the Fates,
Because I dared in burning strain
On my poor lyre my griefs to own,
Like Orpheus, finding once again
My Proserpine can turn to stone!

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Farewell, my more than fatherland!
Home of my heart and friends, adieu!
Lingered beside some foreign strand,
How oft shall I remember you!
How often o'er the waters blue,
Send back a sigh to those I leave,
The loving and beloved few,
Who grieve for me,—for whom I grieve!

We part!—no matter how we part,
There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasured in our inmost heart,
Never revealed, and ne'er forgot!
Why murmur at the common lot?
We part!—I speak not of the pain,—
But when shall I each lovely spot
And each loved face behold again?

It must be months,—it may be years,—
It may—but no!—I will not fill
Fond hearts with gloom,—fond eyes with tears,
“Curious to shape uncertain ill.”
Though humble,—few and far,—yet, still
Those hearts and eyes are ever dear;
Theirs is the love no time can chill,
The truth no chance or change can sear!

All I have seen, and all I see,
Only endears them more and more;
Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee,
Affection lives when all is o'er!
Farewell, my more than native shore!
I do not seek or hope to find,
Roam where I will, what I deplore
To leave with them and thee behind!

WILLIAM WILKINS.

(1852 ——)

MR. WILKINS was born in 1852, and was educated at Dundalk Grammar School. In 1878 he was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, with the best degree of his year in mathematics and in modern literature, an unusual combination. In the following year he became head-master of the High School, Dublin.

'Songs of Study,' mainly verse of actual or possible student life at Trinity College, Dublin, to which institution as well as to the memory of a fellow-student the volume was dedicated, was published in 1881. The poem 'Actæon' was a favorite with Lord Tennyson, and 'In the Engine-Shed,' which he wrote at the age of nineteen, has attained considerable vogue as a recitation. These and many of the lyrics had previously appeared in *Kottabos*.

Mr. G. F. Savage-Armstrong says of him in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry': "A perfectly genuine ardor; a keen delight in Nature; a hearty self-abandonment to emotion and imagination; a fearless frankness in the utterance of personal thought and feeling; often a power of calling up a vivid picture by means of a single felicitous original phrase; a good deal of rhythmic fervor; a fine sympathy with the varied activities of human kind; a cultivated intellectuality, are among the poetic qualities which lift Mr. Wilkins out of the ranks of the versifiers, and entitle him to a place among the poets."

IN THE ENGINE-SHED.

Through air made heavy with vapors murk,
O'er slack and cinders in heaps and holes,
The engine-driver came to his work,
Burly and bluff as a bag of coals;
With a thick gold chain where he bulged the most,
And a beard like a brush, and face like a toast,
And a hat half-eaten by fire and frost;
And a diamond pin in the folded dirt
Of the shawl that served him for collar and shirt.

Whenever he harnessed his steed of mettle:—
The shovel-fed monster that could not tire,
With limbs of steel and entrails of fire;
Above us it sang like a tea-time kettle.

He came to his salamander toils
In what seemed a devil's cast-off suit,
All charred, and discolored with rain and oils,
And smeared and sooted from muffler to boot.

Some wiping—it struck him—his paws might suffer
 With a wisp of threads he found on the buffer
 (The improvement effected was not very great);
 Then he spat, and passed his pipe to his mate.

And his whole face laughed with an honest mirth,
 As any extant on this grimy earth,
 Welcoming me to his murky region;
 And had you known him, I tell you this—
 Though your bright hair shiver and shrink at its roots,
 O piano-fingering fellow-collegian—
 You would have returned no cold salutes
 To the cheery greeting of hearty Chris,
 But locked your hands in the vise of his.

For at night when the sleet-storm shatters and scatters,
 And clangs on the pane like a pile of fetters,
 He flies through it all with the world's love-letters:
 The master of mighty leviathan motions,
 That make for him storm when the nights are fair,
 And cook him with fire and carve him with air,
 While we sleep soft on the carriage cushions,
 And he looks sharp for the signals, blear-eyed.
 Often had Chris over England rolled me;
 You shall hear a story he told me—
 A dream of his rugged watch unwearied.

THE STORY.

We were driving the down express;
 Will at the steam, I at the coal:
 Over the valleys and villages,
 Over the marshes and coppices,
 Over the river, deep and broad;
 Through the mountain, under the road,
 Flying along,
 Tearing along,
 Thunderbolt engine, swift and strong,
 Fifty tons she was, whole and sole!

I had been promoted to the express:
 I warrant I was proud and gay.
 It was the evening that ended May,
 And the sky was a glory of tenderness.
 We were thundering down to a midland town,—
 It doesn't matter about the name,

For we didn't stop there, or anywhere
 For a dozen miles on either side.
 Well, as I say, just there you slide,
 With your steam shut off, and your brakes in hand,
 Down the steepest and longest grade in the land,
 At a pace that, I promise you, is grand.
 We were just there with the express,
 When I caught sight of a girl's white dress
 On the bank ahead; and as we passed—
 You have no notion how fast—
 She shrank back scared from our baleful blast.

We were going—a mile and a quarter a minute—
 With vans and carriages—down the incline!
 But I saw her face, and the sunshine in it;
 I looked in her eyes, and she looked in mine
 As the train went by, like a shot from a mortar:
 A roaring hell-breath of dust and smoke.
 And it was a minute before I woke,
 When she lay behind us—a mile and a quarter.

And the years went on, and the express
 Leaped in her black resistlessness,
 Evening by evening, England through.—
 Will—God rest him!—was found—a mash
 Of bleeding rags, in a fearful smash
 He made of a Christmas train at Crewe.
 It chanced I was ill the night of the mess,
 Or I shouldn't now be here alive;
 But thereafter, the five o'clock out express,
 Evening by evening, I used to drive.

And often I saw her: that lady, I mean,
 That I spoke of before. She often stood
 Atop at the bank;—it was pretty high,
 Say, twenty feet, and backed by a wood.—
 She would pick daisies out of the green
 To fling down at us as we went by.
 We had grown to be friends, too, she and I,
 Though I was a stalwart, grimy chap,
 And she a lady! I'd wave my cap
 Evening by evening, when I'd spy
 That she was there, in the summer air,
 Watching the sun sink out of the sky.

Oh, I didn't see her every night:

Bless you! no; just now and then,
And not at all for a twelvemonth quite.

Then, one evening, I saw her again,
Alone, as ever—but wild and pale—

Climbing down on the line, on the very rail,
While a light as of hell from our wild wheels broke,

Tearing down the slope with their devilish clamors
And deafening din, as of giant hammers

That smote in a whirlwind of dust and smoke

All the instant or so that we sped to meet her.

Never, O never, had she seemed sweeter!—

I let yell the whistle, reversing the stroke,

Down that awful incline; and signaled the guard

To put on his brakes at once, and HARD!—

Though we couldn't have stopped. We tattered the rail
Into splinters and sparks, but without avail.

We couldn't stop; and she wouldn't stir,

Saving to turn us her eyes, and stretch

Her arms to us:—and the desperate wretch

I pitied, comprehending her.

So the brakes let off, and the steam full again,

Sprang down on the lady the terrible train.—

She never flinched. We beat her down,

And ran on through the lighted length of the town

Before we could stop to see what was done.

Yes, I 've run over more than one!

Full a dozen, I should say; but none

That I pitied as I pitied her.

If I could have stopped—with all the spur

Of the train's weight on, and cannily—

But it never would do with a lad like me

And she a lady,—or had been.—Sir?—

We won't say any more of her;

The world is hard. But I 'm her friend,

Right through—down to the world's end.

It is a curl of her sunny hair

Set in this locket that I wear;

I picked it off the big wheel there.—

Time 's up, Jack.—Stand clear, sir. Yes,

We 're going out with the express.

FROM 'ACTÆON.'

It was on the Mount Cithæron, in the pale and misty morn,
 That the hero, young Actæon, sounded the hunter's horn.
 Princeliest of pursuers of the flying roe was he,
 Son of great Aristæus and Theban Autonoë.
 Oak-like in massy stature and carriage of kingly limb—
 Lo! the broad, brave grace, and the fleet, fine might of man-
 hood's fair prime in him,
 Grandly browed as a sea-cliff with the curling waves at its
 base,
 And its storm-haunted crest a tangle of deep ripe weeds and
 grass.
 And many an Arcadian maiden thought not of a maiden's
 pride,
 But looked on the youth with longing, and watched as he went,
 and sighed;
 And Æglë had proffered a jewel that a queen might carefully
 keep
 For a favoring smile of the hunter and a touch of his beard-
 less lip;
 But never on dame or damsel had his falcon glance made stay,
 And he turned from the love-sick Æglë, and tossed her gifts
 away.

For where was so soft a bower, or where so goodly a hall,
 As the dell where the echoes listened to the noise of the water-
 fall?
 And where was there cheek of woman as lovely to soul and
 sense
 As the gracious hues of the woodlands in depths of the stately
 glens?
 And where were there eyes or tresses as gloriously dark or
 bright
 As the flood of the wild Alpheus as it poured from the lonely
 height?

So the hero, young Actæon, fled far from the girl-filled house,
 To rove with the beamy spear-shaft through the budded forest
 boughs.
 And sweeter than smiles of Æglë or sheen of her rippling hair
 Were the heads of his great hounds fawning, or snuffing the
 morning air;
 And to tread by the precipices that down from his feet shore
 clean;
 And to mark where the dappled leopard was crouched in the
 long ravine;

And to look at the eagle wheeling up peak-ward, and hear him
scream;
And to plant strong steps in the meadows, and splash through
the babbling stream;
And to hurl the spear in the thicket, and draw the bow in the
glade,
And to rush on the foaming fury of the boar by the dogs em-
bayed;
And ever in midland valley to smell the leaves and the grass,
Or the brine-scent blown o'er the headlands high up to the bare
hill-pass,
Where, lovelier far than *Æglë* or her eyes' bright witchery,
Was Morning, born of the marriage of silent Sky and Sea.

So the hunter, young Actæon, to the Mount Cithæron came,
And blew his horn, in the dank, white morn, to startle the
sleeping game;
Nor thought, as the pealing echoes were clattered from crag to
crag,
That Fate on his trace held him in chase, as a huge hound
holds a stag.

By rock and by rift and runnel, by marsh and meadow and
mound,
He went, with his dogs beside him, and marveled no game was
found;
Till the length of the whole green gorge and the gray cliffs
gleaming on high
Rang and re-echoed with horns and the musical hunting-cry;
And the hounds broke out of the cover, all baying together in
tune;
And the hart sprang panting before them along up the lawns
dew-strewn;
And a bevy of buskined virgins, dove-breasted, broke from the
bower,
With spears half-poised for the hurling, and tresses tangled
with flowers;
Their lips, rose-ruddy, disparted to draw their delightsome
breath
For the chase, and the cheer thereof ringing the rapture of
dealing death—
The fine heads eagerly lifted, the pitiless fair eyes fixed;
The cheeks, flower-fresh, flushed, flower-like—rich lily, rich rose
commixed;
The slender feet flying swiftly, the slight shapes rushing like
reeds

When the Thracian breezes of winter descend on the marshy
meads;
So swept they along like music, and wildered Actæon stood
Till the last of the maiden rangers was lost in the leaning
wood.

DISILLUSION.

“Say a day without the ever.”
—‘*As You Like It.*’

Your proud eyes give me their wearied splendor;
Your cold loose touch and your colder smile
The truth to my jealous heart surrender:
 You tire, having loved me a little while.
Ah! well, my sweet, I was sure you would,
 For I knew you false when I saw you fair.
I have watched and watched for your altered mood,
 And have schooled me so that I shall not care.

The knoll’s blue bonnet, the dell’s green mantle,
 The mid-wood hollow where waters run,
The bare, stained shore, with its white surf-sandal,
 The sudden smile of the gallant sun—
Will change not, be you or sweet or bitter:
 A heart after all is hard to break;
But the world at sweetest were surely sweeter
 If only sweet for your own sweet sake.

Yea, I know right well, if our love were sterling
 We had drained the earth and the skies of joy;
But I—God wot—and you too, my darling,
 No rare fair flower of girl and boy:
How should we rise to such exaltation
 As climbs from a cloud a splendid star?
How live—how love with such perfect passion,
 We—who are only what others are?

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

(1822—1862.)

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS was born in Dublin; the date of his birth is uncertain, but is usually said to be October 8, 1822. At an early age he was removed to Grenanstown, near the Devil's Bit, one of the most romantic spots in Tipperary. He was first sent to school to St. Stanislaus College, Tullabeg, and afterward to Carlow College. While there he sent 'The Munster War Song' to *The Nation*. His school-boy days over, he went to Dublin to prepare for the medical profession. In his leisure hours he amused himself by writing a series of poems full of grotesque humor under the title 'The Misadventures of a Medical Student.' On May 26, 1848, Mitchel was convicted, and on the following day his paper, *The United Irishman*, was suppressed. New revolutionary journals at once rose to fill the vacant place: John Martin started *The Irish Felon*; and Williams, with his friend, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, established *The Irish Tribune*. Of course the new journals went the same way as the old; Martin was convicted and transported, so was O'Doherty; but Williams escaped.

In 1851 he came to this country, and after a while settled down in New Orleans as a medical man. After this came two flittings, his last residence being Thibodeaux in Louisiana. Here he was when the civil war broke out. He took advantage of the occasion to write 'Song of the Irish-American Regiments.' While his pen was attaining its full vigor, Williams himself had begun to decay; consumption had seized hold of his frame, and on July 5, 1862, he died. His resting-place had been marked by nothing better than a rude deal board bearing his name and the date of his death, until shortly after his death some companies of Irish-American soldiers happened to pass through the locality; resolving that the spot where a countryman so gifted and so faithful lay should be properly marked, they raised by subscription a monument of Carrara marble, inscribed with a brief but eloquent epitaph.

Alike in his humorous, patriotic, and pathetic verse he writes with facility—never quite achieving greatness, however, although 'The Dying Girl' comes very near to it.

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

Battle of Aherlow, A. D. 1190.

Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,
That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves—
To reddens and swell the wild torrents that flow
Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aherlow?¹

¹ Aherlow Glen, County Tipperary.

The clangor of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,
 From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the stately Galtees;
 Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
 Slievenamon, Glen Colaich, and sublime Galtee Mor!

The Sunburst that slumbered, enbalmed in our tears,
 Tipperary! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers!
 And the dark hill shall bristle with saber and spear
 While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
 With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane;
 His gallant breast labors, and glare his wild eyes;
 He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

Let the trumpets ring triumph! The tyrant is slain!
 He reels o'er his charger deep-pierced through the brain;
 And his myriads are flying, like leaves on the gale—
 But who shall escape from our hills with the tale?

For the arrows of vengeance are showering like rain,
 And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
 Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow,
 Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

Ay! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
 Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie;
 And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock
 And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Slieve Bloom,
 To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom,
 When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers
 Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears?

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves,
 But the glen and the torrent have yawned on their graves.
 From the gloomy Ardfinnan to wild Temple Mor—
 From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

By the soul of Heremon! our warriors may smile,
 To remember the march of the foe through our isle;
 Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
 And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray;

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold;
By Saint Bride of Kildare! but they moved in fair show—
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aherlow!

THE DYING GIRL.

From a Munster vale they brought her,
 From the pure and balmy air;
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
 With blue eyes and golden hair—
They brought her to the city,
 And she faded slowly there.
Consumption has no pity
 For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining
 Her lips were moved in prayer,
And the setting sun was shining
 On her loosened golden hair.
When our kindly glances met her,
 Deadly brilliant was her eye;
And she said that she was better,
 While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,
 The *pattern*, dance and fair,
And her thin hand feebly dallies
 With her scattered golden hair.
When silently we listened
 To her breath with quiet care
Her eyes with wonder glistened—
 And she asked us, “What was there?”

The poor thing smiled to ask it,
 And her pretty mouth laid bare,
Like gems within a casket,
 A string of pearllets rare.
We said that we were trying
 By the gushing of her blood
And the time she took in sighing
 To know if she were good.

Well, she smiled and chatted gaily
 Though we saw in mute despair
 The hectic brighter daily,
 And the death-dew on her hair.
 And oft her wasted fingers
 Beating time upon the bed:
 O'er some old tune she lingers,
 And she bows her golden head.

At length the harp is broken;
 And the spirit in its strings,
 As the last decree is spoken,
 To its source exulting springs.
 Descending swiftly from the skies,
 Her guardian angel came,
 He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
 And bore Him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen
 Thro' the lark-loved morning air,
 Her young soul left its prison,
 Undefiled by sin or care.
 I stood beside the couch in tears
 Where pale and calm she slept,
 And tho' I've gazed on death for years,
 I blush not that I wept.
 I checked with effort pity's sighs
 And left the matron there,
 To close the curtains of her eyes
 And bind her golden hair.

THE LEGEND OF STIFFENBACH.

One day the Baron Stiffenbach among his fathers slept,
 And his relict o'er his ashes, like a water goddess, wept,
 Till her apparatus lachrymal required so many "goes"
 From certain flasks, that soon there shone a ruby on her nose.

The Dowager of Stiffenbach was fair enough to view,
 And having her dead husband's wealth, could touch the rhino
 too;
 But yet of all the neighboring nobs not one would e'er propose,
 Because she wore a ruby, a large ruby on her nose.

At this the jeweled baroness was very much annoyed,
But rival baronesses her perplexity enjoyed,
For the ruby was a byword and a triumph to her foes,
Who, spinster, wife, and widow, all exulted at her nose.

The Baroness of Stiffenbach now called the doctors in,
And freely gave for drugs and shrugs great quantities of "tin."
At length they said 't was surgeon's work, then gravely all
arose,
And left her as they found her, with the ruby on her nose.

Now came the surgeons. First they voted all the doctors
fools,
Then drew from curious armories a multitude of tools.
That they were armed to fight a bear a stranger would sup-
pose,
And not to dig a ruby from a baroness's nose.

But now among the surgeons vital difference we find,
For some proposed to cut before, and some to cut behind;
And soon in scalpelomachy they well-nigh came to blows,
For the baroness's ruby—for the ruby on her nose.

At length came forward one, by lot elected from the rest,
But, alas! the eager brotherhood too closely round him pressed,
For they stood upon the corns of the operator's toes,
Who, leaping, with the ruby also sliced away the nose.

They stitched it on immediately (*why* yet has not transpired)
That very day the baroness capriciously expired;
Thus died that lovely lady, a judgment, some suppose,
For having led the baron, in his lifetime, by the nose.

They made her grave three fathoms deep by Rhine's embattled
tide,
And bowed her gently downwards by her darling Stiffy's side;
But her restless spirit wanders still, and oft at evening's close
She haunts the castle ramparts with her finger on her nose.

Grim reader! let us blubber o'er the melancholy fate
Of the quondam Baron Stiffy's nontetotalizing mate;
And for the future solemnly, if possible, propose
To shun the weird elixirs that bring rubies on the nose.

WILLIAM GORMAN WILLS.

(1828—1891.)

WILLIAM GORMAN WILLS was born in 1828 in County Kilkenny. Sent to Trinity College, he passed through the entire undergraduate course, but did not take a degree. The first love of Mr. Wills was art, and he devoted himself for many years with great assiduity to portrait painting. In this he attained considerable distinction, and in his latter years—for he never wholly forgot his pencil while busy with his pen—he had the Princess Louise among several other distinguished sitters.

The ‘Man o’ Airlie,’ 1866, was the first drama by which he attracted public attention. It was played by Lawrence Barrett in the United States, and was well liked here, Mr. Barrett appearing at his best in it. It is a striking picture of the degradation and misery brought on a great poetic genius by drink, and some of the soliloquies and scenes are deeply moving. ‘Hinko’—brought out at the Queen’s Theater in 1871—is full of splendid situations, of clever character-drawing, and of stately language. It was not, however, suitable for the English public in its then temper, and did not prove popular. ‘Charles the First,’ on the other hand, was one of the most successful plays put on the stage in his generation. Brought out at the Lyceum in 1872, it gave Mr. Irving a most popular part, and it had—exclusive of revivals—a run of two hundred nights. ‘Eugene Aram,’ produced in the same theater, and with Mr. Irving again in the chief rôle, also had a long run. In addition to the plays mentioned, Mr. Wills was author of ‘Mary, Queen of Scots’—in which the beautiful and hapless Mrs. Rousby made one of her last public appearances; ‘Jane Shore,’ an historical drama—produced at the Princess’s Theater in 1876, where it ran for five consecutive months; ‘England in the Days of Charles II’—founded on Scott’s ‘Peveril of the Peak,’ and not a wholly undeserved failure; ‘Olivia,’ in which the Vicar of Wakefield’s daughter has her familiar story once more told in poetic and touching language; ‘Nell Gwynne,’ ‘Ninon,’ and ‘Claudius,’ which had a great vogue. Mr. Wills was also the author of many novels; of these the best known are ‘Notice to Quit’ and ‘The Wife’s Evidence.’ He died in 1891. He is considered one of the best of modern writers of poetic drama, and many of his plays are as readable as they are actable—a combination not often found.

THE QUEEN AND CROMWELL.

From ‘Charles the First.’

Whitehall Palace. CROMWELL discovered seated.

*Cromwell. On me and on my children!
So said the voice last night! A lying dream!*

This blood—this blood on me and on my children?
 It is my wont to feel more heartiness
 When face to face with action. But this deed
 Doth wrap itself in doubt and fearfulness.
 Do I well to confront him at this hour,
 Even when yon scaffold waiteth for its victim,
 And his pale face doth look like martyrdom?
 I will not. Out upon my sinking heart!
 The standard-bearer fainteth, and my followers
 Grow slack. I'll hie me to them,—
 And yet, if by the granting him his life
 He abdicate—no shifts—he abdicate!
 Then—then this offer of the Prince of Wales—
 This young Charles Stuart—he is in our absolute power,
 As he doth promise if we spare his father.
 Why if he come—I had not thought of that,—
 Both son and father given to our hands:
 Then have we scotched the snake!

Enter an Attendant, who hands CROMWELL a letter.

Cromwell (reads the letter). “Declines to see me!”
 Well—well—
“His last hour disturbed!” It shall be thy last hour.
“As touching the Prince of Wales’ noble
Offering of himself for me. Look back
On my past life, and thou art answered!”
 Past life! full of deceit and subtle courage.
“I pardon thee and all mine enemies,
And may Heaven pardon them!”
 What now doth stay to send away this patch
 On our new garment?
 England! one hour—gray tyranny is dead!
 And in this hand thy future destiny.

Enter the Queen.

Madam, my daughter hardly did prevail
 That I should grant you this last interview.
 It must be brief and private, or I warn you
 I cannot answer for your safe return.

Queen (aside). Sainte Vierge, aidez moi! This is the man
who holds
 My husband’s life within his hands. Ah! could I—
Sainte Marie, inspirez moi, mettez votre force dans mes prières.
 I see him as the drowning swimmer sees
 The distant headland he can never reach.
 Sir, do not go. I wish to speak to you.

Cromwell. Madam, I wait.

Queen. Oh, sir! the angels wait and watch your purpose:
Unwritten history pauses for your deed,
To set your name within a shining annal,
Or else to brand it on her foulest page!

Cromwell. Madam, 't is not for me to answer you.
And for unwritten history—thou nor I
Can brief it in our cause; 't will speak the truth!
England condemns the king! and he shall die!

Queen. Oh, pity! pity! Hast a human heart?
How canst thou look on me so cruelly?
I look for pity on thy stubborn cheek
As I might place a mirror to dead lips
To find one stain of breath.
The brightest jewel ever set in crown
Were worthless to the glisten of one tear
Upon thy lid—one faint hope-star of mercy.
Be merciful! A queen doth kneel to thee.

Cromwell. Not to me! Nor am I now
A whit more moved because thou art a queen!

Queen. I am no queen; but a poor stricken woman,
On whom this dreadful hour is closing in.

(*Chimes the half hour.*)

Dost hear the clock? Each second quivering on
Is full of horror for both thee and me.
Endless remorse *thy* doom, and sorrow mine.

Cromwell. Madam, no more. I shall have no remorse
For an unhappy duty well performed.

Queen. Thou call'st it duty; but all heaven and earth
Shall raise one outraged cry, and call it murder;
It shall be written right across the clouds
In characters of blood till Heaven hath judged it.

Cromwell. Nay, you forget: the righteous cause doth prosper.
If this be crime, the hand of Heaven not in it,
Then had thy husband flourished; on our side
God's heavy judgment fallen, shame and slaughter!

Queen. God speaketh not in thunder when he judges,
But in the dying moans of those we treasure,
And in the silence of our broken hearts!
Thou hast a daughter, and her cheek is pale;
Her days do balance between life and death,
Whether they wither or abide with thee.
Let him be cruel who hath none to love;
But let that father tremble who shall dare
Widow another's home! She loves the king.

Take now his sacred life, and hie thee home.
 Smile on her, call her to thee, she will linger.
 Ask for thy welcome, she will give it thee!
 A shudder as she meets thee at the door;
 A cry as thou wouldest think to touch her lips;
 A sickening at thy guilty hand's caress!
 The haunting of a mute reproach shall dwell
 For ever in her eyes till they both be dead!

Cromwell (*moved*). Silence! You speak you know not what. No more!

Thou voice within, why dost thou seem so far?
 Shine out, thou fiery pillar! Bring me up
 From the dead wilderness—

Queen. Oh! yield not to that voice, hearken to mercy,
 And I will join my prayers to thine henceforth
 That thy Elizabeth may live for thee.

Cromwell. Madam, I came here with intent of mercy,
 And with a hope of life.

Queen. Of life!—of life!

Cromwell. I offered him his life—he scorned my offer!

Queen. No—no—he shall not. I am somewhat faint;
 The hope thou showest striketh me like lightning.
 Life! didst thou say his life? Ask anything.

Cromwell. If he would abdicate and quit the kingdom.

Queen. And he shall do it. I will answer for it.
 Give me but breathing-time to move him, sir.

Cromwell. Stay, madam. If we spare your husband's life
 Your son has offered to submit his person
 Into our hands, and set his sign and seal
 To any proposition we demand.

Queen. Thou strikest a fountain for me in the rock,
 And ere my lips can touch it, it is dry!
 My husband first must abdicate, and then my son.—
 What was the answer of the king to thee?

Cromwell. He doth refuse our mercy, and elects
 To carry to his death the name of king.

Queen. When all was lost at Newark, and thy king
 Was bought and sold by his own countrymen,
 'T was thou who with a fawning cozenage
 Lured thy good master to undo himself,
 To doubt where all his hope was to confide,
 And blindly trust where every step was fatal!
 'T was thou, when the repenting Parliament
 Were fain for reconciliation, brought thy soldiers—
 Thou (jealous stickler for the Commons' rights)
 Arrested every true man in the house,

And packed the benches with thy regicides!

Cromwell. What, madam, is the purpose of this railing?

Queen. Thou think'st to make the mother a decoy,
And, holding the lost father in thy grip,
Secure the son who yet may punish thee!

(*Chimes.—Three-quarters.*)

Cromwell. Madam, the clock! say, what dost thou intend?

Queen. To choke my sighs, to hide each bitter tear,
To keep a calm and steadfast countenance,
To mask my anguish from his majesty.

Cromwell. So! it were well; and then—

Queen. Then we will both be faithful to ourselves,
Even unto death!

Cromwell. Will you not, madam, use your influence!

Queen. Never! My husband, sir, shall die a king!

Cromwell. Thou shadow of a king, then art thou doomed!

I wash my hands of it.

(*Aside.*) What melancholy doth ravin on my heart?

Thou child of many prayers, Elizabeth!—

I'll to the General's. Fairfax relents,
That will not I. My hand is on the plow;
I will not look behind.

(*Exit Cromwell.*)

ROBERT A. WILSON.

(1820-1875.)

ROBERT A. WILSON, whose pen name of "Barney Maglone" is famous all over the north of Ireland, was born in Dunfanaghy, County Donegal, where his father was a coast guard, about 1820. He received a good education in Raymonterdoney school, but his mother was a great assistance to him in his studies. He appears to have taught himself a good deal, as he was credited in after years with an astonishing knowledge of many languages. It is said that he mastered the Celtic language thoroughly. He left home quite young and acted as teacher in a school at Ballycastle, County Antrim, but some time after left for America, where he began to write for the press, contributing to *The Boston Republic* for some time. He returned to Ireland in 1847, and was soon connected with the local press of County Fermanagh. In 1849 he accepted an offer from Charles Gavan Duffy to act as sub-editor of *The Nation*, and for nearly two years was on the staff of that paper. He left *The Nation* to take charge of *The Impartial Advertiser*, in Enniskillen, and soon became the chief editor of *The Fermanagh Mail*. During his tenure of the post in *The Mail* office he commenced his famous "Barney Maglone" articles. His writings made his name—or rather his pseudonym—known outside the little Fermanagh town, and in 1865 he was offered and accepted a post on *The Morning News* of Belfast. He there continued his imitable local skits, and the paper rose to a great circulation. He was a familiar figure in the streets of Belfast, as he had been in Enniskillen, with his slouch hat, his capacious cloak, worn like a Roman toga, and necktie of pronounced hue. In 1875 he went to Dublin to attend the O'Connell centenary. On the 10th of August he was found dying in his room in Wesley place, Belfast, from the effect of his besetting sin. In 1894 F. J. Bigger and John S. Crone made a selection of his poems, Bigger editing them. "Maglone" was one of the most lovable of men, but unfortunately his social qualities were his bane.

"THE IRISH CRY."

There's a wail from the glen;
There's a groan from the hill;
'Tis the cry of the land
'Gainst the Fiend of the Still!
'T is the Caoine of Erin,
The caoine so dread
That swells for the living,
And not for the dead.

The living! the smitten—
The blasted—the seared—

The souls by the slime of
 The drink-snake besmeared—
 From the home on the upland,
 The hut in the dale,
 From the hamlet and city,
 Is bursting the wail.

'T is the sob of the wife;
 'T is the moan of the child,
 'T is the groan of a nation,
 By bloodshed defiled.
 From the prison's dark cell
 It pierces the air;
 It bursts from the widow's
 White lips of despair!

It moans from the roofless
 Untenanted walls;
 And gurgling and choked,
 From the gallows it falls!
 It sobs o'er the grave
 Where the drunkard is laid;
 It shrieks from the soul
 Of the maiden betrayed.

It bursts from the poor-house,
 The mad-house, the jail,
 This woful—despairing—
 Wild—wild—Irish wail!
 Up! children of Erin,
 Respond to the cry
 For man's sake—for God's sake
 Up! act in reply!

For the sake of the soul smitten
 Slave of the cup—
 For the sake of his victims—
 Up! countrymen, up!
 By the hell in his heart,
 And the hell that he fears;
 By his wife and his children,
 Their tortures and tears.

Up! act nor be backward
 With heart, voice and hand,

Till the king-fiend of curses
Is swept from our land:
 Heave up the old land,
 Into daylight again—
The smiled on by Heaven—
 A praise among men.
Wring the curse from her heart—
 Wipe the stain from her sod;
Roll her out among nations
 An island of God!

LEWIS WINGFIELD.

(1842—1887.)

THE HON. LEWIS WINGFIELD was born Feb. 25, 1842. He was educated at Eton and Bonn, and was intended for the diplomatic service. He preferred the stage, and, having appeared in various provincial companies, made his *début* at the Haymarket as Laertes in ‘Hamlet,’ and Minerva in the burlesque of ‘Ixion.’ But he soon abandoned the stage, and entered as an art student in the academy at Antwerp, at the same time studying surgery in the hospital of St. Elizabeth in the same city. He finished his studies in painting in Paris, under Couture, 1870, and obtained his diploma as a surgeon. When the Franco-German war broke out he went to the German side as a medical man, and was present at the battles of Woerth and Wissembourg. He returned to Paris in time for the first siege, and was employed during those trying days as head assistant surgeon in the American hospital, and as correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph*.

He was present during the Commune and the second siege of the French metropolis, and during this period he was the special correspondent of the *London Times*. Meanwhile he had not been idle with his brush ; one of his pictures was bought by the French government, and hangs in the town hall at Orleans. In 1876 Mr. Wingfield entered on a new career, publishing a novel under the title ‘Slippery Ground.’ At the end of 1877 appeared ‘Lady Grizel,’ a story dealing with the history of George III., which attracted a considerable amount of attention. Still more marked was the success of ‘My Lords of Strogue’—a tale dealing with Irish affairs at the period of the Union. This work has received great and deserved praise, and is marked by eloquence and high powers of graphic description. Mr. Wingfield also wrote a novel dealing with prison life. He died in 1887.

ENNISHOWEN.

From ‘My Lords of Strogue.’

Shane and Doreen arrived by and by at the summit of a hill-crest, from which the northern half of the promontory lay spread like a map before them. Just below was a white speck—the village of Carndonagh—beyond, a row of lakes, tiny mirrors set in the hill-flank—on either side the jagged lines of Loughs Foyle and Swilly, varied with many a peaked headland and jutting point and shelving bay scooped out of the living rock. In front, a flat stretch on which cloud-shadows were playing hide-and-seek—a bo-

peep dance of subtly chequered tones; and away still farther, looming through the mist, the bluffs of Malin Head, the extreme limit, to the north, of Ireland. As they looked the mists melted in eddying swirls of gold, unveiling an expanse of immense and lonely sea, dotted with fairy islets strewn in a raveled fringe—the long span of the blue-green Atlantic, marked with a line of white where it seethed and moaned and lashed without ceasing against the foot of the beetling cliff.

“What a lovely spot!” Doreen exclaimed, as she sniffed the brisk breeze; “how wild—how desolate—how weirdly fair! Not the vestige of a dwelling as far as eye can reach—except that speck below us.”

Unpoetic Shane had been busy counting the wild-fowl, watching the hawks, marking the sublime slow wheeling of a pair of eagles far away in ether heavenward. At the call of his cousin he brought his thoughts down to earth, and cried out:—

“By the Hokey! a nice coast for the French to land upon. I wish them joy of it if they try. If they do we shall be in the thick of it, for look! You can just discern Glas-atch-é—that dot in the sea, no bigger than a pin’s point—between Dunaff and Malin. A fleet would have to pass close by us that was making either for Lough Swilly or Lough Foyle. But come—a canter down the hill, and we will see what we can get to eat. This sharp air gives one a plaguey appetite!”

Doreen spoke truly, for Ennishowen is weirdly fair. The atmosphere of winter gave the desolation she had passed through a special charm. The ponderous banks of rolling steel-gray clouds, which had only just been conquered by a battling sun, gave a ghastly beauty to its wildness. Dun and steel-gray, sage-green and russet-brown, with here and there a bit of genuine color—a vivid tuft of the Osmunda fern. Such chromatic attributes were well in harmony with the intense stillness, broken only by the rustle now and then of whirring wings, or the sharp boom of the frightened bittern. But beyond Carndonagh the face of nature changed—or would have if it had been summer—for bleak elevated moorland and iron gorge vary but little with the season, whilst lower-lying districts are more privileged.

During the warm months the track between Carndonagh and Malin is like a garden—an oasis of rich, damp, dewy verdure from the ever-dripping vapors of the Atlantic—an expanse of emerald mead saturated with the moisture of the ocean. Every bush and bank breaks forth in myriad flowers. Each tarn is edged with blossom, each path is tricked with glory. It is as if Persephone had here passed through the granite-bound gates of hell, and had dropped her garland at its portals. White starry water-lilies clothe the lakelets. The bells of the fuchsia-hedges glow red from beneath a burden of honeysuckle and dog-roses; orange-lilies and sheets of yellow iris cast ruddy reflections into the streams, while purple heather and patches of wild heartsease vie with each other in a friendly struggle to mask the wealth of green.

Strabagy Bay cuts deep into the peninsula. A rider must skirt its edge with patience, rewarded now and again by some vision of surprise, as he finds himself at a turn in the pathway on the summit of a precipice 1200 feet above the water, or in a sheltered cove where waves of *céladon* and malachite splash upon a tawny bed. At one point, if the tide happens to be in, he must sit and await its ebb; for the only passage is by a ford across the sand, which is dangerous to the stranger at high water. Not so to the dwellers in this latitude, for they speed like monkeys along the overhanging crags, or like the waddling penguins and sea-parrots that are padding yonder crannies with the softest down from off their breasts for the behoof of a yet unborn brood.

Towards Malin Head the ground rises gradually from a shingly beach till it breaks off abruptly to seaward in a sheer wall of quartz and granite—a vast frowning face, vexed by centuries of tempest, battered by perennial storms, comforted by the clinging embrace of vegetation, red and russet heath of every shade, delicate ferns drooping from cracks and fissures, hoary lichens, velvet mosses, warm-tinted cranesbill; from out of which peeps here and there the glitter of a point of spar, a stain of metal or of clay, a sparkling vein of ore. The white-crested swell which never sleeps laps round its foot in curdled foam; for the bosom of the Atlantic is ever breathing—heaving in

arterial throws below, however calm it may seem upon the surface.

Away down through the crystal water you can detect the blackened base resting on a bank of weed—dense, slippery citrine hair, swinging in twilit masses slowly to and fro, as if humming to itself under the surface, of the march of time, whose hurry affects it not; for what have human cares, human soul-travail, human agony, to do with this enchanted spot, which is, as it were, just without the threshold of the world? The winter waves, which dash high above the bluffs in spray, have fretted, by a perseverance of many decades, a series of caverns half-submerged; viscous arcades, where strange winged creatures lurk that hate the light; beasts that, hanging like some villainous fruit in clusters, blink with purblind eyes at the fishes which dart in and out, fragments of the sunshine they abhor; at the invading shoals of seals, which gambol and turn in clumsy sport, with a glint of white bellies as they roll, and a shower of prismatic gems.

In June the salmon arrive in schools, led each by a solemn pioneer, who knows his own special river; and then the fisher-folk are busy. So are the seals, whose appetite is dainty. Yet the hardy storm-children of Ennishowen love the seals although they eat their fish—for their coats are warm and soft to wear; their oil gives light through the long winter evenings for weaving of stuff and net-mending. There is a superstition which accounts for their views as to the seals; for they believe them to be animated by the souls of deceased maiden-aunts. It is only fair in the inevitable equalization of earthly matter that our maiden-aunts should taste of our good things, and that we in our turn should live on theirs.

A mile from the shore—at Swilly's mouth—stands Glas-aitch-é Island, a mere rock, a hundred feet above sea-level, crowned by an antique fortress which was modernized and rendered habitable by a caprice of the late lord. At the period which now occupies us it consisted of a dwelling rising sheer from the rock on three sides; its rough walls pierced by small windows, and topped by a watch-tower, on which was an iron beacon-basket. The fourth side looked upon a little garden, where, protected by low scrub and chronically asthmatic trees, a few flowers grew un-

kempt—planted there by my lady when she first visited the place as mistress. On this side, too, was a little creek which served as harbor for the boats—a great many boats of every sort and size; for the only amusement at Glas-
aitch-é was boating, with a cast for a salmon or a codling now and again, and an occasional shot at a seal or cormorant.

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

(1802—1865.)

NICHOLAS PATRICK STEPHEN WISEMAN was born Aug. 2, 1802. He was in early boyhood a pupil at a private school in Waterford. His principal place of education in youth, however, was St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham. Here he had among his teachers Dr. Lingard, the eminent historian. In 1818 he left Ushaw and with five others set out for the English College at Rome, which had been desolate and uninhabited for almost an entire generation.

In his new abode Wiseman soon attracted attention, and in his eighteenth year he published 'Horæ Syriacæ' on the subject of the languages of the East—a study in which he took a deep interest throughout his whole life. He could not be ordained till he was twenty-three years of age, but before that time he had obtained the degree of D.D. In June, 1840, he was consecrated Bishop of Melipotamus *in partibus*. He was also made President of St. Mary's College, Oscott. In 1848 Dr. Walsh was appointed Vicar Apostolic of London in room of Dr. Griffiths; Dr. Wiseman again became his coadjutor, and when, in the following year, Dr. Walsh died, Dr. Wiseman was raised to the presidency of the district, taking upon himself the duties of the office Feb. 18, 1849.

On Sept. 30, 1850, Dr. Wiseman was created Cardinal by the title of St. Pudentiana, and was named Archbishop of Westminster. This brought about the famous Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which made illegal the assumption by Roman Catholic prelates of such titles as the Pope had recently conferred on them. This measure led to wild and prolonged debates in Parliament, split parties, and broke up a government; and the final result of all was that the bill, when passed, was openly violated without an attempt at prosecution, and that some years afterward it was repealed without attracting any particular notice.

Dr. Wiseman paid a visit to Ireland in 1859, and was received with much enthusiasm. His last public lecture was delivered in January, 1863, before the Royal Society. He died at his residence, 8 York Place, Baker Street, London, Feb. 15, 1865. His writings are voluminous and deal with religious controversy, science, philology, and art. His 'Recollections of the Last Four Popes' give several graphic pictures and amusing sketches of life in Rome during the pontificates of Pius VII., Leo. XII., Pius VIII. and Gregory XVI. He is the author of a romance, 'Fabiola,' in which a vivid and apparently lifelike description is given of the days when the early Christians had to worship among the Catacombs. He also wrote a drama called 'The Hidden Gem,' which was first performed at the jubilee of St. Cuthbert's, Ushaw, and, being produced on the stage at Liverpool in 1859, was well received. A considerable number of his essays have been reprinted from *The Dublin Review*, of which he was one of the founders.

ITALIAN GESTICULATION.

From ‘Essays.’

When Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment in the gestures of their bodies. You never see among them two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they are resolving to oppose a bill in Parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or to protest one in the City. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by his honorable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence with a statue-like stillness of limbs; unless the right arm escape to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict from time to time a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy.

Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a *café* in the cool of a summer’s evening, or let them walk along the noisy street of Toledo at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words. See, one of them now is not actually speaking, though the other has ceased; but he has raised his right hand, keeping the points of the thumb and index joined, and the other fingers expanded, and has laid his left gently on his companion’s arm. Depend upon it, his reply is going to open with a sententious saw, some magnificent truism, from which he will draw marvelous consequences. His mouth will open slowly, ere it yields a sound; and when at last “Sir Oracle” speaks, the right hand will beat time, by rising and falling on each substantive and verb of the sentence; and at its close the two wedded fingers will fly apart, and the entire expanded hand wave with grace and dignity outwards, if the propo-

sitions be positive. If negative, the forefinger alone will remain extended and erect, and be slowly moved backwards and forwards between the interlocutors' faces.

When the solemn sentence has been pronounced and enforced by a dignified toss of the head it is the other's turn. But the *dictum* was probably too vague and general to receive a specific reply; and therefore, reserving his opinion till he has better felt his way, he shakes his head and hands, uttering, you may depend upon it, the monosyllabic but polysemous exclamation, "Eh!" which, like a Chinese word, receives its meaning from its varying accent. The active speaker perceives that he has not carried the out-works of his friend's conviction, and addresses himself to a stronger attack. He now assumes the gesture of earnest remonstrance; his two hands are joined palm to palm, with the thumbs depressed, and the fingers closely glued together (for were the former erect, and the little fingers detached, and especially were they moved up and down, the gesture would signify not to *pray* but to *bray*, being the hieroglyphic for a donkey); and in this position they beat time, moving up and down, while the head is thrown back upon the right shoulder. We can hear the very words too here; they begin for certain with *abbia pazienza* (be patient) a reproachful expostulation; after which follows a more energetic repetition, slightly varied, of what had been previously urged; and, as the sentence closes, the hands are separated and fly apart. If the point is not carried the reasoning is enforced by a more personal appeal.

All the fingers of the right hand are joined together with the thumb, and their united points are placed upon the forehead, which bends forward towards the unconvinced and incredulous listener, while a new form is given to the argument. This gesture is a direct appeal to the common sense of the other party; it is like intimating, that if he have brains he must understand the reasoning. Further obstinacy would lead to altercation; and assent is yielded by a slow shrug, with the head inclined, and the hands separately raised, the palms turned downwards. *E vero, ha ragione, or non si puo negare* (it is true, I am right, or it is not to be denied), are doubtless the accompanying words.

SHAKESPEARE.

From ‘ William Shakespeare : a Lecture.’

There have been some men in the world’s history—and they are necessarily few—who, by their deaths, have deprived mankind of the power to do justice to their merits, in those particular spheres of excellence in which they had been pre-eminent. When the “immortal” Raphael for the last time laid down his palette, still moist with the brilliant colors which he had spread upon his unfinished masterpiece destined to be exposed to admiration above his bier, he left none behind him who could worthily depict and transmit his beautiful lineaments; so that posterity has had to seek in his own paintings, among the guards at a sepulcher, or among the youthful disciples in an ancient school, some figure which may be considered as representing himself. When his mighty rival, Michael Angelo, cast down that massive chisel which no one after him was worthy or able to wield, none survived him who could venture to repeat in marble the rugged grandeur of his countenance; but we imagine that we can trace in the head of some unfinished satyr, or in the sublime countenance of Moses, the natural or the idealized type from which he drew his stern and noble inspirations.

And, to turn to another great art, when Mozart closed his last uncompleted score, and laid him down to pass from the regions of earthly to those of heavenly music, which none had so closely approached as he, the science over which he ruled could find no strains in which worthily to mourn him except his own, and was compelled to sing for the first time his own marvelous requiem at his funeral.

No less can it be said that when the pen dropped from Shakespeare’s hand, when his last mortal illness mastered the strength of even his genius, the world was left powerless to describe in writing his noble and unrivaled characteristics. Hence we turn back upon himself, and endeavor to draw from his own works the only true records of his genius and his mind.

Was he silent, thoughtful, while his fertile brain was seething and heaving in the fermentation of his glorious

conceptions; so that men should have said—"Hush! Shakespeare is at work with some new and mighty imaginings!" or wore he always that light and careless spirit which often belongs to the spontaneous facility of genius; so that his comrades may have wondered when, and where, and how his grave characters, his solemn scenes, his fearful catastrophes, and his sublime maxims of original wisdom were conceived, planned, matured, and finally written down, to rule for ever the world of letters? Almost the only fact connected with his literary life which has come down to us is one which has been recorded, perhaps with jealousy, certainly with ill-temper, by his friend Ben Jonson—that he wrote with overhaste, and hardly ever erased a line, though it would have been better had he done so with many. . . .

It seems, therefore, hardly wonderful that even the last year, dedicated naturally to the tercentenary commemoration of William Shakespeare, should have passed over without any public eulogy of his greatness in this metropolis. It seemed, indeed, as if the magnitude of that one man's genius was too oppressive for this generation. It was not, I believe, an undervaluing of his merits which produced the frustration of efforts, and the disappointment of expectations that seemed to put to rout and confusion, or rather to paralyze the exertions so strenuously commenced, to mark the year as a great epoch in England's literary history. I believe, on the contrary, that the dimensions of Shakespeare had grown so immeasurably in the estimation of his fellow-countrymen, that the proportions of his genius to all that followed him, and all that surround us, had grown so enormously in the judgment and feeling of the country, from the nobleman to the workman, that the genius of the man oppressed us, and made us feel that all our multiplied resources of art and speech were unequal to his worthy commemoration. No plan proposed for this purpose seemed adequate to attain it. Nothing solid and permanent that could either come up to his merits or to our aspirations seemed to be within the grasp either of the arts or of the wealth of our country.

EGYPTIAN ART.

From ‘The Highways of Peaceful Commerce Have Been the Highways of Art.’ A Lecture.

There never was a country which more satisfactorily tested this principle (the principle expressed in the title of the lecture) than Egypt. From the earliest period it had an art of its own, obstinately indigenous, as much belonging to its soil as the lotus or papyrus to its waters. In architecture, sculpture, painting—in decoration, writing, illumination—its art was national, and most characteristic. It existed early enough for Moses to have studied it. It lasted long enough for Christianity to destroy it.

For it was heathenish in its very essence, in its rind, and its core. It was entirely an outward expression of Pagan untruth. It was, consequently, nearly stationary. The practiced eye of the antiquarian or artist will see in that lapse of many ages a certain ebb and flow, a slight decline, and a partial revival; but the main and striking features scarcely alter. The type of Egyptian art flags or varies but little. Yet four times was this country conquered, and in three instances long and successfully held in subjection by nations which had an art of their own; but in this the conquerors were conquered, and had to yield. Not to dwell on its temporary subjugation to the Assyrians, it was thoroughly subjected by Cambyses to the Persian rule, 525 years before Christ, and in spite of one successful rebellion, and partial insurrections, it remained in subjection for 111 years. Yet the conquerors were obliged to have their deeds recorded, not in the sculptured forms and legends of Persepolis, but in the colors and hieroglyphics of the Pharaohs. Then came the still more complete and influential conquest by the Grecian power, under which Egypt was not merely a province of a distant empire, but the seat of a new dynasty foreign to it in every respect.

From its invasion by Alexander the Great, 332 years, till the death of Cleopatra, 30 years before Christ, Egypt was held for 302 years by a race of kings mostly pacific, or who, when warlike, carried their contests into other lands. The period of this conquest was one when the literature and arts of Greece were at their perfection, when

eloquence, shone unrivaled in Demosthenes, philosophy was directed by Aristotle, and painting represented by Apelles, and when the civilization of the people had reached its highest refinement. And so soon as the Ptolemies had established their reign, Demetrius Philareus bore thither the very pride of Grecian science, made Alexandria the rival of Athens, which he had governed, and laid the foundations of a school of philosophy which in time outshone the original teacher, and may be said to have continued more or less active till it broke out again with greater brilliancy in the third century of Christianity in Clement and Origen. Shortly after, too, was the first great public library in the world founded at Alexandria, which continued in existence till it was destroyed by the Saracens. In it were collected all the treasures of Greek learning, which thus became substituted for the mystic lore of Egypt. The polished language of Attica supplanted the uncouth dialect of the Nile; laws, habits, and customs were changed, but every attempt to introduce the beautiful art of Greece failed; it scarcely impressed a passing modification on the surface of the national representations. The Greek Ptolemies, though they might erect a tablet or a pillar of their own, though they might compromise so far as to have a bilingual or a trilingual inscription set up, were obliged to submit to have their polysyllabic names cut up into little bits, and each portion represented by a feather, or a lion, or an owl, as the case might be, to suit the artistic and intellectual capacities of their subjects. Not even imperial Rome, the next and last subduer of that tenacious race, could wrench from it its arts, any more than its religion; and it continued to grow its deities and its gardens, and to record its new emperors in hieroglyphics, till Christianity replaced the one, and holier symbols superseded the other.

CHARLES WOLFE.

(1791—1823.)

CHARLES WOLFE was born in Dublin Dec. 14, 1791. He was connected with Wolfe Tone by family, and was also a relative of General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec. His father died while he was young, and soon afterward the family removed to England. Charles received the later part of his education in Winchester School, where he was distinguished by proficiency in classical knowledge and in Latin and Greek versification. In 1808 he returned to Ireland with his mother, and entered Trinity College, Dublin. He gained several prizes for English and Latin verse, and obtained a scholarship with the highest honors. He also became a member of the College Historical Society, where the few speeches he delivered were distinguished for refinement of conception, classical elegance, and clear reasoning power.

During his college life most of his poems were written, and apparently without much idea of publication. He was ordained in November, 1817, and appointed to the curacy of Ballyclog in County Tyrone. He was soon removed to a wider field of labor, Castle Caulfield, in the diocese of Armagh. Here the labors of an extensive parish, combined with the regret caused by an entirely hopeless attachment, preyed upon his constitution, and he took sea voyages for his health, but on one of them he died at Queenstown, Feb. 21, 1823.

The 'Remains of the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B.' was edited by his friend, Archdeacon Russell, and published in one volume, comprising letters, poems, and fifteen sermons. His 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' which Lord Byron considered "the most perfect ode in the language," first appeared in *The Newry Telegraph*, signed "C. W." For a length of time its authorship was uncertain, and it was attributed in turn to Moore, Campbell, Barry Cornwall, Byron, and others. It was only after Wolfe's death that the authorship was definitely settled by the discovery of the original copy among his papers. The copy is now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy.

As to the manner in which the ode was composed, a letter to Mr. Taylor from the Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, quoted by the poet's college mate, Dr. Anster, gives ample particulars.

Wolfe entered his friend's room one night and found him reading the Edinburgh *Annual Register* for 1808. Mr. O'Sullivan began to read aloud a description of the battle of Corunna, to which Wolfe listened attentively. Then the two went for a walk, Wolfe remaining very silent until they were nearly home, when he turned to his companion and repeated the first and last stanzas of the ode as we have them. His friend praised them highly, and encouraged him to complete the poem.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

I.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

II.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

III.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

IV.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

V.

We thought, as we hallowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!

VI.

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But little he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

VII.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

VIII.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory!

LINES WRITTEN TO MUSIC.

Air—‘Grammachree.’

If I had thought thou couldst have died
 I might not weep for thee;
 But I forgot, when by thy side,
 That thou couldst mortal be:
 It never through my mind had past
 The time would e'er be o'er,
 And I on thee should look my last,
 And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
 And think 't will smile again;
 And still the thought I will not brook,
 That I must look in vain!
 But when I speak—thou dost not say
 What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
 And now I feel, as well I may,
 Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou would stay e'en as thou art,
 All cold and all serene,
 I still might press thy silent heart,
 And where thy smiles have been.
 While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
 Thou seemest still mine own:
 But there I lay thee in thy grave—
 And now I am alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
 Thou hast forgotten me,
 And I perhaps may soothe this heart
 In thinking too of thee:
 Yet there was round thee such a dawn
 Of light, ne'er seen before,
 As Fancy never could have drawn,
 And never can restore.

SONNET WRITTEN IN COLLEGE.

My spirit's on the mountains, where the birds
In wild and sportive freedom wing the air,
Amidst the heath-flowers and the browsing herds,
Where Nature's altar is, my spirit's there.
It is my joy to tread the pathless hills,
Though but in fancy—for my mind is free,
And walks by sedgy ways and trickling rills,
While I'm forbid the use of liberty.
This is delusion, but it is so sweet
That I could live deluded. Let me be
Persuaded that my springing soul may meet
The eagle on the hills—and I am free.
Who'd not be flattered by a fate like this?
To fancy is to feel our happiness.

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

(1833 ——)

GARNET JOSEPH, VISCOUNT WOLSELEY, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., formerly Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief of the British Army, is the son of Major G. J. Wolseley, and was born at Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, June 4, 1833. He entered the army in 1852, and was engaged in the Burmese war. In the Crimean campaign he distinguished himself by almost reckless bravery, was wounded severely, and received the Legion of Honor and the Order of the Medjidie. He next took part in suppressing the Indian mutiny, and was mentioned in dispatches and raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. During the Chinese campaign he acted as Quartermaster-General.

When the expedition was organized to the Red River in 1871, Sir Garnet was given the chief command. The success with which he carried out the operations of this campaign established his reputation; and from that time forward he has been selected on such occasions as demand great military skill and high qualities as a leader. He was the successful commander of the expedition against the King of Ashantee in 1873–74. He was soon afterwards sent to Natal to arrange some difficulties of administration and colonial defense; in 1878 he was made administrator of Cyprus; and in 1879 he was dispatched again to South Africa, to succeed Lord Chelmsford in command of the forces engaged in the Zulu war, which he soon brought to a successful termination. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Egypt in 1882—for which he was raised to the peerage; of the Gordon Relief Expedition in 1884–85—after which he was made a Viscount; was Commander of the Forces in Ireland from 1890 to 1895, and Field-Marshal, Commanding-in-Chief of the British Army during 1895–1900.

Viscount Wolseley has written a ‘Narrative of the War with China in 1860’; ‘The Soldier’s Pocket-Book,’ a work on field maneuvers, and he came forward in 1877 as the editor of a novel, ‘Marley Castle.’ He has also written various articles in the magazines, ‘A Life of the Duke of Marlborough,’ and ‘The Decline and Fall of Napoleon.’

SACK OF THE SUMMER PALACE.

From ‘Narrative of the War with China.’

Upon the 7th of October, at daybreak, we fired twenty-one guns from the high earthen ramparts, near which we halted the evening before, and upon which we had kept large fires burning during the night. These measures were adopted for the purpose of intimating to our cavalry and the French the position we had taken up. A cavalry pa-

trol, under an officer of the quartermaster-general's department, started, as soon as it became light, with orders to ascertain their position and communicate with the French, who were found to be at the Summer Palace, our cavalry being about two miles to their right. Sir Hope Grant, accompanied by Lord Elgin, rode thither in the course of the day for the purpose of seeing General Montauban, who said that as soon as he learned Sir Hope Grant's intention of marching upon Youen-ming-youen, he also made for that place, and fell in with our cavalry during his march, when both proceeded together until they reached the large village Hai-teen, which is situated close by the palace.

Our cavalry brigadier, naturally disliking the idea of getting his men entangled in a town of which he knew nothing, skirted it to the eastward, whilst the French proceeded direct through it and reached the palace gates. About twenty badly armed eunuchs made some pretense at resistance, but were quickly disposed of and the doors burst open, disclosing the sacred precincts of his majesty's residence to what a Chinaman would call the sacrilegious gaze of the barbarians. A mine of wealth and of everything curious in the empire lay as a prey before our French allies. Rooms filled with articles of *vertu*, both native and European, halls containing vases and jars of immense value, and houses stored with silks, satins, and embroidery, were open to them. Indiscriminate plunder and wanton destruction of all articles too heavy for removal commenced at once. When looting is once commenced by an army it is no easy matter to stop it. At such times human nature breaks down the ordinary trammels which discipline imposes, and the consequences are most demoralizing to the very best constituted army. Soldiers are nothing more than grown-up schoolboys. The wild moments of enjoyment passed in the pillage of a place live long in the soldier's memory. Although, perhaps, they did not gain sixpence by it, still they talk of such for years afterwards with pleasure.

Such a time forms so marked a contrast with the ordinary routine of existence passed under the tight hand of discipline, that it becomes a remarkable event in life, and is remembered accordingly. I have often watched soldiers

after the capture of a place wandering in parties of threes or fours through old ranges of buildings, in which the most sanguine even could scarcely hope to find anything worth having; yet every one of them bore about them that air of enjoyment which is unmistakable. Watch them approach a closed door; it is too much trouble to try the latch or handle, so Jack kicks it open. They enter, some one turns over a table, out of which tumbles perhaps some curious manuscripts. To the soldier these are simply waste paper, so he lights his pipe with them. Another happens to look round and sees his face represented in a mirror, which he at once resents as an insult by shying a footstool at it; whilst Bill, fancying that the "old gentleman" in the fine picture-frame upon the wall is making faces at him, rips up the canvas with his bayonet. Some fine statue of Venus is at once adorned with a mustache, and then used as an "Aunt Sally!" Cock-shots are taken at all remarkable objects, which, whilst occupying their intended positions, seem somehow or other to offend the veteran's eye, which dislikes the *in statu quo* of life, and studies the picturesque somewhat after the manner that Colonel Jebb recommends to all country gentlemen who are desirous of converting their mansions into defensible posts.

The love of destruction is certainly inherent in man, and the more strictly men are prevented from indulging in it, so much the more keenly do they appear to relish it when the opportunity occurs. Such an explanation will alone satisfactorily account for the ruin and destruction of property which follows so quickly after the capture of any place; tables and chairs hurled from the windows, clocks smashed upon the pavement, and everything not breakable so injured as to be valueless henceforth.

Soldiers of every nation under heaven have peculiarities common to all of the trade, and the amusements which I have just described are amongst them. The French most certainly are no exception to the rule. If the reader will imagine some three thousand men, imbued with such principles, let loose into a city composed only of Museums and Wardour Streets, he may have some faint idea of what Youen-ming-youen looked like after it had been about twenty hours in possession of the French. The far-famed

palaces of a line of monarchs claiming a celestial relationship, and in which the ambassador of an English king had been insulted with impunity, were littered with the *débris* of all that was highly prized in China. Topsy-turvy is the only expression in our language which at all describes its state.

The ground around the French camp was covered with silks and clothing of all kinds, whilst the men ran hither and thither in search of further plunder, most of them, according to the practice usual with soldiers upon such occasions, being decked out in the most ridiculous-looking costumes they could find, of which there was no lack, as the well-stocked wardrobes of his imperial majesty abounded in such curious raiment. Some had dressed themselves in richly-embroidered gowns of women, and almost all had substituted the turned-up mandarin hat for their ordinary forage-cap. Officers and men seemed to have been seized with a temporary insanity; in body and soul they were absorbed in one pursuit, which was plunder, plunder. I stood by whilst one of the regiments was supposed to be parading; but although their fall in was sounded over and over again, I do not believe there was an average of ten men a company present.

Plundering in this way bears its most evil fruit in an army; for if when it is once commenced an effort is made to stop it, the good men only obey; the bad soldiers continue to plunder, and become rich by their disobedience, whilst the good ones see the immediate effect of their steadiness is to keep them poor. I do not believe that it is attended with such demoralizing effects in a French army as it is in ours. The Frenchman is naturally a more thrifty being than the careless Britisher, who squanders his money in drinking, and "standing drink" to his comrades. Three days afterwards, when the French moved into their position before Peking, they seemed to have regained their discipline, and their men were as steady under arms as if nothing had occurred to disturb the ordinary routine of their lives.

W. G. WOOD-MARTIN.

(1847 ——)

W. G. WOOD-MARTIN, J.P., D.L., was born in Woodville, County Sligo, July 16, 1847. He was first educated at private schools, and later in Switzerland, in Belgium, and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. He is the oldest surviving son of the late James Wood of Woodville, and Anne, the eldest daughter of Abraham Martin of Cleveragh, Sligo. He married in 1873 Frances Dora, the eldest daughter of Roger Dodwell Robinson of Wellmont, County Sligo.

His publications are ‘Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland,’ ‘Pagan Ireland,’ ‘The Lake Dwellings of Ireland,’ ‘The Rude Stone Monuments of Ireland,’ ‘History of Sligo County and Town,’ and ‘Sligo and the Enniskilleners.’ He was at one time editor of the *Journal of the Society of Antiquaries of Ireland*; and a member of the Royal Irish Academy.

He was Aide-de-camp to Queen Victoria, and is now to the King (militia); he was Colonel commanding the Duke of Connaught’s Own Sligo Artillery from 1883 to 1902.

KEENING AND WAKE.

From ‘Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland.’

The assembling of the Irish peasantry at funerals and wakes, and the keening may be described in the Latin lines, of which the following is a free translation:—

“Delaying not they hasten, speeding fast,
And reach the house, to find a medley strange,
Chaotic cries of grief, with turmoil mixed,
While from the archèd chamber, far within,
The piercing shrieks of mourning women ring,
Re-echoing to the stars.”

In the islands off the west coast of Ireland, where ancient superstitions still linger in greatest exuberance, no funeral wail is allowed to be raised until three hours have elapsed from the time of death, as the sound of lamentation might hinder the soul from leaving the body, and would also place the many demons lying in wait for it on the alert.

At an Irish wake the keener is almost invariably an aged woman: or if she be comparatively young, the habits

of her life make her look old. Mr. and Mrs. Hall state that they remember one, "whom the artist has pictured from our description. We can never forget a scene in which she played a conspicuous part. A young man had been shot by the police as he was resisting a warrant for his arrest. He was of 'decent people,' and had a 'fine wake.' The woman, when we entered the apartment, was sitting on a low stool by the side of the corpse. Her long black uncombed locks were hanging about her shoulders; her eyes were the deep-set grays peculiar to the country, and which are capable of every expression, from the bitterest hatred and the direst revenge to the softest and warmest affection. Her large blue cloak was confined at her throat, but not so closely as to conceal the outline of her figure, thin and gaunt, but exceedingly lithesome. When she arose, as if by sudden inspiration, first holding out her hands over the body, and then tossing them wildly above her head, she continued her chant in a low monotonous tone, occasionally breaking into a style earnest and animated, and using every variety of attitude to give emphasis to her words, and enforce her description of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased. 'Swift and sure was his foot,' she said, 'on hill and valley. His shadow struck terror to his foes; he could look the sun in the face like an eagle; the whirl of his weapon through the air was fast and terrible as the lightning. There had been full and plenty in his father's house, and the traveler never left it empty; but the tyrants had taken all except his heart's blood, and that they took at last. The girls of the mountain may cry by the running streams, and weep for the flower of the country, but he would return no more. He was the last of his father's house; but his people were many both on hill and valley; and they would revenge his death!' Then, kneeling, she clenched her hands together, and cursed bitter curses against whoever had aimed the fatal bullet—curses which illustrate but too forcibly the fervor of Irish hatred. 'May the light fade from your eyes, so that you may never see what you love! May the grass grow at your door! May you fade into nothing, like snow in summer! May your own blood rise against ye, and the sweetest drink ye take be the bitterest cup of sorrow! May ye die without benefit of priest or clergy.' To

each of her curses there was a deep ‘Amen,’ which the *ban caointhe* paused to hear, and then resumed her maledictions.”



Mo laoch sein u, laoch mo laoch. Leanabh mo leanabh, ghil cha-ömh
O my own youth, youth of my youth. Child of my child, gentle, valiant,



Mo chroidhe lium—nich mar long, Gulath bhrath cha n'ei—rich Os—car.
My heart cries like a blackbird's, For ever gone, never to rise, O Oscar.

Marbh Rann Oscar—The Death-Song of Oscar. From the *Transactions*,
Royal Irish Academy.

The above is the alleged keen of Finn Mac Cool over the corpse of his grandson Oscar, slain at the battle of Gabhra in the third century. The music was preserved in the wilds of Connaught, and in the Highlands of Scotland, the tune being nearly the same. Poetry and music are apparently coeval and of comparatively late date, having originated in the Bardic school of the Province of Connaught, a fountain from where flowed many of those Irish ballads and romances which have, in these latter ages, become the foundation of the numerous ideal superstructures relative to the history and antiquities of this island.

The power of the keen, as a vehicle for conveying the sentiments of the heart, has, in the present day, completely vanished; the Irish, like the Jews, Arabs, and other nations lamented over the dead, uttering cries of grief, tearing their hair, demanding of the deceased, “Why did he die?” “Had he not food, raiment, and friends: why then did he die?” Thomas Dineley, in the account of his tour through Ireland in the reign of Charles II., compares the funeral customs of some of the Caribbee Islanders to those of the Irish of his day. He mentions the “howlings and lamentations” practiced by these savages over the dead body, “to which they add the most ridiculous and nonsensical discourse imaginable, and not much unlike

the vulgar Irish. They talk to him of the best fruits their country doth afford, telling him that he might have eaten of them as much as he would. They put him in mind of the love his family had for him, and his reputation, etc., reproaching him, above all, for dying, as if it had been in his power to prevent it, as for example they tell him:

“‘Thou might have lived so well and made so good cheer, thou didst want neither manioc nor potatoes, bananas nor ananas.’

“As the Irish.

“‘Thou didst want nor usquebaugh (whisky), oat cakes, sweet milk, bonny clobber (cheese), mallahaune (sour buttermilk), dillisk (an edible sea-weed), slugane (sloak), and good spoals (joints of meat). How is then that thou didst die? Thou didst live in so great esteem with all men every one did love and respect thee: what is the matter, then, that thou art dead? Thy friends and relations were so kind to thee; their greatest care was only to please thee, and to let thee lack nothing: pray tell us, then, why didst thou think of dying? Thou wast so useful and serviceable to the country; thou hadst signalized thyself in so many battles; thou wast our defense and security from the assault and fury of our enemies: why is it, then, that thou art dead?’ Which last words are always the burden of the howl and song to both people, and the conclusion of all these complaints, which they repeat a thousand times, reckoning over all the actions of his life with all the advantages wherewith he was endowed.”

O’Brien, in his Irish Dictionary, described the keen as comprising a lamentation of the dead, according to certain loud and mournful notes and verses, “wherein the pedigree, land, property, generosity, and good actions of the deceased person and his ancestors are diligently and harmoniously recounted in order to excite pity and compassion in the hearers, and to make them sensible of their great loss in the death of the person they lament.”

One of these modern keens attracted the notice of the poet Crabbe, who described it as very pathetic, the more so, as in it, as in many of its class, there is no suggested Christian consolation, no implied reunion in a quiet, far-off country; all is unqualified grief and, on that account alone, most deeply melancholy. Though stated to have

been composed in the commencement of the nineteenth century it is pure paganism. Its beautiful simplicity is in part sacrificed by its rendering into verse, so it is first given in the literal translation of Crofton Croker:

“ Cold and silent is thy bed; damp is the blessed dew of night; but the sun will bring warmth and heat in the morning, and dry up the dew. But my heart cannot feel heat from the morning sun; no more will the print of your footsteps be seen in the morning dew on the mountains of Ivera, where you had so often hunted the fox and the hare, ever foremost amongst your men. Cold and silent is now thy bed.

“ My sunshine you were; I loved you better than the sun itself, and when I see the sun going down in the west I think of my boy and of my black night of sorrow. Like the rising sun, he had a red glow on his cheek. He was as bright as the sun at midday; but a dark storm came on, and my sunshine was lost to me forever. My sunshine will never again come back. No, my boy cannot return. Cold and silent is his bed.

“ Life-blood of my heart; for the sake of my boy I cared only for this world. He was brave; he was generous; he was noble-minded; he was beloved by rich and poor; he was clear-skinned. But why should I tell what everyone knows? Why should I now go back to what never can be more? He who was everything to me is dead. He is gone forever: he will return no more. Cold and silent is his repose! ”

The following is a paraphrase of the foregoing *keen*:

“ Oh ! silent and cold is thy lonely repose,
Though chilly and damp falls the mist of the night ;
Yet the sun shall bring joys with the morn, and the dews
Shall vanish before his keen arrows of light;
But the pulses of life in thy bosom no more
Shall vibrate, nor morning awaken thine eye;
No more shalt thou wander thy native hills o'er,
The green hills of Erin, that bloom to the sky;
And childhood's gay scenes, when thy soul undefiled,
First felt the dear blossoms of friendship unclose,
Where infancy's features in playfulness smiled;
But ah! cold and silent is now thy repose!

“ Thou wert dearer to me than the sun in the west,
When he tinges with crimson the skirts of the sea;

But memory weeps, and my soul is distressed;
 When I look on his beauty, I think upon thee!
 In youth thou wert like him, all blooming and gay;
 And soft was the down on thy cheek, as the rose;
 In the splendor of manhood, like him at midday;
 But thy fate was untimely, and early thy close;
 He rises again when his journey is o'er,
 But thy life has been dimmed by misfortune and woes;
 Thou hast sunk to thy rest to return no more,
 For ah! cold and silent is now thy repose.

“ Oh! thou who now sleepest in earth’s narrow bed,
 As the nerve of my throbbing heart thou wert to me,
 And with thee all the charms of the world are fled,
 For though it was dear, it was dear but for thee.
 Thou wert generous and good: thou wert noble and just,
 In the morning of life thou wert beauteous and brave;
 But why look on virtue and worth that are past?
 For he who possessed them is gone to the grave;
 Or why call to memory the scenes that are o'er?
 The floweret is hid in dark evening’s close;
 From the night of the tomb shall it blossom no more,
 For ah! cold and silent is now thy repose.”

There is in this the deep pathos of the Greek poet, when he tearfully appeals to the human heart, and contrasts the lot of man with the flowers of the field, which renew their growth in the spring-time, while man, with all his vaunted superiority, once laid to rest in his dark and narrow bed, sleeps the sleep which knows no awaking.

A most touching lament, a keen of genuine and bitter grief, was taken down from the lips of a bereaved mother some years ago, and is thus given by Lady Wilde in a literal English version:

“ O women, look on me! Look on me, women! Have you ever seen sorrow like mine? Have you ever seen the like of me in my sorrow? Arrah, then, my darling! my darling! ‘t is your mother that calls you. How long you are sleeping! Do you see all the people round you, my darling, and sorely weeping? Arrah, what is this pallor on your face? Sure, there was no equal to it in Erin for beauty and fairness, and your hair was heavy as the wing of a raven, and your skin was whiter than the hand of a lady. Is it the stranger must carry me to my grave, and my son lying here?”

The following keen of an Irish mother over her dead

son was written by Mrs. Hemans, in imitation of this peculiar style of lamentation:

There is blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
Oh, my bright first-born.

"At the glad sound of that footstep,
 My heart within me smiled ;
Thou wert brought back all silent
 On thy bier, my child.
Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on ;
Darker is thy repose, my fair-haired son.
 Silent and dark.

"I thought to see thy children
 Laugh on me with thine eyes ;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
 Where my life's-flower lies.

"And I too shall find slumber
With my lost one in the earth;
Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth.

Wakes and the customs attached to them portray varied phases of life in long past ages, and the idiosyncrasies of the people are no where so well displayed as at these meetings, where tragedy and comedy, all that is stern and all that is humorous in Irish character, are displayed in

unfettered freedom. Transition from deepest sorrow to mirth occurs with the greatest rapidity, so that there is melancholy in their mirth, and mirth in their melancholy. Great dramatic talent was displayed by the actors of certain plays, games, and sports performed at these meetings. A peasant who saw, for the first time, a play at one of the Dublin theaters, said: "I have now seen the great English actors, and heard plays in the English tongue, but poor and dull they seemed to me, after the acting of our own people at the wakes and fairs; for it is a truth the English cannot make us weep and laugh, as I have seen the crowds with us, when the players played and the poets recited their stories."

FRANCES WYNNE.

(— 1893.)

FRANCES WYNNE, the eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred Wynne, was born in Collon, County Louth. She lived nearly all her short life in the quiet village where she was born, but on her marriage to her cousin, the Rev. Henry Wynne, in 1892, she went to live in London, and died there in August, 1893, when her little son was born. Her one slender volume, ‘Whisper !’ is quite unique in its way—a most winning, charming, and roguish way, with much impulsive tenderness and a natural grace of style. This indeed was the very muse of young girlhood; and one imagines that the little book, slender and slight though it is, must be long beloved.

WHISPER !

You saucy south wind, setting all the budded beech boughs
swinging
Above the wood anemones that flutter, flushed and white,
When far across the wide salt waves your quick way you were
winging,
Oh! tell me, tell me, did you pass my sweetheart’s ship last
night?

Ah! let the daisies be,
South wind, and answer me:
Did you my sailor see?
Wind, whisper very low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

You ’ve come by many a gorsy hill, your breath has sweetness
in it,
You ’ve ruffled up the high white clouds that fleck the shining
blue;
You ’ve rushed and danced and whirled, so now perhaps you ’ll
spare a minute
To tell me whether you have seen my lover brave and true?

Wind, answer me, I pray,
I ’m lonelier every day,
My love is far away;
And, sweet wind, whisper low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

EN ATTENDANT.

This morning there were dazzling drifts of daisies in the meadow,
 On sunny slopes the celandines were glittering like gold,
 Across the bright and breezy world ran shifting shine and shadow,
 The wind blew warmly from the west. Now all is changed and cold.

*He's half an hour late,
 While here I wait and wait.
 Well, it is just my fate—
 Too plainly I can see,
 He never cared for me.
 How cruel men can be!*

I wish those daffodils out there would cease their foolish flutter,
 And keep their bobbing yellow heads for just a second still.
 My eyes ache so! Would some one please to partly close the shutter,
 And move those hateful hyacinths from off the window-sill?

*He's half an hour late,
 No longer I shall wait.
 Hark, there's the garden gate!
 Love is this you at last?
 Ah, do not be downcast—
 I knew the clocks were fast.*

“PERHAPS.”

A whisper of spring's in the air—
 A soft west wind setting the elm-boughs a-sway—
 There are more flowers I'm sure on the gorse than there were
 When last I came this way.

I think, perhaps, it is true—
 That as long as the flower's on the gorse,
 Love is in season too.
 But it must be true, of course;
 And if not, why should I care?
 The sky is shining blue;
 The sparrows twitter anew
 Of beginning to pair,
 And we've passed the shortest day.

How the gorse will blaze
'Neath the flitting, rushing brightness of April days!
In a glowing mass 't will sweep down the bare hill-side,
The golden overflow round the bank will glide
Where the dear blue violets hide,
And the careless sunshine strays.

Shall I be all alone?
Or will some one come to love me
When the white clouds race above me,
And the buttercups have grown?
Perhaps—ah! who can tell?—
When the meadows flush with clover,
Perhaps I'll have a lover,
Perhaps he'll love me well.

All too surely the year will wane,
And the fair gorse-gold will tarnish and dim,
But lonely eyes shall ne'er seek in vain
A fugitive flower 'twixt the thorns so grim
While love and hope remain.

Perhaps if I had—him,
And he was kind,
And called me gently by my name,
Perhaps I should not mind
Even when winter came,
And the dreary, dreary rain.



W. B. YEATS

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

(1865 ——)

THE great Irish poet of our day was born in Dublin, June 13, 1865. He is the son of Mr. John B. Yeats, himself an artist, and a true poet in feeling, though he has not made literature his profession.

W. B. Yeats was educated at Godolphin School, Hammersmith, and at the Dublin High School. He began his career as an art student, but gave up art for literature when he had reached the age of twenty-one.

The last decade of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century witnessed a great national awakening in Ireland, and the birth of ideas and ideals which have had a profound effect upon Irish politics, literature, and national life. In all of the organizations that have most largely contributed toward this change, W. B. Yeats has been among the foremost, and the chief standard-bearer of the intellectual and literary revival is this distinguished poet, dramatist, and orator. While his chief reputation rests on his poetry, essays, and dramas, no one has a deeper knowledge of the influences and energies, spiritual, intellectual, artistic, social, and economic, at work in Ireland to-day. Thousands who heard him in this country in 1903 know him to be a most gifted orator, and not a mere reader of essays or of selections from his works, and his oratory is not the least interesting phase of his versatile genius. In his view, verse should neither be sung nor said ; it should be intoned, as it were, to a simple notation, whereby every word is pronounced so as to reach the ear like a conversational utterance, but also to reach a certain tone, like a definite note in a song. This, he maintains, is the original art of the minstrels and the troubadours, the original art in which all love, religion, and history were once embraced. He was one of the chief organizers and the head of the Irish Literary Theater, established some years ago, which undertook to do for Irish drama what Antoine, with the Théâtre Libre, did for the French drama ; and he is President of its successor organization, the Irish National Theater Society, the story of which is told elsewhere in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

Of the quality of his writing, Mr. George W. Russell ("A. E.") writes thus :—

"When I was asked to write about our Irish poet my thoughts were like rambling flocks that have no shepherd, and without guidance my rambling thoughts have run anywhere. I have known the poet, and his poetry too, intimately for many years, and I find myself like the artist who is too close to his subject to view it as a whole. I confess I have feared to enter or linger too long in the many-colored land of Druid twilights and tunes. A beauty not our own, more perfect than we can ourselves conceive, is a danger to the imagination. I am too often tempted to wander with Usheen in Tirnagine and to forget my own heart and its more rarely accorded vision of truth."

"I know I like my own heart best, but I never look into the world of my friend without feeling that my region lies in the temperate zone and is near the Arctic circle : the flowers grow more rarely and are paler, and the struggle for existence is keener. Southward and in the warm west are the Happy Isles among the shadowy waters. The pearly phantoms are dancing there, with blown hair amid cloud-pale daffodils. They have known nothing but beauty, or at the most a beautiful unhappiness. Everything there moves in procession or according to ritual, and the agony of grief, if it is felt, must be concealed. There are no faces blurred with tears there : some traditional gesture signifying sorrow is all that is allowed. I have looked with longing eyes into this world. It is Ildathach, the Many-colored Land, but not the Land of the Living Heart. That island where the multitudinous beatings of many hearts become one is yet unvisited ; but the isle of our poet is the most beautiful of all the isles the mystic voyagers have found during the thousands of years literature was recorded in Ireland. What wonder that many wish to follow him, and already other voices are singing amid its twilights.

"They will make and unmake. They will discover new wonders, and will perhaps make commonplace some beauty which but for repetition would have seemed rare. I would that no one but the first discoverer should enter Ildathach, or at least, report of it. No voyage to the new world, however memorable, will hold us like the voyage of Columbus. I sigh sometimes, thinking of the light dominion dreams have over the heart. We cannot hold a dream for long; and that early joy of the poet in his new-found world has passed. It has seemed to him too luxuriant. He seeks for something more, and has tried to make its tropical tangle orthodox, and the glimmering water and winds are no longer beautiful natural presences, but have become symbolic voices, and preach obscurely some doctrine of their power to quench the light in the soul or to fan it to a brighter flame. I like their old voiceless motion and their natural wandering best, and would rather roam in the 'bee-loud glade' than under the 'boughs of beryl and chrysoberyl,' where I am put to school to learn the significance of every jewel. I like that natural infinity which a prodigal beauty suggests more than that revealed in esoteric hieroglyphs, even though the writing be in precious stones. Sometimes I wonder whether that insatiable desire of the mind for something more than it has yet attained, which blows the perfume from every flower, and plucks the flower from every tree, and hews down every tree in the valley until it goes forth gnawing itself in a last hunger, does not threaten all the cloudy turrets of the poet's soul. But whatever end or transformation or unveiling may happen, that which creates beauty must have beauty in its essence, and the soul must cast off many vestures before it comes to itself. We, all of us, poets, artists, and musicians, who work in shadows, must some time begin to work in substance, and why should we grieve if one labor ends and another begins ? I am interested more in life than in the shadows of life, and as Ildathach grows fainter I await eagerly the revelation of the real nature of one who has built so many mansions in the heavens. The poet has concealed himself

under the embroidered cloths and has moved in secretness, and only at rare times, as when he says ‘A pity beyond all telling is hid in the heart of love,’ do we recognize a love which is not the love of the Sidhe ; and more rarely still do recognizable human figures, like the Old Pensioner or Moll Magee, meet us. All the rest are from another world, and are survivals of the proud and golden races who move with the old stateliness, and an added sorrow for the dark age which breaks in upon their loveliness. They do not war upon the new age, but build up about themselves in imagination the ancient beauty, and love with a love a little colored by the passion of the darkness from which they could not escape. They are the sole inheritors of many traditions, and have now come to the end of the ways and so are unhappy. We know why they are unhappy, but not the cause of a strange merriment which sometimes they feel, unless it be that beauty within itself has a joy in its own rhythmic being. They are changing, too, as the winds and waters have changed. They are not like Usheen, seekers and romantic wanderers, but have each found some mood in themselves where all quest ceases: they utter oracles ; and even in the swaying of a hand or the dropping of hair there is less suggestion of individual action than of a divinity living within them, shaping an elaborate beauty in dream for his own delight, and for no other end than the delight in his dream. Other poets have written of Wisdom overshadowing man and speaking through his lips, or a Will working within the human will, but I think in this poetry we find for the first time the revelation of the Spirit as the weaver of beauty. Hence it comes that little hitherto unnoticed motions are adored :

“ ‘ You need but lift a pearl-pale hand,
And bind up your long hair and sigh ;
And all men’s hearts must burn and beat.’

This woman is less the beloved than the priestess of beauty who reveals the divinity, not as the inspired prophetess filled with the Holy Breath did in the ancient mysteries, but in casual gestures and in a waving of her white arms, in the stillness of her eyes, in her hair which trembles like a fairy flood of unloosed shadowy light over pale breasts ; and in many glimmering motions so beautiful that it is at once seen whose footfall it is we hear, and that the place where she stands is holy ground. This, it seems to me, is what is essential in this poetry, what is peculiar and individual in it—the revelation of great mysteries in unnoticed things ; and as not a sparrow may fall unconsidered by Him, so even in the swaying of a human hand His scepter may have dominion over the heart, and His paradise be entered in the lifting of an eyelid.”

In poetry Mr. Yeats has written ‘The Wanderings of Oisin, and Other Poems’ (1889), ‘The Countess Kathleen, and Various Legends and Lyrics’ (1892), ‘The Land of Heart’s Desire,’ a play (1894), ‘Poems, Selected’ (1895), ‘The Wind Among the Reeds’ (1899), which was crowned by the London Academy as the best book of verse of the year ; ‘Poems’ (1899), ‘The Shadowy Waters’ (1900), ‘Poems’ (1901), ‘In the Seven Woods,’ poems chiefly of the Irish heroic age

(1903). His prose works are 'John Sherman and Dhoya' (1891), 'The Celtic Twilight' (1893), 'The Secret Rose' (1897), 'The Tables of the Law : the Adoration of the Magi'—privately printed (1897), 'Kathleen-ni-Houlihan,' a play (1901), 'The Celtic Twilight,' new and revised edition (1901), Plays for an Irish Theater, 2 vols. (1903), Vol. I. 'Where There is Nothing,' Vol. II. 'Shorter Plays'; 'Ideas of Good and Evil,' essays (1903). He has edited the following : 'Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry,' with introduction (1890); 'Stories from Carleton,' with introduction (1891); 'The Works of William Blake,' with introduction (1893); 'Irish Fairy Tales' (1894); 'A Book of Irish Verse,' with introduction (1895); 'A Book of Images,' drawings by W. T. Horton, with introduction (1895); 'Beltaine, the Organ of the Irish Literary Theater' (1899-1900); 'A Book of Irish Verse,' new issue, revised (1900); 'Samhain, the Organ of the Irish National Theater Society,' 2 vols. (1901-1902).

THE CELTIC ELEMENT IN LITERATURE.

From 'Ideas of Good and Evil.'

Once every people in the world believed that trees were divine, and could take a human or grotesque shape and dance among the shadows; and that deer, and ravens and foxes, and wolves and bears, and clouds and pools, almost all things under the sun and moon, and the sun and moon, were not less divine and changeable. They saw in the rainbow the still bent bow of a god thrown down in his negligence; they heard in the thunder the sound of his beaten water-jar, or the tumult of his chariot wheels; and when a sudden flight of wild duck, or of crows, passed over their heads, they thought they were gazing at the dead hastening to their rest; while they dreamed of so great a mystery in little things that they believed the waving of a hand, or of a sacred bough, enough to trouble far-off hearts, or hood the moon with darkness.

All our literatures are full of these or of like imaginations, and all the poets of races, who have not lost this way of looking at things could have said themselves, as the poet of the 'Kalavala' said of himself, "I have learned my songs from the music of many birds, and from the music of many waters." When a mother in the 'Kalavala' weeps for a daughter, who was drowned flying from an old suitor, she weeps so greatly that her tears become three rivers, and cast up three rocks, on which grow three birch-trees,

where three cuckoos sit and sing, the one "love, love," the one "suitor, suitor," the one "consolation, consolation." And the makers of the Sagas made the squirrel run up and down the sacred ash-tree carrying words of hatred from the eagle to the worm, and from the worm to the eagle; although they had less of the old way than the makers of the 'Kalavala' for they lived in a more crowded and complicated world, and were learning the abstract meditation which lures men from visible beauty, and were unlearning, it may be, the impassioned meditation which brings men beyond the edge of trance and makes trees, and beasts, and dead things talk with human voices.

The old Irish and the old Welsh, though they had less of the old way than the makers of the 'Kalavala,' had more of it than the makers of the Sagas, and it is this that distinguishes the examples Matthew Arnold quotes of their "natural magic," of their sense of "the mystery" more than of "the beauty" of nature. When Matthew Arnold wrote it was not easy to know as much as we know now of folk song and folk belief, and I do not think he understood that our "natural magic" is but the ancient religion of the world, the ancient worship of nature and that troubled ecstasy before her, that certainty of all beautiful places being haunted, which it brought into men's minds. The ancient religion is in that passage of the 'Mabinogion' about the making of "Flower Aspect." Gwydion and Math made her "by charms and illusions" "out of flowers." "They took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw; and they baptized her, and called her 'Flower Aspect';" and one finds it in the not less beautiful passage about the burning Tree, that has half its beauty from calling up a fancy of leaves so living and beautiful, they can be of no less living and beautiful a thing than flame: "They saw a tall tree by the side of the river one half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf." And one finds it very certainly in the quotations he makes from English poets to prove a Celtic influence in English poetry; in Keats' "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairy lands

forlorn ; ” and his “ moving waters at their priestlike task of pure ablution round earth’s human shore ; ” in Shakespeare’s “ floor of heaven,” “ inlaid with patens of bright gold ; ” and in his Dido standing “ on the wild sea banks,” “ a willow in her hand,” and waving it in the ritual of the old worship of nature and the spirits of nature, to wave “ her love to come again to Carthage.” And his other examples have the delight and wonder of devout worshippers among the haunts of their divinities. Is there not such delight and wonder in the description of “ Olwen ” in the ‘ Mabinogion ’? “ More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountains.” And is there not such delight and wonder in—

“ Meet we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
Or on the beachèd margent of the sea ” ?

If men had never dreamed that fair women could be made out of flowers, or rise up out of meadow fountains and paved fountains, neither passage could have been written. Certainly, the descriptions of nature made in what Matthew Arnold calls “ the faithful way ” or in what he calls “ the Greek way,” would have lost nothing if all the meadow fountains or paved fountains were meadow fountains and paved fountains and nothing more. When Keats wrote, in the Greek way, which adds lightness and brightness to nature—

“ What little town by river or sea-shore
Or mountain built with quiet citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ; ”

when Shakespeare wrote in the Greek way—

“ I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows ; ”

when Virgil wrote in the Greek way—

“ Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba,”

and

“ Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi ” —

they looked at nature without ecstasy, but with the affection a man feels for the garden where he has walked daily and thought pleasant thoughts. They looked at nature in the modern way, the way of people who are poetical, but are more interested in one another than in a nature which has faded to be but friendly and pleasant, the way of people who have forgotten the ancient religion.

Men who lived in a world where anything might flow and change, and become any other thing; and among great gods whose passions were in the flaming sunset, and in the thunder and the thunder-shower, had not our thoughts of weight and measure. They worshiped nature and the abundance of nature, and had always, as it seems, for a supreme ritual that tumultuous dance among the hills or in the depths of the woods where unearthly ecstasy fell upon the dancers, until they seemed the gods or the god-like beasts, and felt their souls overtopping the moon; and, as some think, imagined for the first time in the world the blessed country of the gods and of the happy dead. They had imaginative passions because they did not live within our own strait limits, and were nearer to ancient chaos, every man's desire, and had immortal models about them. The hare that ran by among the dew might have sat upon his haunches when the first man was made, and the poor bunch of rushes under their feet might have been a goddess laughing among the stars; and with but a little magic, a little waving of the hands, a little murmuring of the lips, they too could become a hare or a bunch of rushes, and know immortal love and immortal hatred.

All folk literature, and all literature that keeps the folk tradition, delights in unbounded and immortal things. The 'Kalavala' delights in the seven hundred years that Luonaton wanders in the depths of the sea with Wäinämöinen in her womb, and the Mohamedan king in the Song of Roland, pondering upon the greatness of Charlemagne, repeats over and over, "He is three hundred years old, when will he weary of war?" Cuchulain in the Irish folk tale had the passion of victory, and he overcame all men, and died warring upon the waves, because they alone had the strength to overcome him. The lover in the Irish folk song bids his beloved come with him into the woods, and see the salmon leap in the rivers, and hear the

cuckoo sing, because death will never find them in the heart of the woods. Oisin, new come from his three hundred years of faeryland, and of the love that is in faeryland, bids Saint Patrick cease his prayers a while, and listen to the blackbird, because it is the blackbird of Darrycarn that Finn brought from Norway, three hundred years before, and set its nest upon the oak-tree with his own hands. Surely if one goes far enough into the woods, one will find there all that one is seeking? Who knows how many centuries the birds of the woods have been singing?

All folk literature has indeed a passion whose like is not in modern literature and music and art, except where it has come by some straight or crooked way out of ancient times. Love was held to be a fatal sickness in ancient Ireland, and there is a love-poem in ‘The Songs of Connacht’ that is like a death cry: “My love, O she is my love, the woman who is most for destroying me, dearer is she for making me ill than the woman who would be for making me well. She is my treasure, O she is my treasure, the woman of the gray eyes . . . a woman who would not lay a hand under my head. . . . She is my love, O she is my love, the woman who left no strength in me; a woman who would not breathe a sigh after me, a woman who would not raise a stone at my tomb. . . . She is my secret love, O she is my secret love. A woman who tells me nothing, . . . a woman who does not remember me to be out. . . . She is my choice, O she is my choice, the woman who would not look back at me, the woman who would not make peace with me. . . . She is my desire, O she is my desire; a woman dearest to me under the sun, a woman who would not pay me heed, if I were to sit by her side. It is she ruined my heart, and left a sigh for ever in me.”

There is another song that ends, “The Erne shall be in strong flood, the hills shall be torn down, and the sea shall have red waves, and blood shall be spilled, and every mountain valley and every moor shall be on high, before you shall perish, my little black rose.” Nor do the old Irish weigh and measure their hatred. The nurse of O’Sullivan Bere in the folk song prays that the bed of his betrayer may be the red hearth-stone of hell for ever. And

an Elizabethan Irish poet cries: "Three things are waiting for my death. The devil, who is waiting for my soul and cares nothing for my body or my wealth; the worms, who are waiting for my body but care nothing for my soul or my wealth; my children, who are waiting for my wealth and care nothing for my body or my soul. O Christ, hang all three in the one noose." Such love and hatred seek no mortal thing but their own infinity, and such love and hatred soon become love and hatred of the idea. The lover who loves so passionately can soon sing to his beloved like the lover in the poem by "A. E.," "A vast desire awakes and grows into forgetfulness of thee."

When an early Irish poet calls the Irishman famous for much loving, and a proverb, a friend has heard in the Highlands of Scotland, talks of the lovelessness of the Irishman, they may say but the same thing, for if your passion is but great enough it leads you to a country where there are many cloisters. The hater who hates with too good a heart soon comes also to hate the idea only; and from this idealism in love and hatred comes, as I think, a certain power of saying and forgetting things, especially a power of saying and forgetting things in politics, which others do not say and forget. The ancient farmers and herdsmen were full of love and hatred, and made their friends gods, and their enemies the enemies of gods, and those who keep their tradition are not less mythological. From this "mistaking dreams" which are perhaps essences, for "realities" which are perhaps accidents, from this "passionate, turbulent reaction against the despotism of fact," comes, it may be, that melancholy which made all ancient peoples delight in tales that end in death and parting, as modern peoples delight in tales that end in marriage bells; and made all ancient peoples, who like the old Irish had a nature more lyrical than dramatic, delight in wild and beautiful lamentations.

Life was so weighed down by the emptiness of the great forests and by the mystery of all things, and by the greatness of its own desires, and, as I think, by the loneliness of much beauty; and seemed so little and so fragile and so brief, that nothing could be more sweet in the memory than a tale that ended in death and parting, and than a wild and beautiful lamentation. Men did not mourn

merely because their beloved was married to another, or because learning was bitter in the mouth, for such mourning believes that life might be happy were it different, and is therefore the less mourning; but because they had been born and must die with their great thirst unslaked.

And so it is that all the august sorrowful persons of literature, Cassandra and Helen and Deirdre, and Lear and Tristan, have come out of legends and are indeed but the images of the primitive imagination mirrored in the little looking-glass of the modern and classic imagination. This is that “melancholy a man knows when he is face to face” with nature, and thinks “he hears her communing with him about” the mournfulness of being born and of dying; and how can it do otherwise than call into his mind “its exiles, its flights, across the seas,” that it may stir the ever-smoldering ashes? No Gaelic poetry is so popular in Gaelic-speaking places as the lamentations of Oisin, old and miserable, remembering the companions and the loves of his youth, and his three hundred years in faery-land and his faery love: all dreams withering in the winds of time lament in his lamentations: “The clouds are long above me this night; last night was a long night to me; although I find this day long, yesterday was still longer. Every day that comes to me is long. . . . No one in this great world is like me—a poor old man dragging stones. The clouds are long above me this night. I am the last man of the Fianna, the great Oisin, the son of Finn, listening to the sound of bells. The clouds are long above me this night.” Matthew Arnold quotes the lamentation of Leyrach Hen as a type of the Celtic melancholy, but I prefer to quote it as a type of the primitive melancholy: “O my crutch, is it not autumn when the fern is red and the water flag yellow? Have I not hated that which I love? . . . Behold old age, which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head and my teeth, to my eyes which women loved. The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow. I am old, I am alone, shapeliness and warmth are gone from me, the couch of honor shall be no more mine; I am miserable, I am bent on my crutch. How evil was the lot allotted to Leyrach, the night he was brought forth! Sorrows without end and no deliverance from his burden.”

An Elizabethan writer describes extravagant sorrow by calling it "to weep Irish"; and Oisin and Leyrach Hen are, I think, a little nearer even to us modern Irish than they are to most people. That is why our poetry and much of our thought is melancholy. "The same man," writes Dr. Hyde in the beautiful prose which he first writes in Gaelic, "who will to-day be dancing, sporting, drinking, and shouting, will be soliloquizing by himself to-morrow, heavy and sick and sad in his own lonely little hut, making a croon over departed hopes, lost life, the vanity of this world, and the coming of death."

IRELAND AND THE ARTS.

From 'Ideas of Good and Evil.'

The arts have failed; fewer people are interested in them every generation. The mere business of living, of making money, of amusing one's self, occupies people more and more, and makes them less and less capable of the difficult art of appreciation. When they buy a picture it generally shows a long-current idea, or some conventional form that can be admired in that lax mood one admires a fine carriage in or fine horses in; and when they buy a book it is so much in the manner of the picture that it is forgotten, when its moment is over, as a glass of wine is forgotten. We who care deeply about the arts find ourselves the priesthood of an almost forgotten faith, and we must, I think, if we would win the people again, take upon ourselves the method and the fervor of a priesthood. We must be half humble and half proud. We see the perfect more than others, it may be, but we must find the passions among the people. We must baptize as well as preach.

The makers of religions have established their ceremonies, their form of art, upon fear of death, on the hope of the father in his child, upon the love of man and woman. They have even gathered into their ceremonies the ceremonies of more ancient faiths, for fear a grain of the dust turned into crystal in some past fire, a passion that had mingled with the religious idea, might perish if the

ancient ceremony perished. They have renamed wells and images and given new meanings to ceremonies of spring and midsummer and harvest. In very early days the arts were so possessed by this method that they were almost inseparable from religion, going side by side with it into all life. But, to-day, they have grown, as I think, too proud, too anxious to live alone with the perfect, and so one sees them, as I think, like charioteers standing by deserted chariots and holding broken reins in their hands, or seeking to go upon their way drawn by the one passion which alone remains to them out of the passions of the world.

We should not blame them, but rather a mysterious tendency in things which will have its end some day. In England, men like William Morris, seeing about them passions so long separated from the perfect that it seemed as if they could not be changed until society had been changed, tried to unite the arts once more to life by uniting them to use. They advised painters to paint fewer pictures upon canvas, and to burn more of them on plates; and they tried to persuade sculptors that a candlestick might be as beautiful as a statue. But here in Ireland, when the arts have grown humble, they will find two passions ready to their hands, love of the Unseen Life and love of country. I would have a devout writer or painter often content himself with subjects taken from his religious beliefs; and if his religious beliefs are those of the majority, he may at last move hearts in every cottage. While even if his religious beliefs are those of some minority, he will have a better welcome than if he wrote of the rape of Persephone, or painted the burning of Shelley's body. He will have founded his work on a passion which will bring him to many besides those who have been trained to care for beautiful things by a special education. If he is a painter or a sculptor he will find churches awaiting his hand everywhere, and if he follows the masters of his craft our other passion will come into his work also, for he will show his Holy Family winding among hills like those of Ireland and his Bearer of the Cross among faces copied from the faces of his own town. Our art teachers should urge their pupils into this work, for I can remember, when I was myself a Dublin art student,

how I used to despond when eagerness burned low, as it always must now and then, at seeing no market at all.

But I would rather speak to those who, while moved in other things than the arts by love of country, are beginning to write, as I was some sixteen years ago, without any decided impulse to one thing more than another, and especially to those who are convinced, as I was convinced, that art is tribeless, nationless, a blossom gathered in No Man's Land. The Greeks, the only perfect artists of the world, looked within their own borders, and we, like them, have a history fuller than any modern history of imaginative events; and legends which surpass, as I think, all legends but theirs in wild beauty, and in our land, as in theirs, there is no river or mountain that is not associated in the memory with some event or legend; while political reasons have made love of country, as I think, even greater among us than among them. I would have our writers and craftsmen of many kinds master this history and these legends, and fix upon their memory the appearance of mountains and rivers and make it all visible again in their arts, so that Irishmen, even though they had gone thousands of miles away, would still be in their own country. Whether they chose for the subject the carrying off of the Brown Bull, or the coming of Patrick, or the political struggle of later times, the other world comes so much into it all that their love of it would move in their hands also, and as much, it may be, as in the hands of the Greek craftsmen. In other words, I would have Ireland recreate the ancient arts, the arts as they were understood in Judea, in India, in Scandinavia, in Greece and Rome, in every ancient land; as they were understood when they moved a whole people and not a few people who have grown up in a leisured class and made this understanding their business.

I think that my reader will have agreed with most that I have said up till now, for we all hope for arts like these. I think indeed I first learned to hope for them myself in Young Ireland Societies, or in reading the essays of Davis. An Englishman, with his belief in progress, with his instinctive preference for the cosmopolitan literature of the last century, may think arts like these parochial, but they are the arts we have begun the making of.

I will not, however, have all my readers with me when I say that no writer, no artist, even though he choose Brian Boroihme or Saint Patrick for his subject, should try to make his work popular. Once he has chosen a subject he must think of nothing but giving it such an expression as will please himself. As Walt Whitman has written—

“The oration is to the orator, the acting is to the actor and actress,
not to the audience:

And no man understands any greatness or goodness but his own
or the indication of his own.”

He must make his work a part of his own journey towards beauty and truth. He must picture saint or hero, or hill-side, as he sees them, not as he is expected to see them, and he must comfort himself, when others cry out against what he has seen, by remembering that no two men are alike, and that there is no “excellent beauty without strangeness.” In this matter he must be without humility. He may, indeed, doubt the reality of his vision if men do not quarrel with him as they did with the Apostles, for there is only one perfection and only one search for perfection, and it sometimes has the form of the religious life and sometimes of the artistic life; and I do not think these lives differ in their wages, for “The end of art is peace” and out of the one as out of the other comes the cry: *Sero te amavi! Pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova!*
Sero te amavi!

The Catholic Church is not the less the Church of the people because the Mass is spoken in Latin, and art is not less the art of the people because it does not always speak in the language they are used to. I once heard my friend Mr. Ellis say, speaking at a celebration in honor of a writer whose fame had not come till long after his death, “It is not the business of a poet to make himself understood, but it is the business of the people to understand him. That they are at last compelled to do so is the proof of his authority.” And certainly if you take from art its martyrdom, you will take from it its glory. It might still reflect the passing modes of mankind, but it would cease to reflect the face of God.

If our craftsmen were to choose their subjects under what we may call, if we understand faith to mean that belief in a spiritual life which is not confined to one

Church, the persuasion of their faith and their country, they would soon discover that although their choice seemed arbitrary at first, it had obeyed what was deepest in them. I could not now write of any other country but Ireland, for my style has been shaped by the subjects I have worked on, but there was a time when my imagination seemed unwilling, when I found myself writing of some Irish event in words that would have better fitted some Italian or Eastern event, for my style had been shaped in that general stream of European literature which has come from so many watersheds, and it was slowly, very slowly, that I made a new style. It was years before I could rid myself of Shelley's Italian light, but now I think my style is myself. I might have found more of Ireland if I had written in Irish, but I have found a little, and I have found all myself. I am persuaded that if the Irishmen who are painting conventional pictures or writing conventional books on alien subjects, which have been worn away like pebbles on the shore, would do the same, that they, too, might find themselves. Even the landscape-painter, who paints a place that he loves, and that no other man has painted, soon discovers that no style learned in the studios is wholly fitted to his purpose.

And I cannot but believe that if our painters of Highland cattle and moss-covered barns were to care enough for their country to care for what makes it different from other countries, they would discover when struggling, it may be, to paint the exact gray of the bare Burren Hills, and of a sudden it may be, a new style, their very selves. And I admit, though in this I am moved by some touch of fanaticism, that even when I see an old subject written of or painted in a new way, I am yet jealous for Cuchulain, and for Baile, and Aillinn, and for those gray mountains that still are lacking their celebration. I sometimes reproach myself because I cannot admire Mr. Hughes' beautiful, piteous 'Orpheus and Eurydice' with an unquestioning mind. I say with my lips, "The Spirit made it, for it is beautiful and the Spirit bloweth where it listeth," but I say in my heart, "Aengus and Etain would have served his turn;" but one cannot, perhaps, love or believe at all if one does not love or believe a little too much.

And I do not think with unbroken pleasure of our

scholars who write about German writers or about periods of Greek history. I always remember that they could give us a number of little books which would tell, each book for some one county, or some one parish, the verses, or the stories, or the events that would make every lake or mountain a man can see from his own door an excitement in his imagination. I would have some of them leave that work of theirs which will never lack hands, and begin to dig in Ireland, the garden of the future, understanding that here in Ireland the spirit of man may be about to wed the soil of the world.

Art and scholarship like these I have described would give Ireland more than they received from her, for they would make love of the unseen more unshakable, more ready to plunge deep into the abyss, and they would make love of country more fruitful in the mind, more a part of daily life. One would know an Irishman into whose life they had come—and in a few generations they would come into the life of all, rich and poor—by something that set him apart among men. He himself would understand that more was expected of him than of others because he had greater possessions. The Irish race would have become a chosen race, one of the pillars that uphold the world.

“DUST HATH CLOSED HELEN’S EYE.”

From ‘The Celtic Twilight.’

I.

I have been lately to a little group of houses, not many enough to be called a village, in the barony of Kiltartan in County Galway, whose name, Ballylee, is known through all the west of Ireland. There is the old square castle, Ballylee, inhabited by a farmer and his wife, and a cottage where their daughter and their son-in-law live, and a little mill with an old miller, and old ash-trees throwing green shadows upon a little river and great stepping-stones. I went there two or three times last year to talk to the miller about Biddy Early, a wise woman that lived in Clare some

years ago, and about her saying, "There is a cure for all evil between the two mill-wheels of Ballylee," and to find out from him or another whether she meant the moss between the running waters or some other herb. I have been there this summer, and I shall be there again before it is autumn, because Mary Hynes, a beautiful woman whose name is still a wonder by turf fires, died there sixty years ago; for our feet would linger where beauty has lived its life of sorrow to make us understand that it is not of the world. An old man brought me a little way from the mill and the castle, and down a long, narrow boreen that was nearly lost in brambles and sloe bushes, and he said, "That is the little old foundation of the house, but the most of it is taken for building walls, and the goats have ate those bushes that are growing over it till they've got cranky, and they won't grow any more. They say she was the handsomest girl in Ireland, her skin was like dribbled snow"—he meant driven snow, perhaps—"and she had blushes in her cheeks. She had five handsome brothers, but all are gone now!" I talked to him about a poem in Irish, Raftery, a famous poet, made about her, and how it said, "there is a strong cellar in Ballylee." He said the strong cellar was the great hole where the river sank underground, and he brought me to a deep pool, where an otter hurried away under a gray boulder, and told me that many fish came up out of the dark water at early morning "to taste the fresh water coming down from the hills."

I first heard of the poem from an old woman who lives about two miles further up the river, and who remembers Raftery and Mary Hynes. She says, "I never saw anybody so handsome as she was, and I never will till I die," and that he was nearly blind, and had "no way of living but to go round and to mark some house to go to, and then all the neighbors would gather to hear. If you treated him well he'd praise you, but if you did not, he'd fault you in Irish. He was the greatest poet in Ireland, and he'd make a song about that bush if he chanced to stand under it. There was a bush he stood under from the rain, and he made verses praising it, and then when the water came through he made verses dispraising it." She sang the poem to a friend and to myself in Irish, and every

word was audible and expressive, as the words in a song were always, as I think, before music grew too proud to be the garment of words, flowing and changing with the flowing and changing of their energies. The poem is not as natural as the best Irish poetry of the last century, for the thoughts are arranged in a too obviously traditional form, so the old poor half-blind man who made it has to speak as if he were a rich farmer offering the best of everything to the woman he loves, but it has naïve and tender phrases. The friend that was with me has made some of the translation, but some of it has been made by the country people themselves. I think it has more of the simplicity of the Irish verses than one finds in most translations.

“ Going to Mass by the will of God,
 The day came wet and the wind rose ;
 I met Mary Hynes at the cross of Kiltartan,
 And I fell in love with her then and there.

I spoke to her kind and mannerly,
 As by report was her own way ;
 And she said, ‘ Raftery, my mind is easy,
 You may come to-day to Ballylee.’

When I heard her offer I did not linger,
 When her talk went to my heart my heart rose.
 We had only to go across the three fields,
 We had daylight with us to Ballylee.

The table was laid with glasses and a quart measure,
 She had fair hair, and she sitting beside me ;
 And she said, ‘ Drink, Raftery, and a hundred welcomes,
 There is a strong cellar in Ballylee.’

O star of light and O sun in harvest,
 O amber hair, O my share of the world,
 Will you come with me upon Sunday
 Till we agree together before all the people ?

I would not grudge you a song every Sunday evening,
 Punch on the table, or wine if you would drink it,
 But, O King of Glory, dry the roads before me,
 Till I find the way to Ballylee.

There is sweet air on the side of the hill
 When you are looking down upon Ballylee ;
 When you are walking in the valley picking nuts and black-
 berries,
 There is music of the birds in it and music of the Sidhe.

What is the worth of greatness till you have the light
Of the flower of the branch that is by your side ?
There is no god to deny it or to try and hide it,
She is the sun in the heavens who wounded my heart.

There was no part of Ireland I did not travel,
From the rivers to the tops of the mountains,
To the edge of Lough Greine whose mouth is hidden,
And I saw no beauty but was behind hers.

Her hair was shining, and her brows were shining too ;
Her face was like herself, her mouth pleasant and sweet.
She is the pride, and I give her the branch,
She is the shining flower of Ballylee.

It is Mary Hynes, the calm and easy woman,
Has beauty in her mind and in her face.
If a hundred clerks were gathered together,
They could not write down a half of her ways."

An old weaver, whose son is supposed to go away among the Sidhe (the faeries) at night, says, " Mary Hynes was the most beautiful thing ever made. My mother used to tell me about her, for she'd be at every hurling, and wherever she was she was dressed in white. As many as eleven men asked her in marriage in one day, but she wouldn't have any of them. There was a lot of men up beyond Kilbecanty one night sitting together drinking, and talking of her, and one of them got up and set out to go to Ballylee and see her; but Cloon Bog was open then, and when he came to it he fell into the water, and they found him dead there in the morning. She died of the fever that was before the famine." Another old man says he was only a child when he saw her, but he remembered that " the strongest man that was among us, one John Madden, got his death of the head of her, cold he got crossing rivers in the night-time to get to Ballylee." This is perhaps the man the other remembered, for tradition gives the one thing many shapes. There is an old woman who remembers her, at Derrybrien among the Echtge hills, a vast desolate place, which has changed little since the old poem said, " the stag upon the cold summit of Echtge hears the cry of the wolves," but still mindful of many poems and of the dignity of ancient speech. She says, " The sun and the moon never shone on anybody so handsome, and her skin was so white that it looked blue, and

she had two little blushes on her cheeks." And an old wrinkled woman who lives close by Ballylee, and has told me many tales of the Sidhe, says, "I often saw Mary Hynes, she was handsome indeed. She had two bunches of curls beside her cheeks, and they were the color of silver.

I saw Mary Molloy that was drowned in the river beyond, and Mary Guthrie that was in Ardrahan, but she took the sway of them both, a very comely creature. I was at her wake too—she had seen too much of the world. She was a kind creature. One day I was coming home through that field beyond, and I was tired, and who should come out but the Poisin Glegeal (the shining flower), and she gave me a glass of new milk." This old woman meant no more than some beautiful bright color by the color of silver, for though I knew an old man—he is dead now—who thought she might know "the cure for all the evils in the world," that the Sidhe knew, she has seen too little gold to know its color. But a man by the shore at Kinvara, who is too young to remember Mary Hynes, says, "Everybody says there is no one at all to be seen now so handsome; it is said she had beautiful hair, the color of gold. She was poor, but her clothes every day were the same as Sunday, she had such neatness. And if she went to any kind of a meeting, they would all be killing one another for a sight of her, and there was a great many in love with her, but she died young. It is said that no one that has a song made about them will ever live long."

Those who are much admired are, it is held, taken by the Sidhe, who can use ungoverned feeling for their own ends, so that a father, as an old herb doctor told me once, may give his child into their hands, or a husband his wife. The admired and desired are only safe if one says "God bless them" when one's eyes are upon them. The old woman that sang the song thinks, too, that Mary Hynes was "taken," as the phrase is, "for they have taken many that are not handsome, and why would they not take her? And people came from all parts to look at her, and maybe there were some that did not say 'God bless her.'" An old man who lives by the sea at Duras has as little doubt that she was taken, "for there are some living yet can remember her coming to the pattern there beyond,

and she was said to be the handsomest girl in Ireland." She died young because the gods loved her, for the Sidhe are the gods, and it may be that the old saying, which we forget to understand literally, meant her manner of death in old times. These poor countrymen and countrywomen in their beliefs, and in their emotions, are many years nearer to that old Greek world, that set beauty beside the fountain of things, than are our men of learning. She "had seen too much of the world;" but these old men and women, when they tell of her, blame another and not her, and though they can be hard, they grow gentle as the old men of Troy grew gentle when Helen passed by on the walls.

The poet who helped her to so much fame has himself a great fame throughout the west of Ireland. Some think that Raftery was half blind, and say, "I saw Raftery, a dark man, but he had sight enough to see her," or the like, but some think he was wholly blind, as he may have been at the end of his life. Fable makes all things perfect in their kind, and her blind people must never look on the world and the sun. I asked a man I met one day, when I was looking for a pool *na mna Sidhe* where women of faery have been seen, how Raftery could have admired Mary Hynes so much if he had been altogether blind? He said, "I think Raftery was altogether blind, but those that are blind have a way of seeing things, and have the power to know more, and to feel more, and to do more, and to guess more than those that have their sight, and a certain wit and a certain wisdom is given to them." Everybody, indeed, will tell you that he was very wise, for was he not only blind but a poet? The weaver whose words about Mary Hynes I have already given, says, "His poetry was the gift of the Almighty, for there are three things that are the gift of the Almighty—poetry and dancing and principles. That is why in the old times an ignorant man coming down from the hillside would be better behaved and have better learning than a man with education you'd meet now, for they got it from God;" and a man at Coole says, "When he put his finger to one part of his head, everything would come to him as if it was written in a book;" and an old pensioner at Kiltartan says, "He was standing under a bush one time, and he talked to it, and it answered him back in Irish. Some say it was the bush

that spoke, but it must have been an enchanted voice in it, and it gave him the knowledge of all the things of the world. The bush withered up afterwards, and it is to be seen on the roadside now between this and Rahasine." There is a poem of his about a bush, which I have never seen, and it may have come out of the caldron of fable in this shape.

A friend of mine met a man once who had been with him when he died, but the people say that he died alone, and one Maureen Gillane told Dr. Hyde that all night long a light was seen streaming up to heaven from the roof of the house where he lay, and "that was the angels who were with him;" and all night long there was a great light in the hovel, "and that was the angels who were waking him. They gave that honor to him because he was so good a poet, and sang such religious songs." It may be that in a few years Fable, who changes mortalities to immortalities in her caldron, will have changed Mary Hynes and Raftery to perfect symbols of the sorrow of beauty and of the magnificence and penury of dreams. 1900.

II.

When I was in a northern town awhile ago I had a long talk with a man who had lived in a neighboring country district when he was a boy. He told me that when a very beautiful girl was born in a family that had not been noted for good looks, her beauty was thought to have come from the Sidhe, and to bring misfortune with it. He went over the names of several beautiful girls that he had known, and said that beauty had never brought happiness to anybody. It was a thing, he said, to be proud of and afraid of. I wish I had written out his words at the time, for they were more picturesque than my memory of them.

1902.

THE DEVIL.

From 'The Celtic Twilight.'

My old Mayo woman told me one day that something very bad had come down the road and gone into the house opposite, and though she would not say what it was, I knew quite well. Another day she told me of two friends of hers who had been made love to by one whom they believed to be the devil. One of them was standing by the roadside when he came by on horseback, and asked her to mount up behind him and go riding. When she would not he vanished. The other was out on the road late at night waiting for her young man, when something came flapping and rolling along the road up to her feet. It had the likeness of a newspaper, and presently it flapped up into her face, and she knew by the size of it that it was the *Irish Times*. All of a sudden it changed into a young man, who asked her to go walking with him. She would not, and he vanished.

I know of an old man too, on the slopes of Ben Bulben, who found the devil ringing a bell under his bed, and he went off and stole the chapel bell and rang him out. It may be that this, like the others, was not the devil at all, but some poor wood spirit whose cloven feet had got him into trouble.

VILLAGE GHOSTS.

From 'The Celtic Twilight.'

In the great cities we see so little of the world, we drift into our minority. In the little towns and villages there are no minorities; people are not numerous enough. You must see the world there, perforce. Every man is himself a class; every hour carries its new challenge. When you pass the inn at the end of the village you leave your favorite whimsy behind you; for you will meet no one who can share it. We listen to eloquent speaking, read books and write them, settle all the affairs of the universe. The dumb village multitudes pass on unchanging; the feel of

the spade in the hand is no different for all our talk: good seasons and bad follow each other as of old. The dumb multitudes are no more concerned with us than is the old horse peering through the rusty gate of the village pound. The ancient map-makers wrote across unexplored regions, "Here are lions." Across the villages of fishermen and turners of the earth, so different are these from us, we can write but one line that is certain, "Here are ghosts."

My ghosts inhabit the village of H—, in Leinster. History has in no manner been burdened by this ancient village, with its crooked lanes, its old abbey churchyard full of long grass, its green background of small fir-trees, and its quay, where lie a few tarry fishing-luggers. In the annals of entomology it is well known. For a small bay lies westward a little, where he who watches night after night may see a certain rare moth fluttering along the edge of the tide, just at the end of evening or the beginning of dawn. A hundred years ago it was carried here from Italy by smugglers in a cargo of silks and laces. If the moth-hunter would throw down his net, and go hunting for ghost tales or tales of the faeries and such-like children of Lillith, he would have need for far less patience.

To approach the village at night a timid man requires great strategy. A man was once heard complaining, "By the cross of Jesus! how shall I go? If I pass by the hill of Dunboy old Captain Burney may look out on me. If I go round by the water, and up by the steps, there is the headless one and another on the quays, and a new one under the old churchyard wall. If I go right round the other way, Mrs. Stewart is appearing at Hillside Gate, and the devil himself is in the Hospital Lane."

I never heard which spirit he braved, but feel sure it was not the one in the Hospital Lane. In cholera times a shed had been there set up to receive patients. When the need had gone by, it was pulled down, but ever since the ground where it stood has broken out in ghosts and demons and faeries. There is a farmer at H—, Paddy B— by name—a man of great strength, and a teetotaler. His wife and sister-in-law, musing on his great strength, often wonder what he would do if he drank. One night when passing through the Hospital Lane, he saw what he supposed at first to be a tame rabbit; after a little

he found that it was a white cat. When he came near, the creature slowly began to swell larger and larger, and as it grew he felt his own strength ebbing away, as though it were sucked out of him. He turned and ran.

By the Hospital Lane goes the "Faeries' Path." Every evening they travel from the hill to the sea, from the sea to the hill. At the sea end of their path stands a cottage. One night Mrs. Arぶnathy, who lived there, left her door open, as she was expecting her son. Her husband was asleep by the fire; a tall man came in and sat beside him. After he had been sitting there for a while, the woman said "In the name of God, who are you?" He got up and went out, saying, "Never leave the door open at this hour, or evil may come to you." She woke her husband and told him. "One of the good people has been with us," said he.

Probably the man braved Mrs. Stewart at Hillside Gate. When she lived she was the wife of the Protestant clergyman. "Her ghost was never known to harm any one," say the village people; "it is only doing a penance upon the earth." Not far from Hillside Gate, where she haunted, appeared for a short time a much more remarkable spirit. Its haunt was the bogeen, a green lane leading from the western end of the village. I quote its history at length: a typical village tragedy. In a cottage at the village end of the bogeen lived a house-painter, Jim Montgomery, and his wife. They had several children. He was a little dandy, and came of a higher class than his neighbors. His wife was a very big woman. Her husband, who had been expelled from the village choir for drink, gave her a beating one day. Her sister heard of it, and came and took down one of the window shutters—Montgomery was neat about everything and had shutters on the outside of every window—and beat him with it, being big and strong like her sister. He threatened to prosecute her; she answered that she would break every bone in his body if he did. She never spoke to her sister again, because she had allowed herself to be beaten by so small a man. Jim Montgomery grew worse and worse: his wife soon began to have not enough to eat. She told no one, for she was very proud. Often, too, she would have no fire on a cold night. If any neighbors came in

she would say she had let the fire out because she was just going to bed. The people about often heard her husband beating her, but she never told any one. She got very thin. At last one Saturday there was no food in the house for herself and the children. She could bear it no longer, and went to the priest and asked him for some money. He gave her thirty shillings. Her husband met her, and took the money, and beat her. On the following Monday she got very ill, and sent for a Mrs. Kelly. Mrs. Kelly, as soon as she saw her, said, "My woman, you are dying," and sent for the priest and the doctor. She died in an hour. After her death, as Montgomery neglected the children, the landlord had them taken to the workhouse. A few nights after they had gone, Mrs. Kelly was going home through the bogeen when the ghost of Mrs. Montgomery appeared and followed her. It did not leave her until she reached her own house. She told the priest, Father S——, a noted antiquarian, and could not get him to believe her. A few nights afterwards Mrs. Kelly again met the spirit in the same place. She was in too great terror to go the whole way, but stopped at a neighbor's cottage midway, and asked them to let her in. They answered they were going to bed. She cried out, "In the name of God let me in, or I will break open the door." They opened, and so she escaped from the ghost. Next day she told the priest again. This time he believed, and said it would follow her until she spoke to it.

She met the spirit a third time in the bogeen. She asked what kept it from its rest. The spirit said that its children must be taken from the workhouse, for none of its relations were ever there before, and that three masses were to be said for the repose of its soul. "If my husband does not believe you," she said, "show him that," and touched Mrs. Kelly's wrist with three fingers. The places where they touched swelled up and blackened. She then vanished. For a time Montgomery would not believe that his wife had appeared: "She would not show herself to Mrs. Kelly," he said—"she with respectable people to appear to." He was convinced by the three marks, and the children were taken from the workhouse. The priest said the masses, and the shade must have been at rest, for it has not since appeared. Some time afterwards Jim Mont-

gomery died in the workhouse, having come to great poverty through drink.

I know some who believe they have seen the headless ghost upon the quay, and one who, when he passes the old cemetery wall at night, sees a woman with white borders to her cap¹ creep out and follow him. The apparition only leaves him at his own door. The villagers imagine that she follows him to avenge some wrong. "I will haunt you when I die" is a favorite threat. His wife was once half-scared to death by what she considers a demon in the shape of a dog.

These are a few of the open-air spirits; the more domestic of their tribe gather within-doors, plentiful as swallows under southern eaves.

One night a Mrs. Nolan was watching by her dying child in Fluddy's Lane. Suddenly there was a sound of knocking heard at the door. She did not open, fearing it was some unhuman thing that knocked. The knocking ceased. After a little the front-door and then the back-door were burst open, and closed again. Her husband went to see what was wrong. He found both doors bolted. The child died. The doors were again opened and closed as before. Then Mrs. Nolan remembered that she had forgotten to leave window or door open, as the custom is, for the departure of the soul. These strange openings and closings and knockings were warnings and reminders from the spirits who attend the dying.

The house ghost is usually a harmless and well-meaning creature. It is put up with as long as possible. It brings good luck to those who live with it. I remember two children who slept with their mother and sisters and brothers in one small room. In the room was also a ghost. They sold herrings in the Dublin streets, and did not mind the ghost much, because they knew they would always sell their fish easily while they slept in the "ha'nted" room.

I have some acquaintance among the ghost-seers of western villages. The Connaught tales are very different from those of Leinster. These H—— spirits have a gloomy, matter-of-fact way with them. They come to

¹ I wonder why she had white borders to her cap. The old Mayo woman, who has told me so many tales, has told me that her brother-in-law saw "a woman with white borders to her cap going round the stacks in a field, and soon after he got a hurt, and he died in six months."

announce a death, to fulfil some obligation, to revenge a wrong, to pay their bills even—as did a fisherman's daughter the other day—and then hasten to their rest. All things they do decently and in order. It is demons, and not ghosts, that transform themselves into white cats or black dogs. The people who tell the tales are poor, serious-minded fishing people, who find in the doings of the ghosts the fascination of fear. In the western tales is a whimsical grace, a curious extravagance. The people who recount them live in the most wild and beautiful scenery, under a sky ever loaded and fantastic with flying clouds. They are farmers and laborers, who do a little fishing now and then. They do not fear the spirits too much to feel an artistic and humorous pleasure in their doings. The ghosts themselves share in their quaint hilarity. In one western town, on whose deserted wharf the grass grows, these spirits have so much vigor that, when a misbeliever ventured to sleep in a haunted house, I have been told they flung him through the window, and his bed after him. In the surrounding villages the creatures use the most strange disguises. A dead old gentleman robs the cabbages of his own garden in the shape of a large rabbit. A wicked sea-captain stayed for years inside the plaster of a cottage wall, in the shape of a snipe, making the most horrible noises. He was only dislodged when the wall was broken down; then out of the solid plaster the snipe rushed away whistling.

MIRACULOUS CREATURES.

From 'The Celtic Twilight.'

There are marten cats and badgers and foxes in the Enchanted Woods, but there are of a certainty mightier creatures, and the lake hides what neither net nor line can take. These creatures are of the race of the white stag that flits in and out of the tales of Arthur, and of the evil pig that slew Diarmuid where Ben Bulben mixes with the sea wind. They are the wizard creatures of hope and fear, they are of them that fly and of them that follow

among the thickets that are about the Gates of Death. A man I know remembers that his father was one night in the wood of Inchy, "where the lads of Gort used to be stealing rods. He was sitting by the wall, and the dog beside him, and he heard something come running from Owbawn Weir, and he could see nothing, but the sound of its feet on the ground was like the sound of the feet of a deer. And when it passed him, the dog got between him and the wall and scratched at it there as if it was afraid, but still he could see nothing but only hear the sound of hoofs. So when it was passed he turned and came away home." "Another time," the man says, "my father told me he was in a boat out on the lake with two or three men from Gort, and one of them had an eel-spear, and he thrust it into the water, and it hit something, and the man fainted and they had to carry him out of the boat to land, and when he came to himself he said that what he struck was like a calf, but whatever it was, it was not fish !" A friend of mine is convinced that these terrible creatures, so common in lakes, were set there in old times by subtle enchanters to watch over the gates of wisdom. He thinks that if we sent our spirits down into the water we would make them of one substance with strange moods of ecstasy and power, and go out it may be to the conquest of the world. We would, however, he believes, have first to out-face and perhaps overthrow strange images full of a more powerful life than if they were really alive. It may be that we shall look at them without fear when we have endured the last adventure, that is death.

ENCHANTED WOODS.

From 'The Celtic Twilight.'

I.

Last summer, whenever I had finished my day's work, I used to go wandering in certain roomy woods, and there I would often meet an old countryman, and talk to him about his work and about the woods, and once or twice a friend came with me to whom he would open his heart

more readily than to me. He had spent all his life lopping away the witch elm and the hazel and privet and the hornbeam from the paths, and had thought much about the natural and supernatural creatures of the wood. He has heard the hedgehog—"grainne oge," he calls him—"grunting like a Christian," and is certain that he steals apples by rolling about under an apple tree until there is an apple sticking to every quill. He is certain too that the cats, of whom there are many in the woods, have a language of their own—some kind of old Irish. He says, "Cats were serpents, and they were made into cats at the time of some great change in the world. That is why they are hard to kill, and why it is dangerous to meddle with them. If you annoy a cat it might claw or bite you in a way that would put poison in you, and that would be the serpent's tooth."

Sometimes he thinks they change into wild cats, and then a nail grows on the end of their tails; but these wild cats are not the same as the marten cats, who have been always in the woods. The foxes were once tame, as the cats are now, but they ran away and became wild. He talks of all wild creatures except squirrels—whom he hates—with what seems an affectionate interest, though at times his eyes will twinkle with pleasure as he remembers how he made hedgehogs unroll themselves when he was a boy, by putting a wisp of burning straw under them.

I am not certain that he distinguishes between the natural and supernatural very clearly. He told me the other day that foxes and cats like, above all, to be in the "forths" and lisses after nightfall; and he will certainly pass from some story about a fox to a story about a spirit with less change of voice than when he is going to speak about a marten cat—a rare beast nowadays. Many years ago he used to work in the garden, and once they put him to sleep in a garden-house where there was a loft full of apples, and all night he could hear people rattling plates and knives and forks over his head in the loft. Once, at any rate, he has seen an unearthly sight in the woods. He says, "One time I was out cutting timber over in Inchy, and about eight o'clock one morning when I got there I saw a girl picking nuts, with her hair hanging down over her shoulders, brown hair, and she had a good, clean face,

and she was tall and nothing on her head, and her dress no way gaudy but simple, and when she felt me coming she gathered herself up and was gone as if the earth had swallowed her up. And I followed her and looked for her, but I never could see her again from that day to this, never again." He used the word clean as we would use words like fresh or comely.

Others too have seen spirits in the Enchanted Woods. A laborer told us of what a friend of his had seen in a part of the woods that is called Shanwalla, from some old village that was before the wood. He said, "One evening I parted from Lawrence Mangan in the yard, and he went away through the path in Shanwalla, an' bid me good-night. And two hours after, there he was back again in the yard, an' bid me light a candle that was in the stable. An' he told me that when he got into Shanwalla, a little fellow about as high as his knee, but having a head as big as a man's body, came beside him and led him out of the path an' round about, and at last it brought him to the lime-kiln, and then it vanished and left him."

A woman told me of a sight that she and others had seen by a certain deep pool in the river. She said, "I came over the stile from the chapel, and others along with me; and a great blast of wind came and two trees were bent and broken and fell into the river, and the splash of water out of it went up to the skies. And those that were with me saw many figures, but myself I only saw one, sitting there by the bank where the trees fell. Dark clothes he had on, and he was headless."

A man told me that one day, when he was a boy, he and another boy went to catch a horse in a certain field, full of bowlders and bushes of hazel and creeping juniper and rock roses, that is where the lake side is for a little clear of the woods. He said to the boy that was with him, "I bet a button that if I fling a pebble on to that bush it will stay on it," meaning that the bush was so matted the pebble would not be able to go through it. So he took up "a pebble of cow-dung, and as soon as it hit the bush there came out of it the most beautiful music that ever was heard." They ran away, and when they had gone about two hundred yards they looked back and saw a woman dressed in white, walking round and round the bush.

"First it had the form of a woman, and then of a man, and it was going round the bush."

II.

I often entangled myself in arguments more complicated than even those paths of Inchy as to what is the true nature of apparitions, but at other times I say as Socrates said when they told him a learned opinion about a nymph of the Ilissus, "The common opinion is enough for me." I believe when I am in the mood that all nature is full of people whom we cannot see, and that some of these are ugly or grotesque, and some wicked or foolish, but very many beautiful beyond any one we have ever seen, and that these are not far away when we are walking in pleasant and quiet places. Even when I was a boy I could never walk in a wood without feeling that at any moment I might find before me somebody or something I had long looked for without knowing what I looked for. And now I will at times explore every little nook of some poor coppice with almost anxious footsteps, so deep a hold has this imagination upon me. You too meet with a like imagination, doubtless, somewhere, wherever your ruling stars will have it, Saturn driving you to the woods, or the Moon, it may be, to the edges of the sea. I will not of a certainty believe that there is nothing in the sunset, where our forefathers imagined the dead following their shepherd the sun, or nothing but some vague presence as little moving as nothing. If beauty is not a gateway out of the net we were taken in at our birth, it will not long be beauty, and we will find it better to sit at home by the fire and fatten a lazy body or to run hither and thither in some foolish sport than to look at the finest show that light and shadow ever made among green leaves. I say to myself, when I am well out of that thicket of argument, that they are surely there, the divine people, for only we who have neither simplicity nor wisdom have denied them, and the simple of all times and the wise men of ancient times have seen them and even spoken to them. They live out their passionate lives not far off, as I think, and we shall be among them when we die if we but keep our natures simple and passionate. May it not even be that death shall unite us to all romance, and that some day we shall

fight dragons among blue hills, or come to that whereof all romance is but

“Foreshadowings mingled with the images
Of man’s misdeeds in greater days than these,”

as the old men thought in ‘The Earthly Paradise’ when they were in good spirits?

THE LAST GLEEMAN.

From ‘The Celtic Twilight.’

Michael Moran was born about 1794 off Black Pitts, in the Liberties of Dublin, in Faddle Alley. A fortnight after birth he went stone blind from illness, and became thereby a blessing to his parents, who were soon able to send him to rhyme and beg at street corners and at the bridges over the Liffey. They may well have wished that their quiver were full of such as he, for, free from the interruption of sight, his mind became a perfect echoing chamber, where every movement of the day and every change of public passion whispered itself into rhyme or quaint saying. By the time he had grown to manhood he was admitted rector of all the ballad-mongers of the Liberties. Madden the weaver, Kearney the blind fiddler from Wicklow, Martin from Meath, McBride from heaven knows where, and that M’Grane, who in after days, when the true Moran was no more, strutted in borrowed plumes, or rather in borrowed rags, and gave out that there had never been any Moran but himself, and many another, did homage before him, and held him chief of all their tribe. Nor despite his blindness did he find any difficulty in getting a wife, but rather was able to pick and choose, for he was just that mixture of ragamuffin and of genius which is dear to the heart of woman, who, perhaps because she is wholly conventional herself, loves the unexpected, the crooked, the bewildering.

Nor did he lack, despite his rags, many excellent things, for it is remembered that he ever loved caper sauce, going so far indeed in his honest indignation at its absence upon

one occasion as to fling a leg of mutton at his wife. He was not, however, much to look at, with his coarse frieze coat with its cape and scalloped edge, his old corduroy trousers and great brogues, and his stout stick made fast to his wrist by a thong of leather: and he would have been a woful shock to the Gleeman MacConglinne, could that friend of kings have beheld him in prophetic vision from the pillar stone at Cork. And yet though the short cloak and the leather wallet were no more, he was a true gleeman, being alike poet, jester, and newsman of the people. In the morning when he had finished his breakfast, his wife or some neighbor would read the newspaper to him, and read on and on until he interrupted with, "That 'll do—I have me meditations;" and from these meditations would come the day's store of jest and rhyme. He had the whole Middle Ages under his frieze coat.

He had not, however, MacConglinne's hatred of the Church and clergy, for when the fruit of his meditations did not ripen well, or when the crowd called for something more solid, he would recite or sing a metrical tale or ballad of saint or martyr or of Biblical adventure. He would stand at a street corner, and when a crowd had gathered would begin in some such fashion as follows (I copy the record of one who knew him)—"Gather round me, boys, gather round me. Boys, am I standin' in puddle? am I standin' in wet?" Thereon several boys would cry, "Ah, no! yez not! yer in a nice dry place. Go on with 'St. Mary;' go on with 'Moses'"—each calling for his favorite tale. Then Moran, with a suspicious wriggle of his body and a clutch at his rags, would burst out with "All me buzzim friends are turned backbiters;" and after a final "If yez don't drop your coddin' and diversion I 'll lave some of yez a case," by way of warning to the boys, begin his recitation, or perhaps still delay, to ask, "Is there a crowd round me now? Any blackguard heretic around me?" The best-known of his religious tales was 'St. Mary of Egypt,' a long poem of exceeding solemnity, condensed from the much longer work of a certain Bishop Coyle.

It told how a fast woman of Egypt, Mary by name, followed pilgrims to Jerusalem for no good purpose, and then turning penitent on finding herself withheld from entering the Temple by supernatural interference, fled to the desert

and spent the remainder of her life in solitary penance. When at last she was at the point of death, God sent Bishop Zozimus to hear her confession, give her the last sacrament, and with the help of a lion, whom He sent also, dig her grave. The poem has the intolerable cadence of the eighteenth century, but was so popular and so often called for that Moran was soon nicknamed Zozimus, and by that name is he remembered. He had also a poem of his own called 'Moses,' which went a little nearer poetry without going very near. But he could ill brook solemnity, and before long parodied his own verses in the following ragamuffin fashion :

" In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile,
 King Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style.
 She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,
 To dry her royal pelt she ran along the strand.
 A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw
 A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.
 She took it up, and said with accents mild,
 'Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yez owns the child ?'"

His humorous rhymes were, however, more often quips and cranks at the expense of his contemporaries. It was his delight, for instance, to remind a certain shoemaker, noted alike for display of wealth and for personal uncleanness, of his inconsiderable origin in a song of which but the first stanza has come down to us :

" At the dirty end of Dirty Lane,
 Lived a dirty cobbler, Dick Maclane;
 His wife was in the old king's reign
 A stout brave orange-woman.
 On Essex Bridge she strained her throat,
 And six-a-penny was her note.
 But Dickey wore a bran-new coat,
 He got among the yeomen.
 He was a bigot, like his clan,
 And in the streets he wildly sang
 O Roly, toly, toly raid, with his old jade."

He had troubles of divers kinds, and numerous interlopers to face and put down. Once an officious peeler arrested him as a vagabond, but was triumphantly routed amid the laughter of the court, when Moran reminded his worship of the precedent set by Homer, who was also, he declared, a poet, and a blind man, and a beggarman. He

had to face a more serious difficulty as his fame grew. Various imitators started up upon all sides. A certain actor, for instance, made as many guineas as Moran did shillings by mimicking his sayings and his songs and his get-up upon the stage. On night this actor was at supper with some friends, when dispute arose as to whether his mimicry was overdone or not. It was agreed to settle it by an appeal to the mob. A forty-shilling supper at a famous coffee-house was to be the wager. The actor took up his station at Essex Bridge, a great haunt of Moran's, and soon gathered a small crowd. He had scarce got through "In Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile," when Moran himself came up, followed by another crowd. The crowds met in great excitement and laughter. "Good Christians," cried the pretender, "is it possible that any man would mock the poor dark man like that?"

"Who's that? It's some imposhterer," replied Moran.

"Begone, you wretch! it's you'ze the imposhterer. Don't you fear the light of heaven being struck from your eyes for mocking the poor dark man?"

"Saints and angels, is there no protection against this? You're a most inhuman blaguard to try to deprive me of my honest bread this way," replied poor Moran.

"And you, you wretch, won't let me go on with the beautiful poem. Christian people, in your charity won't you beat this man away? he's taking advantage of my darkness."

The pretender, seeing that he was having the best of it, thanked the people for their sympathy and protection, and went on with the poem, Moran listening for a time in bewildered silence. After a while Moran protested again with:

"Is it possible that none of yez can know me? Don't yez see it's myself; and that's some one else?"

"Before I can proceed any further in this lovely story," interrupted the pretender, "I call on yez to contribute your charitable donations to help me to go on."

"Have you no soul to be saved, you mocker of heaven?" cried Moran, put completely beside himself by this last injury. "Would you rob the poor as well as desave the the world? O, was ever such wickedness known?"

"I leave it to yourselves, my friends," said the pretender, "to give to the real dark man, that you all know so well, and save me from that schemer," and with that he collected some pennies and half-pence. While he was doing so, Moran started his 'Mary of Egypt,' but the indignant crowd seizing his stick were about to belabor him, when they fell back bewildered anew by his close resemblance to himself. The pretender now called to them to "just give him a grip of that villain, and he'd soon let him know who the imposhterer was!" They led him over to Moran, but instead of closing with him he thrust a few shillings into his hand, and turning to the crowd explained to them he was indeed but an actor, and that he had just gained a wager, and so departed amid much enthusiasm, to eat the supper he had won.

In April, 1846, word was sent to the priest that Michael Moran was dying. He found him at 15 (now 14 1-2) Patrick Street, on a straw bed, in a room full of ragged ballad-singers come to cheer his last moments. After his death the ballad-singers, with many fiddles and the like, came again and gave him a fine wake, each adding to the merriment whatever he knew in the way of rann, tale, old saw, or quaint rhyme. He had had his day, had said his prayers and made his confession, and why should they not give him a hearty send-off? The funeral took place the next day. A good party of his admirers and friends got into the hearse with the coffin, for the day was wet and nasty. They had not gone far when one of them burst out with "It's cruel cowld, isn't it?" "Garra," replied another, "we'll all be as stiff as the corpse when we get to the berrin-ground." "Bad cess to him," said a third; "I wish he'd held out another month until the weather got decent." A man called Carroll thereupon produced a half-pint of whisky, and they all drank to the soul of the departed. Unhappily, however, the hearse was over-weighted, and they had not reached the cemetery before the spring broke, and the bottle with it.

Moran must have felt strange and out of place in that other kingdom he was entering, perhaps while his friends were drinking in his honor. Let us hope that some kindly middle region was found for him, where he can call di-

sheveled angels about him with some new and more rhythmical form of his old

“Gather round me, boys, will yez
Gather round me?
And hear what I have to say
Before ould Salley brings me
My bread and jug of tay;”

and fling outrageous quips and cranks at cherubim and seraphim. Perhaps he may have found and gathered, ragamuffin though he be, the Lily of High Truth, the Rose of Far-sought Beauty, for whose lack so many of the writers of Ireland, whether famous or forgotten, have been futile as the blown froth upon the shore.

CATHLEEN NI HOOLIHAN.¹

PERSONS.

PETER GILLANE.

MICHAEL GILLANE.—*His son, going to be married.*

PATRICK GILLANE.—*A lad of twelve, Michael's brother.*

BRIDGET GILLANE.—*Peter's wife.*

DELIA CAHEL.—*Engaged to Michael.*

THE POOR OLD WOMAN.

NEIGHBORS.

SCENE.—*Interior of a cottage close to Killala, in 1798.*
BRIDGET is standing at a table undoing a parcel. PETER is sitting at one side of the fire, PATRICK at the other.

PETER. What is that sound I hear?

PATRICK. I don't hear anything. (*He listens.*) I hear it now. It's like cheering. (*He goes to the window and looks out.*) I wonder what they are cheering about. I don't see anybody.

PETER. It might be a hurling match.

PATRICK. There's no hurling to-day. It must be down in the town the cheering is.

BRIDGET. I suppose the boys must be having some sport of their own. Come over here, Peter, and look at Michael's wedding clothes.

¹ See Mr. Stephen Gwynn's article on ‘The Irish Drama.’

PETER (*shifts his chair to table*). Those are grand clothes, indeed.

BRIDGET. You hadn't clothes like that when you married me, and no coat to put on of a Sunday more than any other day.

PETER. That is true, indeed. We never thought a son of our own would be wearing a suit of that sort at his wedding, or have so good a place to bring a wife to.

PATRICK (*who is still at the window*). There is an old woman coming down the road. I don't know is it here she's coming.

BRIDGET. It will be a neighbor coming to hear about Michael's wedding. Can you see who it is?

PATRICK. I think it is a stranger, and she's not coming to the house. She has not turned up the path. She's turned into the gap that goes down where Maurteen and his sons are shearing sheep. (*He turns toward them.*) Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other night about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?

BRIDGET. Don't be bothering us about Winnie's talk but go and open the door for your brother. I hear him coming up the path.

PETER. I hope he has brought Delia's fortune with him safe, for fear her people might go back of the bargain, and I after making it. Trouble enough I had making it.

(PATRICK opens the door and MICHAEL comes in.)

BRIDGET. What kept you, Michael? We were looking out for you this long time.

MICHAEL. I went round by the priest's house to bid him be ready to marry us to-morrow.

BRIDGET. Did he say anything?

MICHAEL. He said it was a very nice match, and that he was never better pleased to marry any two in his parish than myself and Delia Cahel.

PETER. Have you got the fortune, Michael?

MICHAEL. Here it is. (*He puts bag on the table and goes over and leans against chimney jamb.*)

(BRIDGET, *who has been all this time examining the clothes, pulling the seams, and trying the lining of the pockets, etc., puts clothes on dresser.*)

PETER (*getting up and taking the bag in his hand and turning out the money*). Yes, I made the bargain well for you, Michael. Old John Cahel would sooner have kept a share of this a while longer. "Let me keep the half of it till the first boy is born," says he. "You will not," says I. "Whether there is or is not a boy, the whole hundred pounds must be in Michael's hands before he brings your daughter to the house." The wife spoke to him then, and he gave in at the end.

BRIDGET. You seem well pleased to be handling the money, Peter.

PETER. Indeed, I wish I'd had the luck to get a hundred pounds, or twenty pounds itself, with the wife I married.

BRIDGET. Well, if I didn't bring much, I didn't get much. What had you the day I married you but a flock of hens and you feeding them, and a few lambs and you driving them to the market at Ballina? (*She is vexed and bangs a jug on the dresser.*) If I brought no fortune I worked it out in my bones, laying down the baby—Michael, that is standing there now—on a stool of straw, while I dug the potatoes, and never asking big dresses or anything but to be working.

PETER. That is true, indeed. (*He pats her arm.*)

BRIDGET. Leave me alone now till I ready the house for the woman that is to come into it.

PETER. You are the best woman in Ireland, but money is good, too. (*He begins handling the money again and sits down.*) I never thought to see so much money within my four walls. We can do great things now we have it. We can take the ten acres of land we have a chance of since Jamsie Dempsey died, and stock it. We will go to the fair of Ballina to buy the stock. Did Delia ask any of the money for her own use, Michael?

MICHAEL. She did not indeed. She did not seem to take much notice of it, or to look at it at all.

BRIDGET. That's no wonder. Why would she look at it when she had yourself to look at—a fine strong young man? It is proud she must be to get you—a good, steady boy, that will make use of the money, and will not be running through it, or spending it on drink, like another.

PETER. It's likely Michael himself was not thinking

much of the fortune either, but of what sort the girl was to look at.

MICHAEL (*coming over toward the table*). Well, you would like a nice comely girl to be beside you, and to go walking with you. The fortune only lasts for a while, but the woman will be there always.

PATRICK (*turning round from the window*). They are cheering again down in the town. Maybe they are landing horses from Enniscrone. They do be cheering when the horses take the water well.

MICHAEL. There are no horses in it. Where would they be going and no fair at hand? Go down to the town, Patrick, and see what is going on.

PATRICK (*opens the door to go out, but stops for a moment on the threshold*). Will Delia remember, do you think, to bring the greyhound pup she promised me when she would be coming to the house?

MICHAEL. She will surely. (PATRICK *goes out leaving the door open*.)

PETER. It will be Patrick's turn next to be looking for a fortune, but he won't find it so easy to get it, and he with no place of his own.

BRIDGET. I do be thinking sometimes, now things are going so well with us, and the Cahels such a good back to us in the district, and Delia's own uncle a priest, we might be put in the way of making Patrick himself a priest some day, and he so good at his books.

PETER. Time enough, time enough; you have always your head full of plans.

BRIDGET. We will be well able to give him learning, and not to send him tramping the country like a poor scholar that lives on charity.

MICHAEL. They're not done cheering yet. (*He goes over to the door and stands there for a moment putting up his hand to shade his eyes*.)

BRIDGET. Do you see anything?

MICHAEL. I see an old woman coming up the path.

BRIDGET. Who is it, I wonder?

MICHAEL. I don't think it's one of the neighbors, but she has her cloak over her face.

BRIDGET. Maybe it's the same woman Patrick saw a while ago. It might be some poor woman heard we were

making ready for the wedding, and came to look for her share.

PETER. I may as well put the money out of sight. There's no use leaving it out for every stranger to look at. (*He goes over to a large box by the wall, opens it and puts the bag in, and fumbles with the lock.*)

MICHAEL. There she is, father! (*An OLD WOMAN passes the window slowly. She looks at MICHAEL as she passes.*) I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding.

BRIDGET. Open the door, Michael: don't keep the poor woman waiting. (*The OLD WOMAN comes in; MICHAEL stands aside to make way for her.*)

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. God save all here!

PETER. God save you kindly.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. You have good shelter here.

PETER. You are welcome to whatever shelter we have.

BRIDGET. Sit down there by the fire and welcome.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN (*warming her hands*). There's a hard wind outside.

(*MICHAEL watches her curiously from the door. PETER comes over to the table.*)

PETER. Have you traveled far to-day?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have traveled far, very far; there are few have traveled so far as myself.

PETER. It is a pity, indeed, for any person to have no place of their own.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. That is true for you indeed, and it is long I am on the road since I first went wandering. It is seldom I have any rest.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet, they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

PETER. Was it much land they took from you?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to BRIDGET*). Do you think she could be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to OLD WOMAN*). Did you hear a noise of cheering, and you coming up the hill?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead;
With a hempen rope for a neckcloth
And a white cloth on his head.”

MICHAEL (*coming from the door*). What is that you are singing, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Singing I am about a man I knew one time, yellow-haired Donough, that was hanged in Galway. (*She goes on singing much louder.*)

“I am come to cry with you, woman,
My hair is unwound and unbound;
I remember him plowing his field,
Turning up the red side of the ground.

“And building his barn on the hill
With the good mortared stone;
O ! we'd have pulled down the gallows
Had it happened in Enniscrone !”

MICHAEL. What was it brought him to his death?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. He died for love of me; many a man has died for love of me.

PETER (*aside to BRIDGET*). Her trouble has put her wits astray.

MICHAEL. Is it long since that song was made? Is it long since he got his death?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Not long, not long. But there were others that died for love of me a long time ago.

MICHAEL. Were they neighbors of your own, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Come here beside me and I'll tell you about them. (*MICHAEL sits down beside her at the hearth.*) There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf, by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.

MICHAEL. Is it in the West that men will die to-morrow?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Come nearer, nearer to me.

BRIDGET. Is she right, do you think? or is she a woman from the North?

PETER. She doesn't know well what she's talking about, with the want and the trouble she has gone through.

BRIDGET. The poor thing, we should treat her well.

PETER. Give her a drink of milk and a bit of the oaten cake.

BRIDGET. Maybe we should give her something along with that to bring her on her way—a few pence, or a shilling itself, and we with so much money in the house.

PETER. Indeed, I'd not begrudge it to her if we had it to spare; but if we go running through what we have, we'll soon have to break the hundred pounds, and that would be a pity.

BRIDGET. Shame on you, Peter. Give her the shilling and your blessing with it, or our own luck will go from us.

(*PETER goes to the box and takes out a shilling.*)

BRIDGET (*to the OLD WOMAN*). Will you have a drink of milk?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. It is not food or drink that I want.

PETER (*offering the shilling*). Here is something for you.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. That is not what I want. It is not silver I want.

PETER. What is it you would be asking for?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. If anyone would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all. (*PETER goes over to the table, staring at the shilling in his hand in a bewildered way and stands whispering to BRIDGET.*)

MICHAEL. Have you no man of your own, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have not. With all the lovers that brought me their love, I never set out the bed for any.

MICHAEL. Are you lonely going the roads, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have my thoughts and I have my hopes.

MICHAEL. What hopes have you to hold to?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. The hope of getting my beautiful fields back again; the hope of putting the strangers out of my house.

MICHAEL. What way will you do that, ma'am?

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. I have good friends that will help me. They are gathering to help me now. I am not afraid. If they are put down to-day, they will get the upper hand to-morrow. (*She gets up.*) I must be going to meet my friends. They are coming to help me, and I must be there to welcome them. I must call the neighbours together to welcome them.

MICHAEL. I will go with you.

BRIDGET. It is not her friends you have to go and welcome, Michael; it is the girl coming into the house you have to welcome. You have plenty to do; it is food and drink, you have to bring to the house. The woman that is coming is not coming with empty hands; you would not have an empty house before her? (*To the OLD WOMAN.*) Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to BRIDGET*). What is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen the daughter of Hoolihan.

PETER. I think I knew some one of that name once. Who was it, I wonder? It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy. No, no, I remember I heard it in a song.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN (*who is standing in the doorway*). They are wondering that there were songs made for me; there have been many songs made for me; I heard one on the wind this morning. (*She sings.*)

“ Do not make a great keening
 When the graves have been dug to-morrow.
 Do not call the white-scarfed riders
 To the burying that shall be to-morrow.
 * Do not spread food to call strangers
 To the wakes that shall be to-morrow
 Do not give money for prayers
 For the dead that shall die to-morrow.
 They will have no need of prayers, they will have no need of
 prayers.”

MICHAEL. I do not know what that song means; but tell me something I can do for you.

PETER. Come over to me, Michael.

MICHAEL. Hush, father; listen to her.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN. It is a hard service they take that help me. Many that are red-cheeked now will be pale-cheeked; many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs and the rushes will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries; many a good plan will be broken; many that have gathered money will not stay to spend it; many a child will be born and there will be no father at its christening to give it a name. They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid. (*She goes out. Her voice is heard outside singing.*)

“ They shall be remembered for ever
 They shall be alive for ever
 They shall be speaking for ever
 The people shall hear them for ever.”

BRIDGET (*to PETER*). Look at him, Peter; he has the look of a man that has got the touch. (*Raising her voice.*) Look here, Michael, at the wedding clothes. (*Taking clothes from dresser.*) You have a right to fit them on now. It would be a pity to-morrow if they did not fit; the boys would be laughing at you. Take them, Michael, and go into the room and fit them on. (*She puts them on his arm.*)

MICHAEL. What wedding are you talking of? What clothes will I be wearing to-morrow?

BRIDGET. These are the clothes you are going to wear when you marry Delia Cahel to-morrow.

MICHAEL. I had forgotten that. (*He looks at the*

clothes and turns toward the inner room, but stops at the sound of cheering outside.)

PETER. There is the shouting come to our own door. What is it has happened?

(*Neighbors come crowding in, PATRICK and DELIA with them.*)

PATRICK. There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala. (*PETER takes his pipe from his mouth and his hat off and stands up. The clothes slip from MICHAEL'S arm.*)

DELIA. Michael! (*He takes no notice.*) Michael! (*He turns towards her.*) Why do you look at me like a stranger? (*She drops his arm. BRIDGET goes over toward her.*)

PATRICK. The boys are all hurrying down the hillsides to meet the French.

DELIA. Michael won't be going to join the French.

BRIDGET. (*To PETER.*) Tell him not to go, Peter.

PETER. It's no use. He doesn't hear a word we're saying.

BRIDGET. Try, Delia, and coax him over to the fire.

DELIA. Michael, Michael, you won't leave me! You won't join the French and we going to be married to-morrow! (*She puts her arms about him. He turns to her as if about to yield.*)

OLD WOMAN'S voice outside—

“They shall be remembered for ever
The people shall hear them for ever.”

(*MICHAEL breaks away from DELIA and goes out.*)

BRIDGET (*laying her hand on PATRICK's arm.*). Did you see an old woman going down the path?

PATRICK. I did not, but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen.

THE OLD AGE OF QUEEN MAEVE.

Maeve, the great queen, was pacing to and fro,
Between the walls covered with beaten bronze
In her high house at Cruachan; the long hearth,

Flickering with ash and hazel, but half showed
 Where the tired horse-boys lay upon the rushes,
 Or on the benches underneath the walls,
 In comfortable sleep. All living slept;
 But that great queen, who more than half the night
 Had paced from door to fire, and fire to door.
 Though now in her old age, in her young age
 She had been beautiful in that old way
 That's all but gone, for the proud heart is gone,
 And the fool heart of the counting-house fears all
 But soft beauty and indolent desire.
 She could have called over the rim of the world
 Whatever woman's lover had hit her fancy,
 And yet had been great bodied and great limbed,
 Fashioned to be the mother of strong children,
 And she'd had lucky eyes and a high heart,
 And wisdom that caught fire like the dried flax,
 At need, and made her beautiful and fierce,
 Sudden and laughing.

O, unquiet heart,
 Why do you praise another, praising her
 As if there were no tale but your own tale
 Worth knitting to a measure of sweet sound!
 Have I not bid you tell of that great queen
 Who has been buried some two thousand years?

When night was at its deepest, a wild goose
 Cried from the porter's lodge, and with long clamor
 Shook the ale-horns and shields upon their hooks,
 But the horse-boys slept on, as though some power
 Had filled the house with Druid heaviness;
 And wondering who of the many-changing Sidhe
 Had come, as in old times, to counsel her,
 Maeve walked, yet with slow footfall, being old,
 To that small chamber by the outer gate.

The porter slept, although he sat upright
 With still and stony limbs and open eyes.
 Maeve waited, and when that ear-piercing noise
 Broke from his parted lips, and broke again,
 She laid a hand on either of his shoulders
 And shook him wide awake, and bid him say:
 Who of the wandering many-changing ones
 Had troubled his sleep. But all he had to say
 Was that the air, being heavy, and the dogs
 More still than they had been for a good month,

He had fallen asleep, and though he had dreamed nothing,
He could remember when he had had fine dreams,
It was before the time of the great war
Over the White-horned Bull, and the Brown Bull.

She turned away; he turned again to sleep,
That no god troubled now, and, wondering
What matters were afoot among the Sidhe,
Maeve walked through that great hall, and with a sigh
Lifted the curtain of her sleeping-room,
Remembering that she, too, had seemed divine
To many thousand eyes, and to her own
One that the generations had long waited
That work too difficult for mortal hands
Might be accomplished. Bunching the curtain up
She saw her husband, Ailell, sleeping there,
And thought of days when he'd had a straight body,
And of that famous Fergus, Nessa's husband,
Who had been the lover of her middle life.

Suddenly Ailell spoke out of his sleep,
And not with his own voice, or a man's voice,
But with the burning, live, unshaken voice
Of those that it may be shall never fade.
He said, "High queen of Cruachan and Magh Ai,
A king of the Great Plain would speak with you."
And with glad voice Maeve answered him, "What king
Of the far-wandering shadows has come to me,
As in the old days, when they would come and go
About my threshold to counsel and to help?"
The parted lips replied, "I seek your help,
For I am Aengus, and I am crossed in love."
"How may a mortal whose life gutters out,
Help them that wander, with hand clasping hand,
By rivers where the rain has never dimmed
Their haughty images that cannot fade,
For all their beauty, like a hollow dream?"
"I come from the undimmed rivers to bid you call
The children of the Maines out of sleep,
And set them digging into Anbual's hill.
We shadows, while they uproot his earthy house,
Will overthrow his shadows, and carry off
Caer, his blue-eyed daughter, that I love.
I helped your fathers when they bulit these walls,
And I would have your help in my great need,
Queen of high Cruachan."

"I obey your will

With speedy feet and a most thankful heart,
 For you have been, O Aengus of the birds,
 Our giver of good counsel and good luck.”
 And with a groan as if the mortal breath
 Could but awaken sadly upon lips
 That happier breath had moved, her husband turned
 Face downward, tossing in a troubled sleep;
 But Maeve, and not with a slow, feeble foot,
 Came to the threshold of the painted house,
 Where her grandchildren slept, and cried aloud
 Until the pillared dark began to stir
 With shouting and the clang of unhooked arms.
 She told them of the many-changing ones;
 And all that night, and all through the next day
 To middle night they dug into the hill.
 At middle night, great cats with silver claws,
 Bodies of shadow, and blind eyes like pearls,
 Came up out of the hole, and red-eared hounds
 With long white bodies came out of the air
 Suddenly, and ran at them and harried them.

The Maines’ children dropped their spades and stood
 With quaking joints and terror-stricken faces,
 Till Maeve called out, “ These are but common men,
 The Maines’ children have not dropped their spades
 Because Earth, crazy for its broken power,
 Casts up a show, and the winds answer it
 With holy shadows.” Her high heart was glad,
 And when the uproar ran along the grass,
 She followed with light footfall in the midst,
 Till it died out where an old thorn tree stood.
 Friend of these many years, you too have stood
 With equal courage in that whirling rout,
 For you, although you have not her wandering heart
 Have all that greatness, and not hers alone,
 For there is no high story about queens
 In any ancient book but tells of you,
 And when I’ve heard how they grew old and died,
 Or fell into unhappiness, I’ve said,
 “ She will grow old and die, and she has wept,”
 And when I’d write it out anew, the words
 Half crazy with the thought, “ she too has wept,”
 Outrun the measure.

I’d tell of that great queen,
 Who stood amid a silence by the thorn

Until two lovers came out of the air
With bodies made out of soft fire. The one
About whose face birds wagged their fiery wings
Said, "Aengus and his sweetheart give their thanks
To Maeve and to Maeve's household, owing all
In owing them the bride-bed that gives peace."
Then Maeve, "O, Aengus, master of all lovers,
A thousand years ago you held high talk
With the first kings of many pillared Cruachan,
O, when will you grow weary?"

They had vanished,
But out of the dark air over her head there came
A murmur of soft words and meeting lips.

THE HOST OF THE AIR.

O'Driscoll drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard, while he sang and dreamed,
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,

To old men playing at cards
 With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
 For these were the host of the air.
 He sat and played in a dream
 Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men
 And thought not of evil chance,
 Until one bore Bridget his bride
 Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
 The handsomest young man there,
 And his neck and his breast and his arms
 Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards
 And out of his dream awoke.
 Old men and young men and young girls
 Were gone like a drifting smoke.

But he heard high up in the air
 A piper piping away,
 And never was piping so sad
 And never was piping so gay.

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN.

The old priest Peter Gilligan
 Was weary night and day;
 For half his flock were in their beds,
 Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair
 At the moth-hour of eve,
 Another poor man sent for him,
 And he began to grieve.

“ I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
 For people die and die.”
 And after cried he, “ God forgive!
 My body spake, not I ! ”

And then, half-lying on the chair,
 He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
 And the moth-hour went from the fields,
 And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
 And leaves shook in the wind;
 And God covered the world with shade,
 And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
 When the moths came once more,
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 Stood upright on the floor.

“Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died.
 While I slept on the chair.”
 He roused his horse out of its sleep,
 And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
 By rocky lane and fen;
 The sick man’s wife opened the door:
 “Father, you come again!”

“And is the poor man dead?” he cried.
 “He died an hour ago.”
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 In grief swayed to and fro.

“When you were gone, he turned and died
 As merry as a bird.”
 The old priest Peter Gilligan
 He knelt him at that word.

“He who hath made the night of stars
 For souls, who tire and bleed,
 Sent one of His great angels down
 To help me in my need.

“He who is wrapped in purple robes,
 With planets in His care,
 Had pity on the least of things
 Asleep upon a chair.”

THE PITY OF LOVE.

A pity beyond all telling
 Is hid in the heart of love;
 The folk who are buying and selling,
 The clouds on their journey above,
 The cold wet winds ever blowing,
 And the shadowy hazel grove,
 Where mouse-gray waters are flowing,
 Threaten the head that I love.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD.

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
 And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
 And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
 Your eyes had once: and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true,
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced upon the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

A FAERY SONG.¹

From 'Poems.'

We who are old, old and gay,
 O so old!
 Thousands of years, thousands of years,
 If all were told:

Give to these children, new from the world,
 Silence and love;

¹ Sung by the people of faery over Diarmuid and Grania, who lay in their bridal sleep under a Cromlech.

And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,
And the stars above:

Give to these children, new from the world,
Rest far from men.
Is anything better, anything better?
Tell us it then.

Us who are old, old and gay:
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told.

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her could not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid a snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

INTO THE TWILIGHT.

From 'The Wind Among the Reeds.'

Outworn heart, in a time outworn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
 And time and the world are ever in flight;
 And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
 And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

A DREAM OF A BLESSED SPIRIT.

All the heavy days are over;
 Leave the body's colored pride
 Underneath the grass and clover,
 With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty;
 Bear the gold-embroidered dress,
 For she needs not her sad beauty,
 To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary,
 The long hair is on her face;
 Still she goes with footsteps wary,
 Full of earth's old timid grace:

With white feet of angels seven
 Her white feet go glimmering;
 And above the deep of heaven,
 Flame on flame and wing on wing.

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD.

Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
 For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
 Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
 Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
 And Usna's children died.

We and the laboring world are passing by:
 Amid men's souls, that waver and give place,
 Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
 Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
 Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
 Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
 Weary and kind one lingered by His seat;
 He made the world to be a grassy road
 Before her wandering feet.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

THE HOSTING OF THE SIDHE.

The host is riding from Knocknarea
 And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
 Caolte tossing his burning hair,
 And Niamh calling: *Away, come away:*
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.
The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand—
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
 The host is rushing 'twixt night and day.
 And where is there hope or deed as fair?
 Caolte tossing his burning hair,
 And Niamh calling; *Away, come away,*

MICHAEL ROBARTES REMEMBERS FORGOTTEN BEAUTY.

When my arms wrap you round, I press
My heart upon the loveliness
That has long faded from the world ;
The jeweled crowns that kings have hurled
In shadowy pools, when armies fled ;
The love-tales wove with silken thread
By dreaming ladies upon cloth
That has made fat the murderous moth ;
The roses that of old time were
Woven by ladies in their hair ;
The dew-cold lilies ladies bore
Through many a sacred corridor,
Where such gray clouds of incense rose
That only the gods' eyes did not close :
For that pale breast and lingering hand
Come from a more dream-heavy land—
A more dream-heavy hour than this.
And when you sigh from kiss to kiss
I hear white Beauty sighing, too,
For hours when all must fade like dew ;
But flame on flame, deep under deep,
Throne over throne, where in half-sleep
Their swords upon their iron knees
Brood her high lonely mysteries.



THE OLD PLAID SHAWL

From a photograph

It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the folk tales, folk songs, ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.

THE HISTORICAL LIBRARY.

THE HISTORICAL LIBRARY.
A collection of historical documents, including
the original manuscript of the Declaration of
Independence, the Constitution of the United
States, and many other important historical
documents, now available online at
www.historicallibrary.org.

IRISH LITERATURE

CÍÁR IM LEABHAR X.

ROIMH-RÁDÓ

Leabharlaí
3710

Án Tíomána Haeðealacl. (Stiofán Ígnánn)	XIII
SGEALTA AGUS AÐRAIN NA NDAOINE.	
RÍS AN FÁRAIS ÓUIB (Án Círaoibhín do Éamáin riomh ó hÉal rgeulurúde)	3712
A Ógánaidís an cinn céanfähigte. (vítto)	3734
Coirinn na h-aitinne. (vítto)	3736
Úean an Fír Ruairí. (vítto)	3748
Ridíre na gcleas. (vítto)	3750
Mó Órlóna Æri an Ófraifirise. (vítto)	3762
Án buaileall do bhean a Ófrao. Æri a mÁtair. (vítto)	3764
Mala Néifín. (vítto)	3776
Án Láca Óealg. (vítto)	3778
Caoineadh na Ótair Muiñe. (vítto)	3788
Tobair Muiñe. (vítto)	3794
Muiñe agus lóireb. (vítto)	3806
Naoimh Pealair. (vítto)	3812
Mair tAimis an t-Saint in ran Eagsair. (vítto)	3822
Fiosair na Círaifé Naoimh. (Án t-Atair ó Miocháin)	3828
Úean na Ótair mbó	3830
RAINN I NGAEÐEILS. (Círainniscte ierí an gCíraoibhín Aoibhinn)	3832
PICTRÍUR AS STAIR NA h-EIREANN.	
Seágan an Tíomair. ("Conán Maol." p. S. ó Seágha)	3842

CONTENTS OF VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE IRISH DRAMA.— <i>Stephen Gwynn</i>	xiii
INTRODUCTION.— <i>The Modern Literature of the Irish Language</i>	3711
FOLK TALES AND FOLK SONGS.	
King of the Black Desert.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3713
Ringleted Love of my Youth. — Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3735
Coirnin of the Furze.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3737
The Red Man’s Wife.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3748
The Knight of the Tricks.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3751
My Grief on the Sea.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3763
The Boy who was Long on his Mother.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3765
The Brow of Nefin.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3777
The Red Duck.— <i>D. Hyde</i> . <i>Trs. by C. Welsh</i>	3779
The Keening of the Three Marys. — Traditional Folk Ballad.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3789
Mary’s Well.—A Religious Folk Tale.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3794
Mary and St. Joseph.—Folk Song.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3807
Saint Peter.—A Folk Story.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3813
How Covetousness Came into the Church.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3823
The Sign of the Cross For Ever.—Folk Song.	3829
The Woman of Three Cows. — <i>J. Clarence Mangan</i>	3831
IRISH RANNS.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3833
HISTORICAL SKETCH.	
Shane the Proud.—A fragment of Irish History.— <i>P. J. O’Shea</i>	3843

SÉALTA LE H-UÍSDARAIÓ, I NUADÓ-HAEDEILIS.

Caitlín na mbriáidíre. (Séamus Ó Duibhail)	3874
An gaoth mara. (Séamus Ó Duibhail)	3874
Fáitreachas. (An Chraoiríín Aoibhinn)	3878
Taois Hatha. (Séamus Ó Duibhail)	3886
Séadúnna—bláthar ar—(an t-Actairi pheadar Ó Laoighaire)	3940
"Ní ari Dia a bhuítheasair" (Pádraig Ó Laoighaire)	3952
Seachtain Céitinn—Briogárt Haedealaí (an t-Actairi Ó Tuinnín)	3958
Siúil nó riáir i f fearrí an baile—An Cneamháire—bláthar ar—(Úna Ní Fhaigheallais)	3966
An Uaimh Giota ar an nGiosbhlacán—(Tomáir Ó h-Adóra)	3976
An Mac Alla	3982
FILÍOIDEACHT.	
Aitriúise an Reachtúraig. (An Reachtúraí)	3910
An Cúirt D'á plé. (An Reachtúraí)	3916
Iar fada ó cunnealadh ríor. (An Reachtúraí)	3922
Mallaíct an Óiseir. (Feari gan ainm)	3928
Cúma eipioide caitlín. (Seán-Ógáin)	3932
Ban-énuic Eipioeann Ó. (Dónncaí Mac Conmara)	3936
DRAMA SAN NUADÓ-HAEDEILIS.	
Cáraí an truagáin. (An Chraoiríín Aoibhinn)	3988
CUNTAS AR NA SEAN-UÍSDARAIÓ. Haedeilge ar a bhrúil trácht in ña h-imleabhráib seo ó I. go IX.	4011
CUNTAS NA NUADÓ-UÍSDARAIÓ Haedealaí a bhrúil an-obair i m-bhéarla.	
No i nHaedeilis in ña imleabhar ro.	4025
Corrós	4031
Foclóir	

PROSE BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

The Friar's Servant Girl.— <i>James Doyle</i> .— <i>Trs. by Mary Doyle</i>	3875
The "Gad Mara."— <i>James Doyle</i> . — <i>Trs. by Mary Doyle</i>	3875
An Allegory. — <i>Douglas Hyde</i> . — <i>Trs. by Norma Borthwick</i>	3878
Tim, the Smith.— <i>James Doyle</i> .— <i>Trs. by Mary Doyle</i>	3887
Seadna's Three Wishes.—From "Seadna."— <i>Rev. Peter O'Leary</i>	3941
The Thankfulness of Dermot. — <i>Patrick O'Leary</i>	3953
Geoffrey Keating. — From "Irish Prose." — <i>Rev. Patrick S. Dineen</i>	3959
"East, West, Home's Best." — From "An Cneamhaire."— <i>Agnes O. Farrelly</i>	3967
The Cavern. — From "An Giobláchan." — <i>Thomas Hayes</i>	3977
The Echo.—From "An Giobláchan." <i>T. Hayes</i> . 3983	

POETRY.

Raftery's Repentance.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3911
The Cúis-dá-plé.—(Political.)— <i>A. Raftery</i>	3917
How Long Has It Been Said?—(Political.)— <i>A. Raftery</i>	3923
The Curse of the Boers on England.—(Political.)— <i>Lady Gregory</i>	3928
Grief of a Girl's Heart.—(Love Song.)— <i>Lady Gregory</i>	3933
The Fair Hills of Eire. — (Patriotic.) — <i>Dr. George Sigerson</i>	3937

MODERN PLAY.

The Twisting of the Rope.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3989
--	------

BIOGRAPHIES OF ANCIENT CELTIC WRITERS, whose work appears in Volumes I-IX. 4011**BIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN CELTIC WRITERS, whose work appears in Volume X.** 4025**GLOSSARY.** 4031**INDEX.** 4041

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE OLD PLAID SHAWL	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a photograph.	
It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the Folk Tales, Folk Songs, Ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.	
PATRICK J. O'SHEA. (Conan Maol.)	3842
From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin.	
PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE THE PROUD	3872
Photographic facsimile from the original.	
THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN	3958
Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats.	
TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN	4010
From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822.	

THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, ‘The Countess Cathleen’ and ‘The Land of Heart’s Desire’; two by Mr. Martyn, ‘The Heather Field’ and ‘Maeve’; one by Miss Milligan, ‘The Last Feast of the Fianna’; one by Mr. Moore, ‘The Bending of the Bough’; and one, ‘Diarmuid and Grania,’ by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde’s ‘Casadh an t-Sugáin,’ and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ and Mr. Yeats’ ‘Cathleen ni Hoolihan.’ It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw’s

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience '*Cathleen ni Hoolihan*' and '*The Laying of Foundations*' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's '*Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce*' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, '*A Pot of Broth*', which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles,

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a professed throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre'; and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that “A. E.”

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguey print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalle; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in ‘*Herod*’; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree’s in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. ‘*Herod*’ came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. “*Cathleen ni Hoolihan*” is the Irish equivalent for the “*Absent-minded Beggar*” or the “*Handy Man*.” It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Diggés—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisí, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. Nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay’s company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

*In memory of
Stephen Gwynn*

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisin and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeulungséact, sean-abhráin, ranann,

HISTORICAL SKETCH,
bliúire as stair na h-Eireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,
séalaí, dánta, agus dráma;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.
Le h-Uigdaráin an lae inmí:

AN NUADÓ-LITRIÚDEACHT I NGAEDEILS.

Cíobhaimid iníaran imleabhar deiridh reo, romplairde ar Ghnáth-
Gaeilgeas na nuaointe, mar do b' iú aca in ran d'á céad bliain
go do énaité tarraint, agus mar tá iú aca anoir. Níl acht nuadó-
Gaeilgeas le fágair ann ro, agus caitheoidh an Leigheas a bheireannan
fénimh déanaí ar an t-rean-Gaeilgeas le consnamh na n-airgeadach
béalra do chusamair iníarna h-imleabharlaibh eile. Ní chusamairí an
t-rean-Gaeilgeas ann ro, oír iur iú ó deacair a tuigint do aon duine
ná c' n-dearfná ruidéaracht rpeiríalta innti.

Tá gsealta, aibhláin, agus ríte na nuaointe fénimh, le fágair iníaran
teabhar ro, agus tá curio mórbh díobh ro ríomhobcha ríor le ríoláiribh ó
béal na gearan-daoine i n-Éirinn nár chuis a teangeal fénimh do
rímíodhád ná do léigearadh. Acht tá curio eile ó, agus iur iú obair na
rímíodhád i obair na rímíodhád atá ag déanaí Litriú-
deactha nuadóthe do muinntir na h-Éireann mtoimh, mar atá an t-Actairí
Readaír O Laochaire, Seumas Ó Dúbgáill, Conán Maol (Mac an
Seaghdá), Pádraig Ó Laochaire, Tomáir Ó h-Adóra, an t-Actairí
Ó Duinnín, Una ni Fearegaille, “Tóirna” agus daonine eile.

Iur an-deacair an ríu é béalra ceart blárra do cíup ar Ghaeil-
geas, óir iur é mo bárlamair ná c' bfuil aon d'á teangeal ar chalaí na
Chríostuiseachta iur mó dhifír eataorrha fénimh 'ná iad. Agus ciú go
bfuiliú a cónaí fada ríun 'na gearaí ar an aon oileán, taoibh le
taoibh, iur ríor-þeas ag lorg o'fag ceann aca ar Ghaeilge eile,
agus iur ríor-þeasán o'fagluim na daonine labhrar iad ó n-a céile.

Tá ríolite na h-Éireann, fáilteor! Fá ríomhruadhád daonine d'á
dtuig an Ríogaíaltar Sacraíneach an ríomhruadhád oifris, agus b' iú na
daonine reo i gceónáinidé i n-Asairí na nGaeilgeal agus i n-Asairí
teangeal na tíre. Níl eolair ag duine ar b' iú aca uirbhí acht oiread
le aghaileadh builidh. Tá ceathair de na daonuibh reo 'na mbheireannan
náibh ó cíurteannanai ar dtús, ná c' bfuil ríoc eolair aca ar
oideachas, acht ó'r Ghnáth-obair leó daonine cionntaaca do òðoraídh,
daorann riad muinntir na h-Éireann, 'sá cíup fa bheireannan
aineálair, fad a mbealtá, i dtaoibh na neicé baineas leó fénimh agus
le na dtír. Tá feair eile aca 'na uacáiní ar Choláiste na
Tríonóide—iur fuaidh na nGaeilgeal an áit ríun—agus tá curio mórbh

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na nuadoimib-usairle raiðbhre gáin aon eólaír rpeirialta aca ar fgoiltiú ná ar fgoilníseacá; agur do tóirmeas fiaidh Saeðeileas do múnadu mórna fgoiltiú, no do labhairt leir na fgoiláimib, go dtí cí ní ceatáir de bhláthantaib ó fion. Tá achrúsaib ann aonair, ag so, d'fhuigair Óra óninn go mbéirí ré buan! Ni meafaim go raibh aon cí eile ar éalaír na Cíosairtisgeacáta riám, a raibh a leictéirí rin de fseicint inni agur do b' i n-Éirinn—máigis-rtírde ag mánáigis-rtírde a focal Saeðeileas aca, ag “múnad”! páirtíde nácaí focal béalpa aca! Ni n-ionsgnád suír díbheadh amach friophao na litriúdeacá ar na daodoinib, agur suír fuaideadh aigte gáe oidear, glicear, cíosair, agur fuaim do caintis anuas éuca ó n-a rinnfeareabhaib rompa. Acht aonair,—mar gheall ar Connacht na Saeðeileas—tá an Saeðeileas, ag teacth éuice féin aipír; agur is foileáip é aonair, do'n domhan ar fad, má tá Éire le bheit 'na náiriún ar leit, no le bheit 'na fud ar bít acht 'na contae Shráanna Sacraíais, (agur i ag déanamh aitírigh go faon fann fuaig an nórailb na Sacraíais) go gcaitíodh rí iompóidh ar a teangealbh féin aipír ag litriúdeacá nuad céadraibh inni.

Agur tá Éire ag toruasaibh ar fín do déanamh céana féin, agur tá romplaidhe ar a bhfuil rí d'á déanamh inísh leathar ro. Ni'l ionnta ro go leirí (obair na ndeiré mbliaidbán ro éuairí éarrfaínn) acht céad-bláthá an earrfaíng. Tá an Samhradh le teacth fóir le congnamh Dé.

RÍS AN FÁSÁIS ÓNIBH:

Léithéar O flóinn, ó Ó Feuill-á-ta-na-muice (Swinford : mbeuffla) t'innis an fgeul ro do phróiníriar O Conchúbaír i mb' l' aéluain, ó a bhfuair míre é.

Nuadair b' i O Conchúbaír 'na fuis ar Éirinn b' ré 'na cónáiníde 1 Ráit-éruaíscáin Connacht. B' i aon mór aamáin aige, acht nuadair do fáidh ré fuaig, b' ré fiaotháin, agur níor feud an fuis rmaíte do éur aige, mar b' eirídeadh a choil féin aige iní gáe uile níodh:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O’Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O’Conor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “*Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*”—Douglas Hyde.

When O’Conor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Aon marún amáin cuaidh ré amach,

Δ cù le na còir
Δ feabhas ari a bhoir
Δ'r a chàrrall bheagdach tuibh d'á ionchadh,

agus r' imirtis ré ari agair, ag sàbhail riainn aibhainn do férin go dtáinig ré comh fad le rgeatáil mór do bì ag far ari bhruidh Gleannna. Ói rean-dhúine liat 'na fhirde ag bun na rgeice, agus tuibh ait: "A mic an phàis, má tig leat imirt comh maist a' r' tig leat aibhainn do sàbhail, buidh maist liom cluice o'imirt leat." Saoil mac an phàis súil rean-dhúine mi-céileann do bì ann, agus cuirtearling r' e, eaitrighian tach gheus, agus fhiridh riord le taois an trean-dhúine liat. Táirgians reirgean paca eàrraidh amach agus d'fiafhus: "An dtig leat iad ro o'imirt?"

"Tig liom," ari ran mac-phàis.

"Céad imoibhamaid ari?" ari ran rean-dhúine liat.

"Nid ari bici iñ miann leat," ari ran mac-phàis.

"Maist go leor, má ghnóthaigim-re caitheidi turfa niodh ari bici a iarrfhar me òeunam òam, agus má ghnóthaigean turfa, caitheidi mire niodh ari bici a iarrfhar turfa oípm òeunam òuitre," ari ran rean-dhúine liat.

"Tá mé ráfta," ari ran mac-phàis.

O'imigh riad an cluice agus tuail an mac phàis an rean dhúine liat. Ann rin tuibh ait, "céad do buidh miann leat mire do òeunam òuit, a mic an phàis?"

"Ni iarrfhar me oípm niodh ari bici do òeunam òam," ari ran mac-phàis, "raoirim naic bfuil tú ionnáinn mòrann do òeunam."

"Ná bac leir' rin," ari ran rean dhúine, "caitheidi tú iarrfhar oípm phuad éiginn do òeunam, níor caill me gseall ariam nár feud me a ioc."

Mari tuibh ait me, raoir an mac phàis súil rean dhúine mi-céileann do bì ann, agus le na ráruigheadh tuibh ait ré leir'.

"Bain an ceann de mo leargháidair agus cuir ceann sàbhair uippe ari feadh reacstamaine."

"Òeunfarin rin òuit," ari ran rean dhúine liat.

Cuaidh an mac phàis ag marcuigheas ari a chàrrall,

Δ cù le na còir
Δ feabhas ari a bhoir,

agus cuig r' a agair ari áit eile, agus níor cuimhnis ré níor mòr ari an rean dhúine liat, go dtáinig ré a-baile.

Fuair r' gair agus bhrón mòr in ran gcairpleán. Oinnir na rearghògantair do go dtáinig òraiordeadóir a' r' fionra 'n áit a phair an òrainphòisgán agus súil cuig r' ceann sàbhair uippe i n-áit a cinn férin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

"Dáir mo láimh, i� iongantacé an níod é rín," ari fan mac rijs; "dá mbeidinn 'fan mbaile do bainfínn an ceann de le mo clárdeamh." Bítearón móir ari an rijs agus ré cuimh ré fíor ari cónáitíleóirí críona agus ré fíarphuisiach ré dé an laistí fíor aige cia an éadair tárta an níod reo do'n bainpriúisaim. "So deimhín ní thíos liom rín innreacht duit," ari reirean, "i� obairi thraoitheada é."

Níor leig an mac rijs ari féin go laistí eolair ari bít aige ari an scúnir, acht ari marún amárasc d'imirchis ré amas,

A éin le na cointí
A feabhas ari a bhoir
'S a éapall bheagán tuibh t'á iomcháir,

agus níor tárptais ré ríman go dtáinig ré cónaí fada leir an ríseacá móir ari bhrúasach an gcleanna. Bítearón duine liat' na fuirdé ann rín faoi an ríseacá agus ré duibhaint ré: "A mhaí an rijs, mbeidí cluiche agad andiú?" Táirbhing an mac rijs agus ré duibhaint: "Bhéid." Leir rín, éait ré an ríman tarp gheus, agus ré fuird fíor le taois an tréan duine. Tárptais reirean na cártaidí amas, agus ré fíarphuisiach de'n mac rijs an bhrúairi ré an níod do ghnóctais ré ande:

"Tá rín ceapt go leor," ari fan mac rijs:

"Imeobramaoid ari an ngeall ceudna andiú," ari fan rean duine liat.

"Tá mé rírtá," ari fan mac rijs:

D'imir fíad, agus ghnóctais an mac rijs. "Céad do buidhinn iat mire do theunamh duit an t-am ro?" ari fan rean duine liat. Smuaín an mac rijs agus ré duibhaint leir féin, "Bhearrfaidh mé obairi ériuaidh ód an t-am ro." Ann rín duibhaint ré: "Tá páirc reacht n-acra ari éil cairpleáin m'atáir, biond rí lionta ari marún amárasc le bat (buailb) gan aon bheit aca do bheit ari aon dat, ari aon áitíde, no ari aon aoir amáin."

"Bhéid rín deunta," ari fan rean duine liat:

Cuairt an mac rijs as marcuiseacht ari a éapall;

A éin le na cointí
A feabhas ari a bhoir,

agus éis agus aghairt a-bhaille: Bítearón duine i� iongantacé do bainpriúisna. Bítearón duceáil ari n-uithe ait i n-Éirinn, acht níor feud fíad aon mairt do theunamh thí.

Ari marún, lá ari na márasc, cuairt maoiri an rijs amas go moch, agus éonnaicte ré an páirc ari éil an cairpleáin lionta le bat (buailb) agus ré gan aon bheit aca do'n dat ceudna no de'n aoir reudna, no de'n áitíde ceudna. D'imirchis ré ar teacá, agus d'imirchis é an ríseal iongantacé do'n rijs. "Teilijs agus tiomáin iad amas," ari fan rijs. Buaíri an maoiri fír, agus cuairt ré leor as

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tigmáint na mbó amach, aict ní luaité éinífead ré amach ar aon taoibh iad 'ná tincfaidh riad artealé ar an taoibh eile. Éuaidh an maorí do'n rígs aifir, agus tuadhait leir nach bhfuinfearadh an meád reapí b' i n-Éirinn na baile rín do b' rán bpráiteach do éirí amach. "Ir baile oícheadta iad," ar rán rígs.

Nuaipronn cionnairic an mac-rígs na baile, tuadhait ré leir féin: "Béid cluicé eile agam c'ir an fean duine liat anois." D'imiris ré amach an mairdin rín,

A éu le na éoir
A feabhas ar a bhoir
A'f a chéapall bheagdúibh o'á iontach,

agus níor tarpainis ré rírian go dtáinig ré comh fada leir an rgeis móihí ar bhuac an gleanna. Bí an fean duine liat ann rín roimhe agus t'íarri ré air an mbeirdead cluicé cáitheadh aige.

"Béid," ar rán mac rígs; "aict tá fiúr agad go maite go dtig uiom éu bhualaod ag imirt cárda."

"Béid cluicé eile againn," ar rán fean duine liat. "Ar imir tú liathróid ariam?"

"D'imreapar go deimhn," ar rín mac rígs; "aict faoilim go bhrúil turba níofa fean le liathróid t'imir, agus éor leir rín níl aon áit againn ann ro le n'imir."

"Má tá turba úmáil le h-imirt, geobaird mire ait," ar rán fean duine liat.

"Táim úmáil," ar rán mac rígs.

"Lean mire," ar rán fean duine liat.

Lean an mac rígs é tríd an ngleann, go dtáinseadar go cnoc bheag sláir. Ann rín, tarpainis ré amach plaitín oícheadta, agus tuadhait focla náip éinífead an mac ar rígs, agus faoi ceann móimí, t'órgail an cnoc agus éuaird an bheirt artealé, agus éuaidh riad tríd a lán de háláibh bheagála go dtáinseadar amach i ngáirtón. Bí sé uile níodh níor bheagála 'ná céile in rán ngáirtón rín, agus d'fhan an gáirtón bí áit le liathróid t'imir.

Cait riad píora aifisidh rúas le feicfint cia aca mbeirdead láithéartais aige, agus an fean duine liat rín.

Tórais riad ann rín, agus níor ríad ait fean duine gur shnótaris ré an cluicé. Ní raibh fiúr ag an mac rígs créadó do buanfadh ré. Faoi deoiridh t'fiárfhusis ré de'n tréan-duine créadó do buidh mait leir é do buanamh ó.

"Ir mire Ríš ar an bPáras Dubh, agus caitheoidh turba mé féin agus m'áit-cóimhneadh t'fágail amach faoi ceann lá agus bliadain; ní geobaird mire turba amach agus caillfir tú do ceann."

Ann rín éinífead ré an mac rígs amach an bealaic ceudna a ndeacaird ré artealé. Órluidh an cnoc sláir 'ná diais agus t'imiris an fean duine liat ar amarc.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

ÉUAIÓ AN MAC RIÉS AG TÁIRIÚIGEADÉT ÁRI A ÉAPALL;

A ÉÚ LE NA ÉOI'R,
A FEASBAC ÁRI A ÓOI'R,

AGUR É BRIÓNAC GO LEÓR.

An tráchtóna rín, do bhealtnuisí an níos go raié bhrón agur buairíreád móir ári an mac ós, agur nuair éuairí éuairí ré 'na cónailad, éuairí an níos agur gáé uile duine do b' in ran gcairpleán tromaíorúnaíil agur láimhalaír nuair. Bí an níos faoi bhrón ceann gábhair do bheit ári an mbaintíogain, aict buidh meara é geast n-uaire nuair d'innír an mac do an rgeul, mar tábla ó túr go deirfeadh.

Cuirí ré fíor ári édaimíleádir cionna, agur o'fiafhusíg ré 'n é an raié fíor aige cia an áit a raié an Rí, ári an bFáraic Óuib 'na cónannuithe.

"Níl, go deimhní," ári reifrean; "aict comh cinnte a'r tábhall (earball) ári an gceat muna bfaighair do t-oirdhe ós an t-riaois-eadóir rín amach, caillfiridh ré a ceann."

Bí bhrón móir i gcairpleán an níos an lá rín. Bí ceann gábhair ári an mbaintíogain, agur an mac-níos dul ag tóiríseadéct riailorúeadaírla, san fíor an t-riaois-eadóir ré ári air go deo.

Táir éir geastmáine [do] baineád an ceann gábhair de'n baintíogain, agur cuimheád a ceann féin uirri. Nuair éuairí éuairí rí an éaoi ári cuimheád an ceann gábhair uirri, tainig fuath móir uirri anaighair an mic níos, agur dubhairt rí: "Náir tágairidh ré ári air beo ná marib."

Ári marón, Dia Luain, o'fáis ré a bheannaéct ag a dtéairi agur ag a gsaol, bí a málá-riúbaile ceangailte ári a òruim, agur o'imteis ré,

A ÉÚ LE NA ÉOI'R
A FEASBAC ÁRI A ÓOI'R
A'R A ÉAPALL BHEÁG ÓUBH T'A IOMCÁIR.

Síúbaile ré an lá rín go raié an shrian imteisíte faoi rísalte na gencoc, agur go raié doiríeadar na h-oirdéice ag teadéct, san fíor aige cia'n áit a bfuigfeád ré lóirtín. Bhealtnuisíg ré coill móir ári tágairid a láimhe clé, agur tairbhaint ré uirri comh tara, agur o'fheudo ré, le rúil an oirdéice do caitéamh faoi fárgasád na gceann. Súidh ré fíor faoi bún cíainn móir daonac, o'fotásair ré a málá-riúbaile le biald ḡ-deoċ do caitéamh, nuair éonnairic ré iolari móir ag teadéct cuige.

"Ná bioċ fajtčiof opti nómam-ja, a mic níos. Aitenniġim tū, iż- tū mac Uí Concuðair níos ērjeann. Iż-ċaparo mē, agur mā tuġann tū do ēapall daqm-ja le taħbiżit le n'iċċe do caitēp ēanlaicit oċraċa

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Conor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá agam, béalffaraiō mire níor furiðe 'ná do béalffaraiō do capall tú, agur b'éirír go scuireann tú ari lóris an té atá tú 'tóruis-eacét."

"Tig leat an capall do bheit agad agur failte," ari ran mac níš, "cru go hriónas mé as ríspáramaint leir."

"Tá go maic, bérír mire ann ro ari marún amárach le h-éiríse ná ghléine." Ann rin d'fórgail ri a gob móir, rús ghléim ari an scapall, buail a thá Taoibh anaíseart a céile, leathnúis a ríspáramaint, agur d'imcís ari amárach.

O'it agur d'ol an mac níš a fáit, éuir an mala-riúbhail raoi na ceann, agur níor hrióna go hrióna ré 'na codaibh, agur níor d'úrlis ré go dtáinig an t-olári agur gur duibhait: "Tá ré i n-am dhuinn bheit 's imteacét, tá airtsearí radaí rómáin, bairí ghléim ari do mala agur leim ruair ari mo dhúinim."

"Aéct, mo hrión!" ari reirpean, "caitíríodh mé ríspáramaint le mo chú agur le mo feabhas."

"Ná biond hrión oírt," ari ríre; "bérír riad ann ro rómád nuairi cíucfaidh tú ari aír."

Ann rin leim ré ruair ari a dhúinim, glac ríre ríspáramaint, agur ari go hriónat leite 'ran aéir. Tug rí é tair énocaibh agur gleannntaibh, tair muiρi móir agur tair énoccáibh, gur raoil ré go hrióna ré as deiríeadh an domáin. Nuairi b'í an ghlúan ag dul raoi ríspáile na gcnoc, táinig rí go talamh i láir fárais móir, agur duibhait leir: "Lean an capán ari taoibh do láimhe deirfe, agur béalffaraiō ré tú go teac capad. Caitíríodh mire filleadh ari aír le ríolári do m'eanlait."

Lean reirpean an capán, agur níor hrióna go dtáinig ré go dtí an teac, agur éuairidh ré airtseac. Bí rían-dhúine liat 'na furiðe 'ran gcoiriúneall; d'éiríis ré i duibhait, "Ceud mile failte rómád, a mic Ríš ar Ráth-Chruaícan Connacht."

"Ni'l eolair agam-ra oírt," ari ran mac níš.

"Bí aitne agam-ra ari do rían-atair," ari ran rían dhúine liat; "ruird riór; iñ d'obis go hrióni tairt agur ocrúr oírt."

"Ni'l mé raoi uata," ari ran mac níš. Buail an rían dhúine a thá bhoir anaíseart a céile, agur táinig beirte fíorbhíreac, agur leasadh ari bhorú le maistí-féodil, caoimh-féodil, muic-féodil agur le neart ariáin i láthair an mic níš, agur duibhait an rían dhúine leir: "It agur ól do fáit, b'éirír go mbuird radaí go hriúisfriō tú a leitíeo ariar." O'it agur d'ol ré oíreaoí agur buird mian leir, agur tuis buirdeasach ari a fion.

Ann rin duibhait an rían dhúine, "tá tú dul ag tóruis-eacét Ríš an Fárais Óuib; teipis as codaibh aonair, agur riáiridh mire tipe mo leabharlaibh le feucaint an dtig liom áit-cómhnuide an níš

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin d'fágail amach." Ann rin, buail ré a bhorfa; tainig teirbhíreac, agur duibhait leir "Tabair an mac rígs go dtí a feomra." Tug ré go feomra bheag é, agur níos Úrada gur éuit ré 'na cónadó.

Ari maidin, lá ari na máraí, tainig an rean duine agur duibhait: "Eriú, tá airtsearí fada rómád. Caitíodh tú cúnig ceud mile óeunamh roimh meathón-lae."

"Ní feudhainn é do óeunamh," ari rian mac rígs.

"Má'r marcaí, maistí é, béalfeadh mire capall duit béalfeadh tú an t-airtearí."

"Óeunfad mar béalfeadh turfa," ari rian mac rígs.

Tug an rean duine neart le n'ite agur le n'ol dho, agur nuair bhi ré rátaí, tug re gearpáin deas bán dho, agur duibhait: "Tabair cead a cinn do'n gearpáin, agur nuairi rtopfar ré, féad rúar 'ran aéir agur feicfidh tú trí ealaíde éomh seal le gneasta. Iar iarán trí ingeana Rígh an Fárais Óuib. Béiridh náipicín glar i mbéal eala aca, rin i an ingean i� óige, agur níl neac beo d'feudhfaidh tú do tabhairt go tiú Rígh an Fárais Óuib acht i. Nuairi rtopfar an gearpáin, béiridh tú i ngair do loé; tuiscearidh na trí ealaíde go talamh ari bhrúadé an loéa rin, agur óeunfad tríúr mná (ban) óg dhoibh féin, agur riadaírt riad airtseac 'ran loé ag gnáth agur ag junc. Congbáis do fúil ari an náipicín glar agur nuairi gheobhar tú na mná óga 'ran loé, teiruis agur fád an náipicín agur ná fíadar leir. Teiruis i bpoláid faoi éann agur nuairi éinsearidh na mná óga amach, óeunfad bheirt aca ealaíde dhoibh féin agur imteobairt riad 'ran aéir. Ann rin, béalfeadh an ingean i� óige, "Óeunfadh mé níodh ari bít do'n té béalfeadh mo náipicín dám." Tar i láthair ann rin, agur tabhair an náipicín thí, agus tabhair náic bhrúil níodh ari bít ag teaptál uait, acht do tabhairt go tiú a h-aicéar, agur inniu thí gur mac rígs tú ari trí cùmáctaí.

Rinne an mac rígs gáe níodh mar duibhait an rean duine leir, agur nuairi éug ré an náipicín d'ingin Rígh an Fárais Óuib, duibhait ré: "Iar mire mac Uí Conchúibh, Rígh Connacht. Tabhair mé go dtí d'aicéar: fada mé d'á tóirsiúisead."

"Náir béalfeadh duit mé níodh éiginn eile do óeunamh duit?" ari ríre.

"Níl aon níodh eile ag teaptál uaim," ari reircean.

"Ma éairbhéanaim an teac duit náic mbéiridh tú rápta?" ari ríre.

"Béirdeadh," ari reircean.

"Anoir," ari ríre, "ari d'anam ná h-inniú do m' aicéar gur mire do éug éum a tíse-lean tú, agur béríodh mire mo éapaird maist duit; agur leis oiftear féin," ari ríre, "go bhrúil móir-cúmácteoiríseadct agad."

"Óeunfad mar béal tú," ari reircean.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rín pinne rí eala thí féin agus tuibhairt: "Leim ruar ari mo muin, agus cuip do láma faoi mo muineál, agus consbairis ghléasach cnuaidh."

Rinne ré amhlaidh, agus cnuaithe rí a ghlacána, agus go bhíodh leithe táir énocaib a'ir tairg leanntaib, táir muij agus táir fhléibtheib, go dtáinig rí go talamh mar do thí an ghráin ag dul faoi. Ann rín tuibhairt rí leir: "An bhfeiceann tú an teac mói rín éall? Sin teac m'atáir. Slán leat. Am aip bít béaldear baoisgal oifig, béaldear mire le do chaoibh." Ann rín d'iomáis rí uairidh.

Cuanadh an mac rígs éum an tíse, cuaird arteasach, agus cia d'fheiceadh ré ann rín 'na húidé i gcaidhleoirí óir, acht an pean duine liath d'imir na carraig ariú agus an liathróid leir.

"Feicim, a mic rígs," aip reirgean, "go bhfuair tú mé amach roimh lá agus bliadain. Cá fad ó d'fág tú an baile?"

"Aip marlin anoidh, nuaip thí mé ag éiríse ar mo leabhair, connairc mé tuaighe-creata, pinne mé leim, fáil mé mo thá éoir aip, agus fleamhnais mé comh fada leir reo."

"Dap mo láimh, ifr móri an gsaingiúdeacht do pinne tú," aip ran pean rígs.

"D'fheudhfainn iurad níor iongantairge 'ná rín do deunamh, daon-óigríochain," aip ran mac rígs.

"Tá thí neite agam duit le deunamh," aip ran pean rígs, "í m'a'ir feidhmi leat iad do deunamh, beidh iosa mo chríúin in ghean agad mar mnaoi, agus muna dtig leat iad do deunamh, caillfirid tú do ceann marí caill curio marí maithe de thaoiúnis óga rómhaid."

Ann rín tuibhairt ré, "Ní bionn ite ná ól in mo thí-re, acht aon uair amháin 'ran treacmháin, agus thí ré agairinn aip marlin anoidh."

"Ir cuma liom-ra," aip ran mac rígs; "tíos liom tróigseadh do deunamh aip feadh miúra daon mbealdeadh cnuadóis oifig."

"Ir doisg go dtig leat dul gan coitlaí marí an gceannra?" aip ran pean rígs.

"Tíos liom gan amhlair," aip ran mac rígs.

"Béal leabhair cnuaidh agad ainocht marí rín," aip ran pean rígs; "tar líom go dtairbhéanfaridh mé duit é." Tug ré amach ann rín é, ag tairbhéan ré thí os cinn mór agus gábhailos aip, agus tuibhairt: "Teigis ruar ann rín agus coitlaí in ran ngsabhlóis, agus thí ré le h-éiríse na ghléine."

Cuanadh ré ruar in ran ngsabhlóis, acht é comh luath agus thí an pean rígs 'na coitlaí, taimis an in ghean ós agus túg airtéasach go peomra bheag é, agus consbairis rí ann rín é go hiaibh an pean rígs aip thí éiríse. Ann rín cuip rí é amach aipír i ngsabhlóis an chlainn.

Le h-éiríse na ghléine, taimis an pean rígs cuige agus tuibhairt,

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“ Tári anuair a noir, ag tár liom-ra go dtaitheanfaiodh mé óuit an níodh atá agad le deunamh aonaidíú.”

Tús ré an mac riúis go bhuasach loéa ag taitheáear ré óidh rean-éairleán, agur duibhaint leir, “ Caisc gáe uile éloé ’fan gcairpleán rín amac ’fan loé, ag biond ré deunta agad real má dtéideann an Shúilian faoi, tráchtóna.” D’imtríseis ré uairí ann rín.

Tórais an mac riúis ag obair, aéit bí na clocha gheamhuisce o’á céile éomh earráid rín, náip feudo ré aon éloé aca do tógsbáil, agur dá mbeidéadadh ré ag obair go dtí an lá ro, ní bheidéadadh cloé ar an gcairpleán. Súidh ré fíor ann rín ag rmuasineadh círeád do buidh édirí óidh óeunamh, agur níos bhrada go dtáinig inéasan an tréan-riúis éuise, ag duibhaint, “ Cao é fáid do bhróin ? ” D’innír ré bí an obair do bí aige le deunamh. “ Na cuirteadh rín bhrón oírt ; deunpaird mire é,” ari ríre. Ann rín tús rí arián, maithfeónil ag fionn do, éarrainns amac plaitín dhráoiðeácta, buail buille ari an t-rean-éairleán, agur faoi céann móimhí bí gáe uile éloé dé ari bunt an loéa. “ Anoir,” ari ríre, “ ná h-innrí do m’atáir guri mire do jinne an obair óuit.”

Nuaír bí an Shúilian ag dul faoi, tráchtóna, táinig an rean riúis agur duibhaint : “ Peicim go bhrúil d’obair laé deunta agad.”

“ Tá,” ari fan mac riúis, “ tig liom obair ari bhit do óeunamh.”

Saoil an rean riúis anoir go raibh címáist móri dhráoiðeácta ag an mac riúis, agur duibhaint leir, “ Sé d’obair laé amárasach na clocha do tógsbáil ari an loé, agur an cairpleán do éuir ari bunt maír bí rí céana.”

Tús ré an mac riúis a-baile agur duibhaint leir, “ Teipis do coirlaod ’fan áit a phairt tú an oróche aipeáir.”

Nuaír éuairí an rean-riúis ’na coirlaod táinig an inéasan óis agur éus arteal é cum a geomra féin, agur consgáis ann rín é go raibh an rean riúis ari tí éiríse ari maidin ; ann rín éuir rí amac ariúr é i ngabhlóis ari earráinn.”

Le h-éiríse na gneine, táinig an rean riúis ag duibhaint : “ Tá ré i n-am dul. Scionn d’oibhre.”

“ Níl deirfiú ari bhit oírm,” ari fan mac riúis, “ marí tá fíor agam go dtig liom m obair laé deunamh go néird.”

Cuairí ré go bhuasach an loéa ann rín, aéit n’op feudo ré cloé o’fheiceál, bí an t-uifse éomh duibh rín. Súidh ré fíor ari éarrainns ; agur níos bhrada go dtáinig fionnghuala, buidh h-é rín ainn inéine an tréan riúis, éuise, agur duibhaint : “ Cao tá agad le deunamh aonaidíú ? ” D’innír ré bí, agur duibhaint rí : “ Ná biond bhrón oírt ; tig liom-ra an obair rín óeunamh óuit.” Ann rín tús rí óidh arián, maithfeónil, agur caolair-féónil agur fionn. Ann rín éarrainns rí amac an plaitín dhráoiðeácta, buail uifse an loéa téite, agur

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

faoi ceann móimio. Bí an rean-éairpleán ari bün marí bí ré an lá riomhe. Ann rín duibhainte rí leir: "Ari d'anam, ná h-innir do m'atáir go nuaearnaidh mire an obair seo duit, nó go bhfuil eolair ari bít agad oírm."

Triúrnóna an lae rín, táinig an rean rijs agus duibhainte, "Feicim go bhfuil obair an lae deunta agad."

"Tá," ari fan mac rijs, "obair fóir-deunta i rín!"

Ann rín faoi an rean rijs go phaibh níor mo cinnéarach tulaoid-eacáta ag an mac rijs 'ná do bí aige féin, agus duibhainte ré: "Níl acht aon riud eile agad le deunam." Tug ré a-baire ann rín é, ag curp ré é le costaladh i ngabhlóis an chrainn, acht táinig fionnghuala ag curp rí in a geomra féin é, agus ari maidin, curp rí amach ari ar an gceann é. Le h-éiríse na ghléine, táinig an rean rijs curse agus duibhainte leir: "Tá liom go dtairbhéanfaraidh mé duit d'obair lae."

Tug ré an mac rijs go gleann móir, agus tairbhéan do tobar, ag duibhainte: "Caill mo máthair-móir fáinne in fan tobar rín, agus páis òam é geal má dtéiridh an ghléan faoi, triúrnóna."

Anoir bí an tobar ro ceud tróis ari doimhne agus píse tróis timéioll, agus bí ré liona le h-uirge, agus bí airm ari iarrionn ag fáirfe an fáinne.

Nuaip d'imreis an rean rijs, táinig fionnghuala agus t-fiafuis, "Cao tá agad le deunam aonú?" D'innir ré bí, agus duibhainte rí, "Iñ deacair an obair i rín, acht deunfaraidh mé mo dhicéiol le do bheatha do fábhail." An rín éis rí do maidirfeoil, arián, agus pion. Rinne rí riodeal * dí féin agus éuairiú rior 'fan tobar. Níor bhfada go bhfacair ré deataidh agus timteadach ag tead ari an tobar, agus tobar ann mar toirneadh ár, agus duine ari bít do bheirdeadh ag éirteadach leir an tobar rín faoilpeadh ré go phaibh airm iarrinn ag tróid.

Faoi ceann tamall, d'imreis an deataidh, coirteas an timteadach agus an toirneadh, agus táinig fionnghuala aonú leir an bháinne. Seacaird rí an fáinne do mac an rijs, agus duibhainte rí: "Sínótaris mé an cat, agus tá do bheatha fábhálta, acht feic, tá lairdipicín mo láimhe deirfe bhíerte. Acht b' éirítear gur aithneamh an níodh gur bheirdeadh é. Nuaip éisearfach m'atáir, ná tábair an fáinne óibh, acht bheagair é go cruaidh. Béarfaraidh ré tú ann rín le do bhean do togsaibh, agus reob an clóidh deunfaraidh tú do rois. Béidh mire agus mo bheirbhríúracha i geomra, béisidh poll ari an dothar, ag curfimíodh uile ári láimha amach mar crumhíos. Cuirfíodh turas do láim tróid an bpoll, agus ari láim congthóidear tú ghléim uirgíu nuaip fórgóilaird

* Riodeal nuaip riodeal = "Cruaideach marbh," róigt éin uirge.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'atair an doras, i fín láim an té beirdear agad marí mnaos: Tíos leat mire o'aitne ar mo láróicín bhríte."

"Tíos liom, agur Shrádha mo chroíde tú, a Fiannghuala," ar ran mac riú.

Tráthóna an lae fín, táinig an gearr riú agur o'fraifrit: "An bhfuair tú fáinne mo mátar móipe?"

"Buairear go deimhn," ar ran mac riú; "Bí aom 'sá cúnntas ar ifriúinn, acht buail mire iad, agur buailfínn a réadct n-oibreád; Nád bhríl fiúr agad gur Connachtach mé?"

"Tábhair dám an fáinne," ar ran rean riú.

"Go deimhn, ní tuisibh a," ar reifrean; "chroíde mé go cnuaidh ar a son; acht tábhair dám-ra mo bean. Teartais' uaim bheit ag imcheacht."

Tus an rean riú ar teaghlach é, agur duibhirt, "Tá mo chluíúr insean 'ran treomha rín iu' láthair. Tá láim gáe aon aca rínte amach, agur an té consbócar tú Shreim aithní go bforbólaíodh mire an doras, rín i do bean."

Cuir an mac riú a láim tríd an bpoill do bí ar an doras, agur buairear ré Shreim ar láim an láróicín bhríte, agur consbólaí Shreim cnuaidh air, gur fhorbair an rean riú doras an treomha.

"Sír go deo mo bean," ar ran mac riú; "tábhair dám aonair rppé d'ingine."

"Níl de rppé aici le fágair acht caoil-eac donn le ríb do tábhairt abaire, agur nár tagairt ríb ar air, beo ná marb, go deo!"

Cuairt an mac riú i Fiannghuala ar marcuiséadct ar an gcaoil-eac donn; agur níor bhrada go dtáinsearai go dtí an éoil 'n ar fág an mac riú a éin agur a fheabhas. Bí ríad ann rín pojme, mar aon le na capall brieádhsuab. Cuir ré an t-eac caol donn ar air ann rín. Cuir ré Fiannghuala ag marcuiséadct ar a capall, agur léim rúar, é féin,

A éin le n-a éoir
A feabhas ar a boir,

Agur níor ríad ré go dtáinig ré go Ráid Ériuacán:

Bí fáilte móri pojme ann rín, agur níor bhrada gur poibhlach é féin agur Fiannghuala. Cailé ríad beata fada feunmhar,—acht iur beas má tá lóis an trean-cáirleán le fágair anndiu i Ráid-Ériuacán Connacht:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of th t day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A SÍGÁNAIS AN CÚIL CEANGAITE

A ógánaísc an cúil ceangaithe
 Le a riabh mé rreal i n-éinfeadct,
 Cuaird tu 'péir, an dealacl ro,
 'S ní táinig tu do m'feucaint.
 Saoil mé nacl n-deunfarde doéarí òuit
 Dá dtiucfá, a'r mé o' iarrhaid,
 'S gur b'i do phoigín tábairfead. róilár
 Dá mbeirinn i láp an fiabhráir.

Dá mbeirdead thaoi agam-ra
 Agur aigsead ann mo phóca
 Óeunfarainn bóitírín aic-siophras
 So doifir tigé mo rtóirín,
 Mar fáil le Dia go s-cluinnfinn-re
 Tóirann binn a bhróise,
 'S ír fad an lá ó éodaíl mé
 Aict ag fáil le blar do phoigé:

A'r faoil me a rtóirín
 So mbuod séalacl agur grian tu;
 A'r faoil mé 'nná óláig rin
 So mbuod rneaccta aif an trliab tu;
 A'r faoil mé 'nn a óláig rin
 So mbuod lóéirann o Dia tu,
 No gur ab tu an peult-eolair
 Ag dul riomham a'r mo óláig tu;

Séall tu riota 'r faitin dám
 Callaróe 'r bhróga áriodá,
 A'r séall tu tar éir rin
 So leanfá tríod an trnáin mé:
 Ní marf rin atá mé
 Aict mo rgeac i mbeul bearnas;
 Saé nónin a'r gacé marónin
 Ag feucaint tigé m' aicára

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is ail
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA H-AITINNE.*

Δ θραύσεις στην τάπη της αιγαίνουσας πόλης της Αθήνας, στην οποία η Κοινωνία της Αιγαίνουσας ήταν η μεγαλύτερη και πιο δυνατή στην Ελλάδα. Η Κοινωνία της Αιγαίνουσας ήταν η μεγαλύτερη και πιο δυνατή στην Ελλάδα.

Παλαιός ρυθμός της Αιγαίνουσας ήταν η πολιτεία της Αθήνας, η οποία ήταν η μεγαλύτερη και πιο δυνατή στην Ελλάδα. Η Κοινωνία της Αιγαίνουσας ήταν η μεγαλύτερη και πιο δυνατή στην Ελλάδα.

Οι άνθρωποι της Αιγαίνουσας ήταν οι πιο δυνατοί και πιο διαφορετικοί στην Ελλάδα.

Οι άνθρωποι της Αιγαίνουσας ήταν οι πιο δυνατοί και πιο διαφορετικοί στην Ελλάδα.

Οι άνθρωποι της Αιγαίνουσας ήταν οι πιο δυνατοί και πιο διαφορετικοί στην Ελλάδα.

“Βρέθηκε στην Αιγαίνουσα,” έγραψε ο Ιωάννης Βασιλείου.

Οι άνθρωποι της Αιγαίνουσας ήταν οι πιο δυνατοί και πιο διαφορετικοί στην Ελλάδα.

* Διάλογος της Κοινωνίας της Αιγαίνουσας με την Κοινωνία της Αθήνας.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE
(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he wculd hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Curneen."

bháid leir an bproc, ag meigilt comh h-áird agus r'feudo ré, i Coirnín ari a mhuin ag ríghreadaoil mar thuine ar a céile, le faitéoir go dtuitfeadh ré, agus buachaillidh an baile 'na díais. Tug an poc tseáidh ari bóthán páidín, agus nuair éonnaic páidín an poc i a mairgach ag teacht, faoiil ré gur b' é an rean-buachaill do b' i ag leacast 'na coinne. Niop riúthail páidín coirceim le feacht mbliadánaiibh pojme rin, acht, nuair éonnaic ré an poc ag teacht arteas ari an doras, cuaird ré d'aon leim amach ari an bhruinneoidis, agus gáidh ré ari na cónarannaiibh é do fábail o'n diaibh do b' i na díais.

B' i na buachaillidh ag gáidhde i aghairt bheadaidh b'or gur éuir riad an poc ari mire, agus amach ari leir ari an teac. Nuair éonnaic páidín é ag teacht an dara uair, ar go bháid leir, agus an poc agus Coirnín ari a mhuin 'na díais. B' i aðarca fada ari an bproc, agus b' ríghreim an fír báidte ag Coirnín oifha. Tug páidín aghaidh ari Ghallimh, agus an poc d'a leanamaint. O'éigis an gáidh agus tainig daoine na mbalte ari gáidh taoibh de'n bóthar amach, agus a leitereo de gáidhaoil ní riabh ariamh i gcomhdáe na Gallimhe. Niop r'faoi páidín go n-deacair ré arteas i gceataip na Gallimhe agus an poc i a mairgach le na fálaiibh. Buid lá mairgaidh é agus b' i na rráideanna lionta le daoiniibh. Togair páidín ag gáidh fada agus ag gáidhaoil ari na daoiniibh é do fábail agus b' riad-ran ag deunam magaird faoi. Cuaird ré ruar rráid agus anuas rráid eile agus b' i ag imteacht go riabh an grian ag dul faoi 'ran tráchtóna.

Connairc Coirnín úbla bheagása ari cláir, agus rean-bean anaise leibh, agus tainig d'uil tóir, air, cuirte de na n-úblaiibh do bheit aige. Sgaoil ré a ghreim ari aðarcaibh ruic agus cuaird ré de leim ari cláir na n-úball. Ar go bháid leir an t-rean-bean agus r'fás ré i na h-úbla 'na díais, óir b' i leat-máirb leir an ríghreannra.

Niop b'fada b' i Coirnín ag ite na n-úball nuair tainig a mátar i láthair, agus nuair éonnaic rí Coirnín, ghearr rí lóris na crioife uillinn féin, i duthaibh, "I n-ainm Dé, a Coirnín, ead do tuig ann ro é?"

"Ríaghruisg rin de páidín O Ceallaig agus r'á poc gáibair; tá an t-ád oif, a mátar, na c' b'fhl mo mhuineul bhríste."

Éuir rí Coirnín arteas in a rráighe agus tug aghaidh ari an mbaile.

Acht i f' airtéas an níodh tábla do páidín O Ceallaig. Nuair ríghreim Coirnín leir an bproc, lean ré páidín amach ari an mbóthar móir, tainig ruar leir, éuir a thá aðairic faoi, cait ari a òruim é, agus niop ríear go dtainig ré a-baile. Tuirling páidín ag an doras, agus cuairt an poc mairb ari an taippeis. Cuaird páidín 'na codlaoth, óir b' i leat-máirb agus b' i ré mairl 'ran oirdche, agus

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuaipr d'éigis ré ari maidin, ní haisib an poc le fágairt beo ná marb; agur duibhírt na daoine uile go mbuó poc tromaortheadta do b'i ann. Aír éaoi ari b'it éus ré coirítheadta do Pháidín O Ceallaigh, buidh na c'aisib aige le reacáit mblianaibh pojme rin.

Cuanád an rgeul tríd an tír, go scualaitiùd gac uile feap, bean, g'ráirde i gceannas na Gaillimé é, agur ír iondha cusprios do b'i aip, pojim tráchtóna an lae'rin. Duibhírt euidh sunr poc tromaortheadta do b'i i b'poc Pháidín, ag go haisib ré h'annpháirtteac leir; duibhírt euidh eile go mbuó feap ríde Coirnín, agur go mbuó édir a Óbhsa.

An oirdéar rin, d'innír Coirnín h-uile níodh i dtaoiobh na caoi do éus an poc go Gaillim é, ag támis na buacailliu go teac Óbhsigio ní Shrádairg, agur b'i Spéann mór aca ag éirteadta le Coirnín ag innriant i dtaoiobh na marcuiséadta do b'i aige go Gaillim ari thuin phuic Pháidín Uí Ceallaigh, agur gac níodh éapla leir ari fead an lae.

An oirdéar rin, nuaipr cuaird Coirnín ari a leabhar, támis b'fion eisgin aip, agur i n-áit codalta tórais ré ag reitpil. D'fiafhusis a máctaipr d'é spreao do b'i aip. Duibhírt reifrean na c'aisib fior aige. "Ní'l opt aet reafóid," ari ríre; "r'top do éuidh reitpil, ag leis d'ainn codlao." Aet níor r'top ré go maidin.

Ari maidin níor feud ré gheim d'íte, agur duibhírt ré le na máctaipr, "Raéad amach, go b'feicfis mé an ndeunfaidh an t-aerí maidi Óam." "B'éidír go ndeunfaidh," ari ríre.

Leir rin, buail ré a dhá láimh faoi, agur cuaird d'aon leim amáin go dtí an dorpar, agur amach leir. Éus ré agaird ari na h-áiteannaibh, ag níor r'cad go ndeacaird ré artheac 'na mearrs. Sin ré e fén iordh dá rgeas agur níor b'fada go haisib ré 'na codlao. B'i bhuionglóir aige go haisib an poc le n-a taoiobh, ag iarrfaidh caint do chur aip. Óuirig ré, aet i n-áit an phuic b'i feap b'reás Sruagadh taoibh leir, ag duibhírt ré, "A Coirnín, ná b'ioth eagla optiúramhra. Ír capaird mé, ag tá mé ann ro le cónáiríle do leara do éabhairt duit, má g'fhlacann tú uaim i. Tá tú do cláiríneadh ó muigeadh é, ag do chuir-magar do buacailliu an baile. Ír mire an poc gáibhír do éus go Gaillim é, aet tá mé achruijse a noir go dtí an phoict in a b'feiceann tú mé. Ní feudhainn an t-aerímuighadh d'fágairt go dtusgáinn an marcuiséadta rin duit, agur a noir tá cùmácht mór agam. D'feudhainn do learuigeadh ari ball, aet d'earfaradh na cónáiríanna go haisib tú h'annpháirtteac leir na ríde, agur ní feudhá an b'fáirmail rin baint d'ioibh. Tá tú do furiúe a noir go d'fheac in ran áit an phuigeadh é, ag t'á pota óir i b'fóisreacach troiseadh do d'eo' taoiobh-riair, aet ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feudhá n'fáidh maité do cheanadán d'é. Teigis a-baile a noir agur ari maidin amáras, abairt le do máctaipr go haisib bhuionglóir b'reás

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

Agad go rai'b luit ag fár le coir na h-áitinne do bhearrfað riúbal agur lút óuit; abair an rúd ceudna leí trí maidin anndiaig a céile, agur creibfrið rí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair raéar tú ag tóruiseáct na luiibe geobaird tú i ag fár taobh-fíor de'n éalois móir níseacán atá ag bhuac na h-áitinne; tabair leat i agur bhuic i, agur ól an rúd, agur béríod tú ionnán pára do rit anagaird buacail apábit in ran bprárráirte. Béríod iongantair apá na daoninib i dtóraic, aét ní maidirfrið rin a-bfao. Béríod tú trí bhuadna téag an lá rin. Tári'ran oídeé cum na h-áite seo; béríod an pota óir tósta agam-ra, aét apá do beata congbaig d'inntinn agad fén, agur ná h-inniú do duine apábit go bfacaird tú mire. Imisiú anoir. Slán leat."

Seall Coírnín go ndeunfaradh ré gáe níodh duhairt an ghuasach beag leir, i táinig ré a-baile, lúctáiríeadh go leor. Óreathnais an mátaip náic rai'b ré comh ghuamaid agur bí ré ful má ndeacaird ré amac, agur duhairt ri, "Saoilim, a mic, go ndearfnaitr an t-aerí maidit óuit."

"Rinne go deimín," apá reirean, "agur tabair rúd le n'ite dám anoir."

An oídeé rin, i n-áit do bheit ag reitpil, codair ré go bheag, agur apá maidin duhairt ré le n-a mátaip, "Bí bpionglóid bheag agam aréip, a mátaip."

"Ná tabair aon áitro apá bpionglóid," apá ran mátaip; "Ir contrála tuiteann rai'b amac."

Cait Coírnín an lá ag rmuaineadh apá an gceannphád do bí aige leir an ngluasach beag, i apá an raiðbhreag móir do bí le fágair aige. Apá maidin, lá apá na máraic, duhairt ré le n-a mátaip, "Bí an bpionglóid bheag rin agam aréip apáir."

"Go méadaisíod Dia an maid, i go laethaisíod Sé an t-oic," apá ran mátaip; "évalaird mé go minic dá mbeirdeadha an bpionglóid céadna ag duine trí oídeé anndiaig a céile, go mbeirdeadha rí fíor."

An tríomhaid maidin, d'éipis Coírnín go moé agur duhairt ré le n-a mátaip, "Bí an bpionglóid bheag rin agam aréip apáir, agur, ó tábla go dtáinig ré éugam trí oídeé anndiaig a céile, raéaird mé le feudaint bfuil aon fíunn innti. Connairc mé luiib in mo bpionglóid do bhearrfað mo riúbal agur mo lút dám."

"An bfacaird tú in ran mbpionglóid cá rai'b an luiib ag fár?" apá ran mátaip.

"Connairc go deimín," apá reirean; "tá rí ag fár taobh leir an gclóis móir níseacán atá apá bhuac na h-áitinne."

"Go deimín, ní'l aon luiib ag fár anaice leir an gclóis níseacán," apá ran mátaip; "bí mé 'ran áit rin go minic, agur ní feudfað rí bheit ann a-gan-fíor dám."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“ B' éidír gur fár rí ann ó róin,” arra Coirnín, “ agus rúcasadh mire da tógraigheáct.”

Bhail ré a thá láimh faoi, agus é uairíodh do dhaon leim aithníodh go dtí an doras, agus amach leir. Ílliop bhrada go raibh ré ag an gclóidh níseálaíodh, agus fuair ré an luit. Tug ré leimeanna mara fiaotha a mbeirtheadh gádair 'sá leanamhaint, agus teadéit a-baile le teann-lúctáipe:

“ A máctaip,” ar peisean, “ b'fíor dám mo bhrionglóid. Fuair mé an luit. Cuirí fíor dám an pota agus bhruit dám é.”

Cuirí an máctaip an luit 'fan bporta, agus timcheoilí cárta uirge leir, agus nuairíbh rí bhruitte agus an rúgs fuair, 'd'ol Coirnín é. Ni raibh ré móimio i n-a bholg nuairí fear rí fuair ar a chorfadh agus tórais ré ag mheasc fuair agus anuas. Bí iongantair móri ar a máctaip. Tórais rí ag tathairt mile glóipí agus altuiseadh do Dia; ann rín sáip rí ari na cónáirírannais agus d'innír d'obair bhrionglóid Coirnín, agus an éadoi a bhfuair ré an úraráid a chorf. Bí lúctáipe móri oifre uile, mar bí bhrísgí Ni Shláthair 'na cónáirírann mait agus bí mear aca uile uíppí.

An oirdéan rín, ériuinnis buascallaidh an baile arteas le lúctáipe do cheannamh le Coirnín agus le n-a máctaip. Nuairí biondair uile ag cónáirírath cia riúbhalraí arteas aet páirtí O Ceallaigh. Bí ríad uile ag caint faoi an gcaoi a bhfuair Coirnín a riúbal agus lút a chnámh.

“ So deimén if dámh-ra buidh ódirí d'beit buirthear; 'ré an chraicadh do tugs mo boc-sabhair-ri d'beit do jinne an obair, agus tá fíor ag h-uile duine go dtug an tairiscintíseáct do jinne ré, úraráid mó chorf ar aif dám féin. Och, mo bhríon! Go bhfuair mo boc bheag bár!”

“ Tug tú h-éiteas,” ar Coirnín, “ 'rí an luit do leigsearaij mé: Rinne mé bhrionglóid trí oirdéan aontasair a céile go leigseodáid an luit mé, agus thíos le mo máctaip a ériofaigh do raibh mé mo cláirínéad tar éir mo teadéit' ó Sáillimh, gur ól mé rúgs na luithe.”

“ O'fheudair mo mionna tathairt go bhfuil mo mac ag innriant na fírinne glaine,” ar fan máctaip.

Ann rín tórais cás ag deunaím magair faoi páirtí, gur imris fír amach.

Éuairíodh gád uile níodh go mait le Coirnín agus le n-a máctaip 'na dhairg réod. Doen oirdéan nuairí éuairíodh an máctaip agus na cónáiríranna 'na gcoitianta, éuairíodh Coirnín éum na h-Aitinne. Bí a éagairto, an ghráidh beag, ann rín roimhe, agus bí an pota óirí péist d'obair.

“ Seo duit aonair an pota óirí; curí i dtairisge é i n-áit ar bith if toil teat. Tá an oifreaois ann agus duit deunfar duit faid do bheada.”

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

" Saoilim go ӯfáisfaiò mé é in ran bpolli a riabh ré ann," ari
ra Coirnín " aict béalffaiò mé rionn té a-baile liom."

" Ná tadhair leat fóir é, aict biond ӯfionglóid eile agad mar
bí agad ceana, agur, 'na òlaisg rìn, tig leat rionn té do tadhairt
leat. Ceannais an talamh ro agur cuij teacé ari bun in ran
mball ari ruisgadh é, agur ní feicfidh tú féin ná aon duine i n-aon
tig leat, lá bocht fad do bheatá. Slán leat anoir—ní feicfidh
tú mé níor mó."

Cuir Coirnín an pota riór in ran bpolli, agur cíneárobhs or a
cinn, agur cónaítear ré a-baile.

Ari marún, duibhairt ré le n-a máthair: " Bí ӯfionglóid eile
agam ariéir ariú," ḡan tipearr marún, duibhairt ré leí, " Tá mo
ӯfionglóid riór anoir gáin amhras, bí rí agam ariéir go tipearr mar
bí rí agam an dá uair eile; rìn tigí uaire anúdait a céile, agur
tig liom é reo innreacáit duit nád ӯficeifidh tú lá bocht fad do
bheatá, aict ní tig liom aon ruid eile do riabhair leat o'á taoibh."

An oirdéice rìn, cuaidh ré cum an lóta óir, ḡan tig lán rporáin
té abhaile leir, agur ari marún tig ré do'n máthair é. " Tá níor
mó," ariéir ré, " in ran áit a dtáinig rìn ar, agur gaothaird mé
duit é nuair bhéithearf ré ag teaptál uait, aict ná cuij aon ceirt
oírmh o'á taoibh."

Níor bprada 'na òlaisg reo, gur ceannais ӯfisidh ní Spháidais b
bainne ḡan cuij ari feuriach i. Cuaidh rí féin agur Coirnín ari aghaidh
go maist, agur nuair bí rí fíche bliathair d'aoir, ceannais ré gaoth-
altaír móri talman timéidíoll na h-Aitinne, agur cuij teacé bheag
ari bun ari an mball ari ruisgadh é. Seal gearr 'na òlaisg rìn b'or
ré bean. Bí muilisgin móri aige, agur nuair fuairi re bár le fean-
aoir, o'fás ré óir agur aifrisiúd ag a cionn, agur ní facaird aon
duine do cónaítear in ran tig rìn lá bocht ariamh.

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

bean an fír Ruairí:

Tá riad o'á pád
Súg tu páilín rocaip i mbriónis;
Tá riad o'á pád
Súg tu béalín tana na bpróis;
Tá riad o'á pád
A mille ghlád go dtus tu òam cùl;
Cid go bhfuil feap le fágáil
'S leir an tálliúin Óean an fír Ruairí

Do chugáir naoi mì
I bpríorún, ceangailte cnuaitò,
bóltaid ari mo éasolaid
Asgur mille ghláir ari rúd ruair,
Tábharrfainn-re riúde
Mar tábharrfaid eala coif cuain;
Le fonn do bheit pinte
Sior le Óean an fír Ruairí:

Óadoil mire a chean-feapic
Go mbriord' aon tigear roimh mé 'r tu
Óadoil mé 'nna théig-rin
Go mbriengfá mo leanbh ari do ghláinm
Mallaet Ríg Neimhe
Ari an té rin Óain thiom-fa mo clu,
Sín, asgur uile go leir
Luét bhéige éanir roimh mé 'r tu.

Tá cnuann ann ran ngráirdin
Ari a bfarann dhuilleabhar a'ri bláit buirde;
An uair leagaim mo lámh ari
Ir láitirí naidh mbriengfann mo éporde;
'S é róilair go bár
A'ri é o'fágáil o fhlaitheaf anuas
Aon phoiginn amain,
A'ri é o'fágáil o Óean an fír Ruairí:

Ach go dtig lá an traoisait
'Nna neudhar cnuic asgur cuain,
Tiuicfari ñmáit ari an ngréim
'S béríod na neulla comh duib leir an ngráin;
Béríod an fáisge tigm
A'ri tiocfari ña bhróna 'r na truaist
'S béríod an tálliúin ag ríseadach
An lá rin faoi Óean an fír Ruairí:

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍDIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Úi feilmeair [no duine-uaral] ann ran tír agus ní mairt aige aét aon mac amáin. Cáimis ré reo [Rídire na sclear] éinigse arteas tráchtóna oirdé, agus r' iarrí ré lóiftir do féin agus do'n dá'-ri'-eug do b' i n-éimfeacáit leir.

"Suairc liom marí tá ré agam le t'agaird," ari ran feilmeair, "aét tiúbhraio mé óuit é agus do' dá'-ri'-eug." Bhíte ruipréar níord óróib comh maic a'r b'í ré aige, agus nuair ói an ruipréar caitte, r' iarrí an Rídire ari an dá'-ri'-eug ro éiríse ruair agus piora gairgídeacáta do òeunamh do'n fear ro, ag taigrbeánt r' a ngníomhártá b'í aca.

O'éiríse an dá'-ri'-eug agus níneadair gairgídeacáta óó, agus ní fáca an duine seo ariamh piora gairgídeacáta marí iad rín, "maireadó," aitheir an duine-uaral, fear an tíse, "nior ófearraí liom an oiread ro [de fhiúbhreas] 'ná dá mbeidéadó mo mac ionnáinn rín [do] òeunamh."

"Leig liom-ra é," ari Rídire na sclear, "so ceann lá agus bliaodain, agus b'eo ré comh maic le ceadctair te na buacaillib reo atá agam."

"Leigfeadó," ari ran duine-uaral, "aét go dtiúbhraio tu ari air éisgáim é i gceann na bliaodna."

"O tiúbhraio," ari Rídire na sclear, "ari air éisgád é."

Bhíte bhréacfaist ari maidin, lá ari na mánraí, óróib, nuair b'iothair ag dul as imteacáit, agus leig an duine-uaral an mac leib, agus d'fhan riad amuig lá agus bliaodain.

I gceann a' lá agus bliaodain cáimis riad ariú a-thairle éinigse, agus a mac féin i n-éimfeacáit leib. B'í ré [as] fáirfe oifre, agus b'í fáilte rompa aige, agus b'í oirdé marí aca. Nuair b'iothair taréis a ruipréir, dubhaírt Rídire na sclear leir an dá'-ri'-eug éiríse ruair ariú agus gairgídeacáit do òeunamh do'n duine-uaral do b'í tarbaírt an truipréir óróib. Anoir b'í a mac féin ann, fheirfin, agus b'í ré i ngearr do bheit comh maic le ceadctair aca. "Ní'l ré 'na gairgídeacáit fóir comh maic le mo éintí-re fear, aét leig liom-ra é," ari Rídire na sclear, "ari peadó lá agus bliaodain eile."

"Leigfeadó," ari peirfean, "aét go dtiúbhraio tu ari air éisgáim é i gceann an lá agus bliaodain." Dubhaírt ré go dtiúbhraio.

D'imteig riad leib, an lá ari na mánraí 'péir b'ro na maidine, agus d'fhanadair amuig lá agus bliaodain eile. Agus i gceann an lá agus bliaodain éonnaíre an duine-uaral an comhluadair ag teacáit

* Cá an r'geul ro focal ari focal go thíreach marí do fuaimeadair agus marí do r'geulóbar píor é ó b'euil mánraí Ríoga ní Siollabhráat (póirte i mbéarla), i gContae na Gaillimhe.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

éinigé aipir. Táis ré fáilte agur riuiréar dóibh, le lúcthsáileas iad do bheith aip aipir agur a mac leó.

Caitheasdar an riuiréar, agur nuairí bhoisadar 'náir a riuiréir, duibhaint ré le n-a chuid feair éirigeas riuar agur piora gairgítheacsta do cheunamh do'n duine-uafar do b' tadhait na gnaomhúileacast (?) dóibh. T'éirígs riad riuar, trí ríp deus, agur ba é a mac an feair do b'feairí de'n méad rin. Ní raibh feair aip b'ic ionnáinn ceapta do baint dé aict Ridípe na gcleas féin.

Deir an duine-uafar, "ní'l feair aip b'ic aca ionnáinn gairgítheacast do cheunamh le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimhn," aip Ridípe na gcleas "aon feair ionnáinn a cheunamh aict mire; agur má leigheann tu dám-fa é lá agur bliaodain eile, b'eo ré 'na gairgítheac comh maist liom féin."

"Mairead, leigfead," aip ran duine-uafar, "leigfíodh mé leat é," aitheir ré.

Anoir, níor iarrí ré aip, an t-am ro, a tadhait aip aip aipir, mar sinne ré na h-amannta eile, agur níor éinigé ré ann a gcearaibh é.

I gceann an lá agur bliaodain, b'í an duine-uafar ag fanaímant agur ag rúil le n-a mac, aict ní tainig an mac ná Ridípe na gcleas. B'í an t-atair, ann rin, faoi imníde móir nádhaibh an mac ag teáct a-baile éinigé, agur duibhaint ré : "pé b' é áit de'n domhan a bfuil ré, caitífidh mé a fágáil amach."

O'imnís ré ann rin agur b'í ré ag imtealaíteas gur éait ré trí oirdéise agur trí lá ag riúbal. Tainig ann rin arteacá i n-áit a raibh árur bheagán, agur amuis an agaird an doruair móir b'í trí ríp deus ag bualaod báire ann; agur feair ré ag feucáint aip na trí fearaibh deus t'á bualaod, agur b'í aon feair amán t'á bualaod le dá-rí-eus aca. Tainig ré 'ran áit a raibhadtar arteacá ann a mears ann rin, agur 'ré a mac féin b'í ag bualaod an báire leir an dá-rí-eus eile.

Éinigé ré fáilte roimh an aictair ann rin: "O ! a aictair," aitheir ré, "ní'l aon fágáil agad oípm. Ní sinne turá," aitheir ré, "do ghnácha (gnóth) ceapta; nuairí b'í tu [ag] cheunamh marigair leirean níor iarrí tu aip; mire [do] tadhait aip aip éusad."

"Trí ríopri rin," aitheir an t-atair:

"Anoir," aitheir an mac, "ní bfuigfíodh tu feucáint oípm aonoch, aict cheunfar trí colaim deus dínn agur caitífeadh ghlána coimse aip an uplár agur cheupfarid Ridípe na gcleas má aictmíseann tu do mac oípm rin [= ann a mears-ran] go bfuigfíodh tú é. Ní b'eo mire ag ite aon ghláin agur b'eo na cinn eile ag ite. B'eo mire dul aonann 'r anall 'r ag bualaod prioca ann ran-gcuimh eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamair. Seo baird tu do roghan agur d'éalpaitid tu leir gur b' é mé tógspar tu. Sin é an comártach bheirim duit, i mhoct go n-aithneodcaidh tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agur ma tógsann tu go ceapt, bhéar tu me agad an uair rín."

D'fág an mac é ann rín, agur támis ré arteac ann ran teac, agur éuir Ridíope na Gclear fáilte riomhe. Duibhait an duine-uafal go dtámis ré as iarrhaidh a mic nuairi nádch dtug an Ridíope ari aif leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Níor éuir tu rín ann ran marlgad," ari ran Ridíope, "aict ó támis tu éomh fada rín d'a iarrhaidh, caitearidh ré bheit agad, má 'r féidir leat a tógsadh amach." Rugs ré arteac ann rín é go reompa a phairt cíni colaim deus ann, agur duibhait ré leir, a rogha colaim do tógsadh amach, agur d'ab mhuin n-é a mac féin do tógsadh ré go dtiucfaidh leir a consgáil. Bí na colaim uile as piocadh na ngrána coimice de'n uirláir, aict aon ceann amán do bí gábhail éapt agur as bualaodh piocadh ann ran gcuirt eile aca. Do tógs an duine-uafal an ceann rín. "Tá do mac gnóthaisce agad," ari ran Ridíope.

Cait riad an oirdéche rín buil (?) a céile, agur d'imreis an duine-uafal agur a mac an lá ari na mairiach agur d'fágadair Ridíope na Gclear. Nuairi bí riad as dul a-baile ann rín, támis riad go baile-mór, agur bí aonac ann, agur nuairi biondair dul arteac ann ran aonac d'iarraí an mac ari a stáirí gheangs do ceannac agur do buanamh a-thartair dho. "Deunfaradh mire rtail tiomrén," aitheir ré, "agur díolfaidh tu mé ari an aonac ro. Tiucfaidh Ridíope na Gclear éugas ari an aonac—tá ré do t'leanamaint anoir—agur ceannócaidh ré mire uait. Nuairi bhéidear tu 's am' dho, ná tabhair an t-aðartar uait aict consgáis éugas ari réin é, agur [ir] féidirí liom-ra teacht ari aif éugas—ait a t-aðartar do consgáil."

Rinne an mac rtail dé réin ann rín, agur fuairi an t-aðartar aðartar agur éuir ré aip é. Tárrainis ré ruair ann rín ari an aonac é, agur ir gearr do bí ré 'na fearam ann rín, nuairi támis Ridíope na Gclear éuisse agur d'iarraí ré cia mheadh do bhéidead ari an rtail aige. "Cíni ceud púnta" deir an duine-uafal. "Tiúbhaird mire rín duit," deir Ridíope na Gclear—tiúbhaird ré juro ari dho as rúil go bhfuigfeadh ré an mac ari aif, mar bí fiúr aige go maist gur b' é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbhaird mire dho é ari an aifgiodh rín," ari ran duine-uafal, "aict ní tiúbhaird mé an t-aðartar." "Buadh ceapt an t-aðartar do tabhairt," ari ran Ridíope:

D'imreis an Ridíope ann rín agur an rtail leir, agur d'imreis an duine-uafal ari a bhealac réin as dul a-baile. Aict ní phairt ré aict amuis agur an aonac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruair leir ariúr,

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

"A aċċair," adeviř rē, "tā mē ař fāġařl aoniuñ agħad, aċċ tā aonac ann a leitceiř reo o'āit amārač agħiex jaċċamaloiđ aरteac ġann."

An lā ař na mārač, nuaiř biondař ař vuł aरteac ġann jań aonac eile, vuħġajt an mac: "Deunfarid mē rtael viom fēlin agħiex tiueċ-ċarid Ridíre na Sclear ariż tħom' ċeċċnaċ. Tiūħbarid rē ariġġiord ař biċċi ojja a iarrifxar tu, aċċ ciiř ġann jań marġħad nac ḥxiuħbarid tura an t-aħdarġtar uo." Ħarrain-geoadar ruaq ař an aonac ġann riñ, agħiex jinnej rē rtael tħad fēlin agħiex ciiř an t-aċċair aħdarġtar ařiż agħiex ir-gearring do bi rē ġann, 'na feaġam, nuaiř ċainis Ridíre na Sclear ciiżżeq agħiex o'fiaġruis rē tħad cia mēad do ħeit-ead ař an rtael aix-żejt. "Sé ceuđ púnta," ař jań duine-uafar. "Tiūħbarid mire riñ duxit," adeviř rē. "Aċċ ni tiūħbarid mē an t-aħdarġtar tħuix." "Vuċċ ċeċċit an t-aħdarġtar ċabuġġit aरteac ġan marġħad," ař an Ridíre, aċċ ni ħbuġġit rē ē.

O'imċiż Ridíre na Sclear ann riñ agħiex an rtael leir, agħiex o'imċiż an duine-uafar ař a bealač ař vuł a-ħaġġie, aċċ ni jaib rē i mbeaqna a' ċortum ař vuł amac ař an aonac am [nuaiř] a ħxiuħnis an mac ařiż ruaq leir.

"Tā go maċċ, aċċair" adeviř rē, "tā an uaiř reo għnott-ċaiġċie agħiex, aċċ ni'l fiex agħam cseuđ ħeunfar an lā-amārač iż-żorr. Tā aonac ġann a leitceiř reo o'āit amārač agħiex tħarron-ġamaloiđ ann."

Cuadraji marji riñ ař an aonac an lā ař n-a mārač, agħiex jinnej an ġadha rtael tħad fēlin, agħiex ciiř an t-aċċair aħdarġtar ařiż, agħiex ir-gearring do bi rē 'na feaġam ař an aonac i n-amb ċainis Ridíre na Sclear ariż ciiżżeq. O'fiaġruis an Ridíre cia mēad do ħeit-dead rē ař iarrifx ař an rtael ħreäş riñ do bi aix-żejt ann jań aħdarġtar. "Naoi għseuđ púnta tħad mire ař iarrifx ařiż," ař jań duine-uafar. Niċċi rħaġi rē go ḥxiuħbarid rē riñ uo. Aċċ ni ċongħoddha ariġġiord ař biċċi an rtael o'n Ridíre. "Tiūħbarid mē riñ duxit," adeviř rē: Ciiř rē a lām ann a pōċa agħiex ċuġġi rē an naoi għseuđ púnta uo, agħiex jiġi rē ař an rtael leir an lām eile, agħiex o'imċiż rē leir ċom luuăt riñ għiex ħeġġi ħdeejmat an duine-uafar ē do ciiř ġann jań marġħad an t-aħdarġtar ċabuġġit ař aix uo.

O'fan rē ař ruuļ go ħbilli-kead an mac, aċċ niċċi billi rē. Ħuġġ rē ruaq ē ann riñ agħiex vuħġajt rē naċċ jaib aon marċi tħo (?) [ħeit ař ruuļ] go bixxat leir, nā le n-a ċeċċet ař aix ariż go bixxat.

Čuġġ Ridíre na Sclear ann riñ an mac leir, agħiex bi rē taħbiġt 'c uile f'id iż-żonniż agħiex oħroċ-ix-riżżeże uo, agħiex ni leigħfead rē ē ař boqro le aon duine ař ite a beaġħa, aċċ bi rē ann riñ cean-għaliex, agħiex an lā leigħfead rē na għal-ġidu is-saqqi eile amac, ni leigħfead

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eifrean leó: Bí ré rísal fada marí rín, agur Ridíle na Scleárf ag cur dhois-cóimear air agus ag tábairt uile róirí pionnúir do:

Tuit ré amach guri imteig Ridíle na Scleárf an lá ro ar baile, agur d'fágbaidh ré eifrean ann ran bhuinneóis i'f áitde 'ran teac, 'n áit náicí marí rudo ar bith le fágair aige; agur é ceangailte ann rín, fuaqr i n-áitde. Agur nuair bí 'c uile duine imteighe ann rín, agur gán air an t-rráid aét é féin agur an cailín, d'íarrí ré deoc uifge i n-aonm Dé, air an scailín. Duibairt an cailín go mbeirtheadh fáitcior uifriú dá bpháisad a máisíftír amach i, go mar-bhócaidh ré i.

"Ni cloíppiúd duine air bith go deo é," aitheir ré, "ná bioth fáitcior air bith opt, ni mire innreóisear [= inneofar] do é." Tug sí fuaqr an deoc uifge éuigé ann rín, agur nuair éuip ré a clois-ionn ann ran uifge, ag ól an uifge, minne ré earcón té féin agur éuaidh ré ríor ann ran roitead. Bí ríotán deas uifge taobh amuig do 'n doilir bí [as] mit go n-deacair ré aitead ann ran abhairn, agur éaití sí amach ann ran ríotán gáid a marí d'fhiúigleac 'ran roitead aici. Bí reifrean ag imteacáit ann rín agur é 'na earcuin ann ran abhairn, ag tarranngt a-baile.

Nuairí cáinig Ridíle na Scleárf a-baile, éuaidh ré fuaqr go bfeic-readh ré an feair d'fág ré ceangailte, agur ní bhuairí ré é pojme ann. D'fiafhruiúd ré de 'n cailín air aifris sí é ag imteacáit. Duibairt an cailín náir aifris, aét go dtus sí féin bhráon uifge fuaqr éuigé.

"Agur ca 'p éuip tu an fuigleac do bí agad?" aitheir ré:

"Cait mé 'ran ríotán amach é," air ríre.

"Tá ré imteighe 'na earcuin ann ran abhairn," aitheir ré, "gleuir-aisigidh fuaqr," aitheir ré, leir an dá-p-eus fáisnéiseas, "go leanfamaoidh é."

Rinneadh d'á mhadair d'á mhadair uifge óisibh féin agur leanadh air ann ran abhairn é; agur nuair b'fiodar ag teacáit fuaqr leir ann ran abhairn d'éiríos ré 'na eun air an abhairn ann ran aéir.

Nuairí fuaipi riad rín amach guri imteig ré ar an abhairn, minneadh d'á fheadar d'á eisibh féin agur d'imteigeadar anois ainsí an eindiuifreos do minne ré dé féin—agur b'fiodar ag teacáit fuaqr leir.

Nuairí fuaipi ré iad ag teannadh leir, agur náicí marí ré ionnáinn d'á uata, bí fáitcior móri air. Bí bean ag caitáid amuig air pháirc báin. Cuimhing ré 'nuair air an aéir, ó b'fíte 'na eun, i ngeal do'n coirce, agur minne ré ghlána coirce dé féin.

Cuimhing riad féin 'na óisíos agur minneadh d'á ceapc-fhiancaidh

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deas díobh féin, [agus b' ian Ridíle 'na coileac-fhancas]. Táriúis-eadaí ag ite an coipice ann rín agus faoil riad é beit itte aca, acht ní hainb. B' iad ag ite an coipice go hainb riad i ngeal do beit páistí.

Nuaír mear reifreann go hainb a páit itte aca, agus náic rabhadair ionnáinn mórlán eile do deunaí, d'éiríis ré ruar agus minne ré rionnaíte dé féin, agus bain ré an cloisíonan de'n dá fhancas deas agus de'n coileac.

B' iad aige dul a-baire d'á atáir ann rín nuaír b'íodair uile marbh aige. Agus rín deirle Ridíle na gcleas:

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

MO ÚRÓN AIR AN ÓFTAIRREÁ.

Mo úrón air an óftairreá
 If é tā mór,
 If é gábhail róip mé
 'S mo mile rtóir.

O'fágadh 'fan mbailé mé
 Deunamh úrónin,
 San aon trúil tar éis ráile liom
 Coróine ná go deo.

Mo léan nád ófuit míre
 'Súr mo mhírinn bán
 I g-cúige laigean
 No i g-condaé an Chláir

Mo úrón nád ófuit míre
 'Súr mo mile ghlád
 Air bocht loinge
 Tríall go 'Méaricás

Leabhar lúacha
 Ói fum ariéir,
 Agur eait mé amach é
 Le teaf an laé:

Táinig mo ghlád-ra
 Le mo tlaéib
 Gualá air gualain
 Agur beul air bheul

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* Literally: My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. [“Love Songs of Connacht.”]

AN DUACAILL DO ÓÍ A ÓFRAD AR A MÁTÁIR.*

Á ÓFRAD O FÓIR ÓÍ LÁNAMAIN PHÓRTA DAPR ÓÍ ÁINN PHÁDRAIS AGUR NUALA NÍ CIARACÁIN. ÓÍDEADAIR BLAÐAÍN AGUR FÍCE PÓRTA SAN AON ÉLAÍN DO ÓIRÉ ACÁ, AGUR ÓÍ BLÓIN MÓR OPPRA, MAR NAÉ PHAIÓ AON OÍDRÉ ACÁ LE NA GSUÍOD PHAIÓBHUR ÓÍ PHÁGÓBÁIL AIGE. ÓÍ DÁ ACRA TALMAN, ÓÓ, AGUR PÉIRE GSABHAR ACÁ, AGUR ÓÍ TUAIJM ACÁ GSUÍODHADAR PHAIÓBHUR.

AON OÍDRÉ AMÁIN, ÓÍ PHÁDRAIS TEACHT A-BHAILE O TEAC TUIINE MUINNTIRIÚS, AGUR NUAIPI CHÁIMIS RÉ CÓM PHADA LEIR AN PHOLUS THAOIL, CHÁIMIS REAN TUIINE LIAT AMAC AGUR TUÍDAIRT: “SÓ MBÉANNNAISÍD ÓÍA ÓUIT.” “SÓ MBÉANNNAISÍD ÓÍA ‘GSUP MUÍRE ÓUIT,’ API PHÁDRAIS. “CÁD ATÁ AG CUPR ÓIRÓIN OPT?” API RAN REAN TUIINE. “NÍL MORPÁN GSUÍMIN,” API PHÁDRAIS, “NÍ ÓIRÍD MÉ A ÓFRAD BEÓ, AGUR NÍL MAC ’NÁ INGSÉAN LE CAOINEADÓ MO ÓÍAÍS NUAIPI GSUÍDHAR MÉ BÁR.” “Ó’ EIDÍP NAÉ MBÉIRDEÁ MARI RÍN,” API RAN REAN TUIINE. “FARAOR! BÉIRDEAD,” API PHÁDRAIS, “CHÁIM BLAÐAÍN AGUR FÍCE PÓRTA, AGUR NÍL AON CHORAMLAÉT FÓR.” “SLAC M’FÓCAL-RA GSUÍD MAC OG AG DO THNAOI, TRÍ PHÁITHE Ó’N OÍDRÉ ANOCT.” CHUAIRD PHÁDRAIS A-BHAILE, LÚTGÁIRPEAS GSUÍR, AGUR D’INNIP AN RSEUL DO NUALA. “Afra! NÍ PHAIÓ ANN RAN TRÉAN TUIINE ACÉT GSOSAILLE, A ÓÍ AG TSUINNAM MAGAÍD OPT,” API NUALA. “LR MATÉ AN RSEULUIÓ AN AIMPRÍP,” API PHÁDRAIS.

ÓÍ GSUÍR MATÉ AGUR NÍ PHAIÓ GSUÍ-ÓLC; PHÉAL MÁ (RÚL) NTDEACAILD LEIT-BLAÐAÍN CHART, CONNADUIC PHÁDRAIS GSUÍ PHAIÓ NUALA DUL OÍDRÉ DO CHABDAIRT ÓÓ, AGUR ÓÍ BLÓIN MÓR AIR. CHORMÍS RÉ AG CUPR NA FEILME I N-OIRGUÍSÁDÓ, AGUR AG PHÁGÓBÁIL GSAC NÍD PHÉIT LE GSUÍ-ÁGÁID AN OÍDRÉ ÓIG. AN LÁ CHÁIMIS TINNEAPL CLOINNE API NUALA, ÓÍ PHÁDRAIS AG CUPR CHRAMH ÓIG A LÁTÁIR DORAIPIR AN TÍSÉ. NUAIPI CHÁIMIS AN RSEUL CHUISE GSUÍR PHAIÓ MAC OG GSUÍ NUALA, ÓÍ AN OÍREAOI RÍN LÚTGÁIRPE AIR GSUP CHUIT RÉ PHAIÓ LE TINNEAPL CHROÍDE.

ÓÍ BLÓIN MÓR AIR NUALA, AGUR TUÍDAIRT RÍ LEIR AN NAOIDHEANÁN: “NÍ CHOIURSPRIÓD MÉ TU ÓM’ CHÍ GSUÍ MBÉIRD TU IONÁNN AN CHRAMH DO ÓÍ D’ACÉAIR AG CUPR NUAIPI PHAIÓ RÉ BÁR DO CHAPPRAING API NA PHÉADMÁIÓ.”

GSUÍREAOI PHAIÓIN API AN NAOIDHEANÁN, AGUR CHUÍS AN MÁTÁIR CÍOS DO GSUÍ PHAIÓ RÉ PHÉACHT MBLAÐONA D’AOIR. ANN RÍN CHUÍS RÍ AMAC É LE FEUCÁINT AN PHAIÓ RÉ IONÁNN AN CHRAMH DO CHAPPRAING, ACÉT NÍ PHAIÓ: NUOI CHUIP RÍN AON DHOÍSC-MEIRNEAC API AN MÁTÁIR, CHUÍS RÍ APTÉAC É;

* O FEADH DAPR ÓÍ ÁINN 115CA, I N-AICE LE BAILE-AN-PIÓBA, GSUÍODAÉ THUÍS-EÓ.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"- What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

Agur tuis cionc feadct mbliadna eile òò, agur ní raiò aon buacaill ann ran tìp ionann ceadct fuas leir i n-obair.

Faoi ceann deiridh na ceitge bliadna deus tuis a mātaip amacé, le feudaint an raiò ré ionann an crann do tappainis, aët ní raiò, marì bì an crann i n-icír mair, agur ag fàr go mòr. Niop cuip rìn aon òroch-mìrneac ari an mātaip.

Tuis ri cionc feadct mbliadna eile òò, agur faoi ceann deiridh an amachin, bì ré comò mòr agur comò lairdip le fatac.

Tuis an mātaip amacé é agur duibhirt: "Muri (muna) òfuis tu ionann an crann rìn tò tappainis anoir, ní tiùbhraidh mé aon òraon eile cice òuit." Cuip páidin fmuigaire ple ari a láimh, agur fuairg spream ari òun an crainn. An ceud-tappaird do tuis ré, crait ré an talamh feadct òréirre ari gac taoibh dè, agur leir an taraiappaird tòs ré an crann ari na fheamainb, agur timciovil fice tonna do créafarbis leir. "Sphòd mo cròide tu," ari ran mātaip, "iù riù cice bliadain agur fice tu." "A mātaip," ari páidin, "d'oirbhig tu go cruaidh le bhad agur deoë do tòbhairt dam-ja ó rugadh mé, agur tâ ré i n-am dam anoir juid éiginn do òeunamh òuit-re, ann do fean-laetib. Iù é reò an ceud-crann do tappainis mé agur òeunfaridh mé mairde láimhe òam fèin dè." Ann rìn fuairg ré ráb agur tuaig, agur ghearr an crann, ag fàgsail timciovil fice tòisig de 'n òun, agur bì cnap air, comò mòr le tùp de na tòphaird cruinne do bìdeadh i n-éiginn an t-am rìn. Bì or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran mairde láimhe nuair bì ré gleupta ag páidin.

Ari mairdin, là ari na māraid, fuairg páidin spream ari a mairde, d'fag a beannacét ag a mātaip, agur d'imeig ag tòruigseadct feirbhire. Bì ré ag riùbal go dtáinig ré go caisleán riùs Laiscean. D'fiaffuis an riùs òò ead do bì ré iappaird. "Ag iappaird oibhre, má ré do tòil," ari páidin. "Òfuis aon ceird agad?" ari ran riùs. "Ni'l," ari páidin, "aët tìs liom obair ari bìt òa òeapnaird feap ariamh òeunamh." "Òeunfaridh mé marigadh leat," ari ran riùs, "má tìs leat h-uile nìò a oiròcasair mire òuit a òeunamh ari feadct ré mí, beurfaridh mé do meadacan fèin d'òir òuit, agur m'ingean mar mnaor-pòrta, aët muna dtig leat gac nìò do òeunamh, caillfiridh tu do ceann." "Táim ràpta leir an marigadh òin," ari páidin. "Téòd airteadc' ran ràsiobol, agur bì ag bualaod coirce do na ba (buailb) go mbéidh do ceudh-þionn pèir."

Cuaird páidin airteadc, agur fuairg an rùite, aët ní raiò an rùiptin aët mar tòphaird i láimh páidhais, agur duibhirt ré leir fèin," iù feapir mo mairde-láim' 'nà an gleur rìn." Tòrisg ré ag bualaod leir an mairde-láim' agur nioù òfarad go raiò an mead-

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flaireen was

do bī ann ran rgiobol buailte aige. Ann jin ċuariż rē amac ann ran nsgarba agur ċoruisiġ aġ bualað na rtāca coirce agur crijneċċa, għiex ċuiri rē cīteanna għaliex ap fead na tipe. Ċāniġ an nis ġiġ amac agur duħżejt, "Coiġi do l-äm, aðdejju, no rixiżx farid tu mē. Tēiġi agur veiři cūpla buiceu u iriġe ġum na reajeb-fogħanta ap an loċi u u fior, agur b'erid an leite fuaxi so leōn nuaixi tħiex far tu ap aix." O'reuċ pārdoñ ċart, agur ċonnaiji rē ta' bārija tħalli mōri kollam, le coiġi balla. Fuaxi rē għnejha oħra, seann aċċa ann għad l-äm, ċuariż ġum an loċa, agur ċuġi iad li onta so cūl dojar ix-xażżejt an ċaipleain. Bī ionġantar ap an nis ġiġ nuaixi ċonnaiji rē pārdoñ aġi teat, agur duħżejt rē leir: "Cerid artead, ta an leite pjerid ħxit." Ċuariż pārdoñ artead, agur ċuariż an nis ġum Dalli għliek do bī aige, agur d'innej rē u b' an marġġad do jinnej rē le pārdoñ, agur d'fiarġu is-ġiġ rē u, cieudi do buu ċoġi u d'ebħaġiż le deunam do pārdoñ. "Abdaix leir dul fior agur an loċi do ċaoðmat, agur ē do ħbej tħeunta aige, real mā vtērid an ġrujan faoi, an tħrafnona ro."

ġāji an nis ġiġ ap pārdoñ agur duħżejt leir: "Taoðm an loċi jin fior agur biċċi rē deunata aġaqd real mā vtērid an ġrujan faoi an tħrafnona ro." "Mait so leon," ap pārdoñ, "la ġiet cia an āit a ċuġġieq me an t-irriġe?" "Cuiji ann ran ngleann mōri ataq i nsgar do'n loċi ē," ap ran nis. Ni jaib idher an għleann agur an loċi aċċi ppol artead na daqnej aġi deunam b'daxxi-coirex u. Fuaxi pārdoñ buiceu, picċoġi agur l-äid, agur ċuariż ġum an loċa. Bī bun an għleanna coċ-ċom le bun an loċa. Ċuariż pārdoñ artead 'ran ngleann agur jinnej poll artead so bun an loċa. Ann jin ċuiri rē a ħbeul ap an ħpoll, tappiġi an-nadu fada; agur nioji f'id rē ħbaron u iriġe, iarf, ná b'ad, ann ran loċi, ná p-tappiġi rē amac leir an-nadu jin, agur nári ċuiri rē artead 'ra' ngleann. Ann jin tħun rē fuaxi an poll:

Nuair o'reuċ an nis fior, ċonnaiji rē an loċi ċom tifim le boiġ do l-äim, agur nioji ħfarad so vtameniż pārdoñ ċuġiż agur duħżejt: "Tā an obdaix jin crijoncnu is-ċċe, cao deunif far me ħxit aħnej? " "Ni'l aon jidu eile le deunam aġaqd antidu, aċċi b'erid neajt aġaqd le deunam amaraċ." An orħċej ġin, ċuiri an nis fior ap ap n-ħalli għliek, agur d'innejr u d' an ċaoi ap ċaoðm pārdoñ an loċi, agur nac jaib fior aige cieudi do ħbejjfa rē u d' le deunam: "Tā fior aġaqd-ka an nis nac mbeid rē ionānn a deunam, ap maridin amaraċ, taħbiż rixiżi u d' ġum do ħbejjha p-l-äim, abdaix leir ta' fiċċiż tonna crijneċċa do ċaħbiż ċuġiż, agur a ħbej ari aix ann ro faoi ċeann sej̊tre uaike ap fiċċiż. Taħbiż an tħrean-l-äim agur a ċaġid tħo, agur tigħiż leat ħbej cinniċċe nac vtixiċċi rē ap aix." Ap maridin, la ap na mħarrac, ġāji an nis

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

Páidín, agus tuis an ghearrbinn do, agus tuibh air leir, "Fág an láir agus an cártaí agus teáid go Haillim. Tabhair an ghearrbinn seo dom' dearbhrláthair, agus abair leir dá fiúrtonna cnuit-neacáid do éabairt túit, agus b' ari aif ann ro faoi ceann ceitíre uaire ari fiúr."

Fuaire Páidín an láir agus an cártaí, agus é uair ari an mbótar. Ni raibh an láir ionánn níos mó ná ceitíre mile fan uair do frúbal. Ceangail Páidín an láir ari an gcairpt, cuij ari a gualain é, agus ari go bráct leir, tar éis cnocairibh agus gleannntaibh, go ndeacair ré go Haillim. Tuig ré an litir do dearbhrláthair an piú, fuaire an cnuit-neacáid agus cuij ari an gcairpt é. Nuair éuj ré an láir faoi an gcairpt, minneadh dá leit d'a dhruim. Éuj Páidín an cnuit-neacáid ann fan giosból. Nuair éuaird muinntir an cairpleáin 'na gcoirdáin, éuaird Páidín éum an éuain, agus níos fág ré glabhrá ari an loingeas nár tuig ré leir. Ann rím pómair ré faoi an giosból, ceangail na glabhráca timéíoll airi, agus ari go bráct leir, agus an giosból agus gáid a raibh ann ari a dhruim. Éuaird ré tajt cnocairibh agus gleannntaibh, agus níos ríopta gur fág ré an giosból i láthair cairpleáin an piú. B' i lárán, searsa, agus gérdeaca ann fan giosból. Aí marún go moé, d'fheic an piú amach ari a feomra agus creudo d'fearchead ré aict giosból a dearbhrláthair.

"M' anam ó'n diaibhl," ari fan piú "ré rím an fearr i riongantairge 'fan domhan.' Táinig ré anuair agus fuaire Páidín le na mairte ann a láim, 'na fearrám le coir an giosból.

"An dtuig tu an cnuit-neacáid éugam?" ari fan piú.

"Tugtar," ari Páidín, "aict tá an trean-láir marb." Ann rím d'inniu ré do'n piú gáid níodh d'a ndeafraind ré ó d'imreis ré go dtáinig ré ari airi.

Ni raibh fiof ag an piú creudo do deunfarad ré, agus d'imreis ré éum an Daili Shlic, agus tuibh air leir, "muri (muna) n-innriúiseann tu Óam níodh náé mbéirí an fearr rím ionnáin a deunam, bainpriod mé an ceann diot."

Smuain an Daili Shlic tamall agus tuibh air leir, "abair leir go bhfuil do dearbhrláthair i n-íffionn, agus go mbuadh mait leat aithris do bheit agad airi, agus abair leir é do éabairt éugad, go mbéirí aithris agad airi; nuair a gheobhar riad in n-íffionn é, ni leisgriod riad do teact ari airi."

Sháir an piú Páidín agus tuibh air leir, "tá dearbhrláthair Óam i n-íffionn agus tabhair éugam é, go mbéirí aithris agad airi." "Cia an éaoi aitneóisair mé do dearbhrláthair ó na daonuibh eile atá 'fan áit rím?' ari Páidín.

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him. "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

"Tá fiacail fada i gceart-láir a scrabair uaictarais," ari ran piñs.

Cuir páróin rmuigairle ari a mairde, buail an bótar, agur níor ñfaoi go dtáinig ré go geata ifrinn. Buail ré buille ari an geata do curi arteas amearg na ndiaibh é, agur tráubail ré fein arteas 'na thairis. Nuair connairc Delribúb é ag teast, táinig faitcior ari, agur d'fiafhus "ré d'e cneud do b'i a teastál uairí:

"Dearbháitair piñs Laisean atá a' teastál uaim," ari páróin:

"Rioc amach é," ari Delribúb:

O'feuic páróin tapt, acht fuairi ré níor mo ná d'a fiéid feair a riab fiacail fada i gceart-láir a scrabair uaictarais aca:

"Ari fuitcior nac mbeirthead an feair ceart agam," ari páróin; "tiománfaradh mé an t-ionlán aca liom, agur tig leir an piñs a dearbháitair riocadh arta."

Tiomáin ré d'a fiéid aca amach pojme, agur níor ftop go dtáinig ré i láthair cairpleán an piñs: Ann rín sáipr ré ari an piñs agur duibhaint leir, "rioc amach do dearbháitair ari na ríp (fearaibh) réod."

Nuair o'feuic an piñs agur connairc ré na diaibhail le h-adarcais oppra, b'i fuitcior ari, fseoidh ré ari páróin agur duibhaint, "tabhair ari ari iad."

Toguig páróin 'sá mbuaibh le na mairde, suí curi ré ari ari go h-ifrionn iad:

Cuairt an piñs cum an Óall Slie, agur o'inniú d'ó an níod do jinne páróin, agur duibhaint leir, "ní tig leat innriunt d'am aon níod nac bhuil ré ionáinn a deunam, agur caillfiridh tu do céann ari mairdin amáras."

"Tabhair iarrhaidh eile d'am," ari ran Óall Slie, "agur ní b'eo an Connachtac a ñfaoi beo. Ari mairdin amáras, abairi leir, an tobar atá i láthair an cairpleán do taomad; b'ioth ríp níod agad, agur nuair a gheobhar tu fíor ann ran tobar é, abairi leir na ríp (fearaibh), an éicid muiilinn atá le coir an balla do caitream fíor 'na mullaí, agur mairbheasai rín é."

Ari mairdin, lá ari na mairde, sáipr an piñs páróin agur duibhaint leir: "téid agur taomad an tobar rín tá i láthair an cairpleán, agur nuair a b'eo dearf ré deunta agad, b'euiffaradh mé nata nuair b'uit, iñ ríupas an cairbin é rín atá oírt."

B'i na ríp níod ag an piñs le páróin docht do mairbhadh; d'a ñfeudhfaidh riad é.

Cuairt páróin go b'ruac an tobar, lúidh fíor ari a b'euil faoi;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus tóiruis ag tarrainns an uirge ar teac ann a bheul, agus tóir ghearrthach amach uairíof aifir go raibh an tobar ionnann agus tíortha aige. Ói roinnt beag i mbun an tobarra náe raibh taobh mór, agus é uairidh páirteas ríor le na tíortha agus. Táinig na rír leis an gcloiche móir muilinn agus é aitheandar ríor aip mullaistíneadh. Ói an poll do b' i láir na cloiche go díreach comh móir le ceann páirteas, agus faoil ríe gur b' é an hata nuad do éairí an ríis ríor éinse, agus glaoibh ríe ruair: "Táim buirdéac níos, a máisírtí, aip ron an hata nuair." Ann sin táinig ríe ruair leis an gcloiche muilinn aip a ceann. Ói bhróid móir aige aip an hata nuad. Ói iongantair aip an ríis agus aip n-uitle duine eile, nuair éonnaicte riad páirteas leis an gcloiche muilinn aip a ceann.

“Bí fios ag an níos nádhaib aon maitéadóir aon níos eile do thabhairt do pháirion le deunaíam, agus tuibhairt rí leir, “ír tu an reapbófógsanta ír fearrí do bí agam ariam; níl aon níos eile agam duit le deunaíam, agus tarp liom-raf, go dtugtar mé do chuaighreatail duit. Níl m’ ingean rean go leor le pobal, aict nuair a bhéarfeadh ri bhuachaill agus píse d’aoir, tig leat i do bheit agad.”

"Níl o'ingean a' teastál uaim," aip Páidín.

Tus an piſ e cum an ciſte, an ait a piſo go leoir dír, agur dubairt leir: "bain vioſ do hata nuað, agur téid arteas 'ra' rſála."

“ Ήσο δειπνόν, ηί δαιπριό μέ μο ήτα δίομ, θρονη τυρα ορμ ε,²²
άπ πάτον, “ Βειθεαδ ρέ εομ μαίς δυιτ μο θρίπτε νο δαιπ
δίομ.”

Ni riaib an oiread óir agus a meabhdócaí nata pároin, aict fiosraíodh an ríg leis ag tabhairt do dha mala óir. Cuir pároin ceann aca raoi gac aircall, fuair sí spéim air a mairde, an nata nuad air a ceann, agus ar go bráct leis, tar éis cnocáib agus gleannntaib, go dtáinig ré a-baile.

Nuaipr éonnaíric daoine an baile páistín ag teacáil leir an gclóidh mhuilinn ari a céann, bí iongantair móri oifig; aict nuaipr éonnaíric an mácaipr an dá mala óir, buro ைag nár tuit rí marbh le lúct-gháipe. Toguig páistín, agur cíupr ré teac bheag ari bun do réin, agur d'á mácaipr. Rinne ré ceitíre leit (leatanna) de 'n hata nuaibh, agur pinne clocha cúnne ñioibh do 'n teac. Congbuisíg ré a mácaipr mar mnaoi uafail go bhfuil rí bár le reamhsoir, agur caidh ré réin beata mait i ngrian Dé agur na g-cóimíonn.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not deemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

mala nēifin:

Óð mberðinn-re aip mala Néifin
 'S mo céud-þrāð le mo tðoib;
 Íf lágac coideólamaoir i n-éinþeas
 Marg an t-émin aip an g-craoib:
 'Sé do vélín binn briaðræs
 Þo meudais aip mo þian,
 Agur covlað ciún ni feudaim,
 So n-éusfæd, faraor!

Óð mberðinn-re aip na cuantaið
 Marg buð dual ðam, geobainn rþrórt;
 Mo éairtve mile faoi buarðþreæd
 Agur briaðt oppa gæc 10.
 Fjor-rgaist na ngsuasgæs
 Buair buarð a'r clú annr gæc gleð,
 'S guri b'ē mo énorðe-rtisg tā 'nna gual duð;
 Agur bean mo tþuaigse mi'l beo.

Nað aoiðinn do na n-éminib
 A éirísegar so n-árið,
 'S a coðluisgegar i n-éinþeas
 Aip aon craoibin aðáin:
 Ni marg rið ðam réin
 A'r do m' céud mile gærð;
 Íf fada ó na céile oppainn
 Éirísegar gæc 12.

Cao é do bþreastnuðað aip na rþéaertaið
 Tþat tis tearf aip an 13,
 Na aip an lán-mara að éiríse
 Le n-euðan an clorðe árið ?
 Marg rúðo biðr an té úð
 A þeir an-toil do 'n gærð
 Marg érann aip mala rleibhe
 Ðe cþréisfeas a blæt.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

["Love Songs of Connacht."]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondáe Mhuigh-Eó.

An Chaoibhin.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá ’r ’éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnairec sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d’ éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualach an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congpháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhaint sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d’ éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag dibirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhaint an bhean leis, “ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do’n Deachmhaidh agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an Deachmhaidh.”

“Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus eánacha na gcnoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhaint an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na gcnoc le chéile. Dubhaint an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an Deachmhaidh, “agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “bhéarfas mé chuig an Deachmhaidh ?”

“Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leó lámh thabhairt i láimh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas ’san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisear ar gach taoibh agus an taobh de bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d’ a thabhairt do’n taoibh do bhí ag cailleamhain. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de’n aon fhear déag. Dubhaint an t-athair leis, ann sin, “a mhic,” ar seisean, “caithfidh tú dul chuig an Deachmhaidh.”

“Ni rachaidh mise chuig an Deachmhaidh, a athair,” ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"*You're* neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh?"

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

"tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m' fhortúin."

D'imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhi sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac rígh Eireann. "Ni'l mall ort" [ar seisean leis an mac rígh] "do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id' *fowl*-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean rígh an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig si le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mháibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill diobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d' onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an geochall: Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, "a mhic rígh Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall." Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraíd [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, "muna dtugann tú ded' dheónin go dtiubhraíd tú ded' aimhdheónin é." Abair léithe nach dtiubhraíd tú ded' dheónin, na de d' aimhdheónin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnígheann tú í aris. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag diobh féin. Béidh sise 'na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadhmar tá onóir innti, agus béidh si ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, "Cailte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do'n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain póstá ag inghin Rígh an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air'!"

[Dubháirt an mac rígh leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfad sé gach rud mar dubháirt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubháirt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d'imthigh an dá-'r'eug cailín a-bhaile: Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhual sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtainig an oidhche, agus bhi sí ag teach *oncail* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubháirt sí le mac rígh Eireann eochair rúma na séad d' iarraig ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an *oncal*, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraigheadh a inghine féin tháinig mac rígh Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, 'Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak.' And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, 'If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will.' Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again."

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhaint sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. “Fud, fad, féasog !” ar san fathach, “mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh.”

“Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná dígh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich !”

“Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile ?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága míostuamacha ag dul i n-iochtar.”

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfidhe ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruidh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruidhán, agus tharróngadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre láir na geloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásgadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásgadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásgadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh !”

“Is fíor sin ; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfás mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh !” “Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide.”

“Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloídhimh ?”

“Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht géád bliadhan.”

“Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir grán orm 'na do shean-cheann féin.” Bhuail sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fesòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“ Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “ da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ni bhainfeadh siad anuas mé ! ”

“ Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas ! ”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhaint an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á ingle gnóthaighthe aige.

“ Ni buidheach diot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé:

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dti a chailin mná féin, agus chuir si biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhaint si leis] “ ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncaill arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe: “ Fud, fad, féasóg ! mothair boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhoidín dúthaigh ! ”

“ Ni Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“ Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile ? ”

“ Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mó-stuamacha ag dul i n-fochtar.”

Bhi siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásgadh do’n fhathach go dti na glúna, agus an dara fásgadh go di an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásgadh go dti meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh:

“ Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh ! ”

“ Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riámh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidhche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“ Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh ! ”

“ Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“ Ochón go deó ? ” ar san ceann, “ dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eírinn ni bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“ Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana ! ”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís : “ Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“ Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailín mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhaint sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhaint sí leis.] “ Tá fathach eile le marbh-adh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “ Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“ Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac rígh Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á gcroicíonn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnairec sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnairec an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirliúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac rígh Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aér, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhaint an fathach mór ann sin, “ is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt aet-ál atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin ? Níl aon fhearr le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac rígh Eireann.”

“ Mise an fear sin.”

“ Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “ tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gearraig, agus dubhaint, “ tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhual sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháimig an t-oncal roimhe.

“Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

Caoineadh na Trí Muire.

[From Douglas Hyde's “Religious Songs of Connacht.”]

Ῥαέμασοι ἐν τριέισῃ
Σο μοὲς αἱ μαρτυρὶας;
(Οὐδὲν ἀγαρ οὐ δῆτε.)
“Ἄρεανδαιη να π-αβρταί
Αν ὅφασαι το μο ἔραδό γεατ;”
(Οὐδὲν ἀγαρ οὐ δῆτε.)

“Μαγεαθ! α μαγδεαν,
Κονναης μέ αη βατι ε;
(Οὐδὲν ἀγαρ οὐ δῆτε.)
Ἄγαρ δι ρέ γαντα δο ερωατο
Ι λάρι α νάματο,
(Οὐδὲν ἀγαρ οὐ δῆτε.)

“Βι λυράρ ’να αισε
Ἄγαρ της ρέ γρειμ λάιμ’ αιρ;”
(Οὐδὲν ἀγαρ οὐ δῆτε.)
“Μαγεαθ α λυράιη θρανδαις
Ερευν ιο τηννε μο ἔραδό ορτ? ”
(Οὐδὲν ἀγαρ οὐ δῆτε.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning tomorrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. “Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone,” etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him,
“ You have gained my daughter this evening.”

“ I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl.”

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O’Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the “ Religious Songs of Connacht,” by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle ? ”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)*

“ Aye ! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
O Judas ! vile Judas !
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. “ Agus,” = “ and,” is pronounced “ oggus.” In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *óch óch agus óch úch án*, after the first two lines, and *óch óch, agus, óch ón ó* after the next two. Thus:—

Leagád ó agus i n-úcta a mánádair é
(Óc, óc, agus oé úc án)
Sáthairn a leit, a tál mhuile agus caoinigíne.
(Óc óc, agus óc ón ó.)

“ **”** Ní ðearfnaidh ré ariam
 Ósádha ari leanú ná páirtte,
 (Océón agus oé ón ó.)
Agusur níor cùir ré fears
 Áriam ari a máctaip,”
 (Océón agus oé ón ó.)

Nuaipr fuaipr na deamhain amadé
 So mbuio i féin a máctaip,
 (Océón agus oé ón ó.)
Tógsadh ari rúair
 Ári a ngsualainnib so h-áitro i;
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)

Agusur ñuaileadhair ríor
 Ári éloéaidh na rráidoe i
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)
Cuaio i laige
 Agusur bhi a gclúna geárríta
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)

“ **”** Ñuaillidh mé féin
 Agusur ná bain le mo máctaip;”
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)
” Ñuaillfimiodh éu féin.
 Á’r marbhócamhaois do máctaip;”
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)

Sterdóiceadhair an ñgráidh leó
 An lá rín ó n-a látair,
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)
Acte do lean an mhaighean
 Lao ann rán ñgráidh
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)

“ **C**ia an bean i rín
 ’Náir nociaisg ann rán ñgráidh ? ”
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)
” So deimhín mā tá bean ari bít ann
 ’Si mo máctaip,”
 (Océón agus oé ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

“ Δ Εδιη, ρευς, ράγδαιη ορε
Σύμμαη μο τάταιη,
(Οέ ον αγυρ οέ ον ο.)
Conσθαις υαιη ί
Σο σεριοσόδαιη μέ αη ράιη ρεο,”
(Οέον αγυρ οέ ον ο !)

Πυληρ έυαλαιη αη τάιγδεαη
Αη κειλεαθραιη εράιρτε,
(Οέον αγυρ οέ ον ο !)
Της τηι λέιη θαη αη ηγάρναη
Αγυρ λέιη* Σο εραηη ηα ράιρε
(Οέον αγυρ οέ ον ο !)

Σια ή-έ αη φεαη θρεάς τηη
Αη εραηη ηα ράιρε
(Οέον αγυρ οέ ον ο !)
Αη έ παέ η-αιτηιγεαηη τη
‘Οο ταη α τάταιη ?
(Οέον αγυρ οέ ον ο !)

Αη έ τηη μο λεαη
Δ ο’ιομέηη μέ τηη πάιτε;
(Οέον αγυρ οέ ον ο !)
Νο αη έ τηη αη λεαη
‘Οο ή-οιλεαη ι η-υέτ Τάιρε ?
(Οέον αγυρ οέ ον ο !)

* * * * *

Σαιτεαθαι απωαη έ
‘Να γρόλαιη Σεάρητα
(Οέον αγυρ οέ ον ο !)
“ Σιη έυγαιη απωιη έ
Αγυρ εαοιηιηη θυη ράιη αηη,”
(Οέον, αγυρ οέ ον ο !)

Σιαοη αη ηα τηη Πυιρε
Σο σεαοιηηηη άη ηγράη Σεαη
(Οέον, αγυρ οέ ον ο !)
Τα νο έυρη ηηά-εαοιηη
Λε θρειη ρόη α τάταιη
(Οέον, αγυρ οέ ον ο !)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

“O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Or is that the child who
Was Mary’s fresh blossom?”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keeners are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Beirid tu liom-ra
 So fóil i nGáirtíon Pháinnéarais
 (Océan agus oé ón ó !)
 So riab tu do bhean iomlán (?)
 I gcaéiléar síl na nGáirí
 (Océan agus oé ón ó !)

TOBAR MUIRE:

A bhíodh ó fionn do bhrí Tobair beannaithe i mBaile an Tobair,* i gContae Mhuighe Eo. Bhí mainistír ann gan ait a bhfuil an tobair aonair, agus iar ari lóis altóra na mainistíre do bhrí an tobair amach. Bhí an mainistír ari éaloibh énuic, aictiunai éamhais Cromail agus a chuid ríomhordóir éum na tíre feadh, leagadair an mainistír, agus níor fágadair cloé of cionn cloiche de'n altóir nár éaitseadar riúr.

Bhíadain ó'n lá do leagadair an altóir, 'ré rin lá Féil Muire 'gan earráid, 'reath bhrí an tobair amach ari lóis na h-altóra, agus iar iongantach an ríud le pád nac riab bhráon uirge ann gan ríut do bhrí ag bun an énuic ó'n lá do bhrí an tobair amach.

Bhí bhrácaír bocht ag dul na ríse an lá ceathair, agus é uairidh ré ari a bhealaic le páidir do pád ari lóis na h-altóra beannaithe, agus bhrí iongantach móri ari nuaír éonnaic re tobair bhréaghs ann a h-áit. É uairidh ré ari a ghlúinaitbh agus tórais ré ag pád a páidire nuaír é uairidh ré guth ag pád, "cuir diot do bhróga, tá tu ari éalam beannaithe, tá tu ari bhráas Tobair Muire, agus tá léigear na milte caoic ann. Beirid duine léigeartha le uirge an tobair réin anaighairt gáe uile duine d'éirte airfionna i lárcair na h-altóra do bhrí ann gan ait ann a bhfuil an tobair aonair, má bionn riad cumha tóirí h-uairle ann, i n-dáimh an Aitar an Mic agus an Spriolair Íaoim."

Nuaír bhrí a páidireadach páidte ag an mbhrácaír o'fheusc ré ruair

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Connor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, *i.e.*, "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly!"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
 Into Paradise garden.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)
To a fair place in heaven
 At the side of thy darling.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

agusur éonnaic colum mór gléseal ari érann chinnbair i ngearr do: bhuodh ní an colum do b' ag caint. B' ian bhráthair gleurta i n-eudairisibh-bhéigse, marí b' iuacl ari a cheann, comh mór agusur do b' ari cheann maothair-alla.

Ari éaoi ari b' iad t'fhuasgair r' e an r'fheul do òdairiù an bhaile b'is, agusur níor bhrada go n-deacair r' e trír an tír. Bhuodh docht an áit i, agusur ní rai'b acht botáin ag na òdairiù, agusur iad lioonta le teatac. Ari an ádhar r'ín b' curid maic de òdairiù caoche ann. Le clárpholair, lá ari na m'áraic, b' ior cionn d'á fiúid òdaine ann, ag tobair Muihe, agusur ní rai'b fear ná bean aca naic dtáinig ar air le rathairc maic.

Cuanadh clú tobair Muihe trír an tír, agusur níor bhrada go rai'b ollitriúeada ó gád uile contád ag teacáit go Tobair Muihe, agusur ní òdeacair aon neac aca ari aif gian beirte leigeartha; agusur faois cheann tamall do b'idead òdaine ar t'iochtair eile r'ein, ag teacáit go dti Tobair Muihe.

B' i fear mi-éperdmeac 'na cónáinidh i ngearr do Òbaille-an-tobair. Duine uafar do b' ann, agusur níor éperd r' e i leigear an tobair bheannaisce. Dubairt re naic rai'b ann acht pírtreóis, agusur le magadh do òeunamh ari na òdairiù tuig r' e aifall dall do b' aige cum an tobair agusur tuig a cheann faoi an uifse. Fuaire an t-aifall rathairc, acht tuigadh an magadhóir a-òbaille comh dall le bun do bhróisge.

Faois cheann blianta éuit r' e amach go rai'b ragairc ag obair mar gárradhádóir ag an duine-uafar do b' dall. B' ian ragairc gleurta mar feair-oibre, agusur ní rai'b fior ag duine ari b' iad go mbuodh ragairc do b' ann. Aon lá amáin b' ian duine uafar bheordiúte agusur d'iarbh r' e ari a feairbhróisanta é do éabairt amach 'fan nsgárrthá. Nuair t'áimis r' e cum na h-áite a rai'b an ragairc ag obair, fuair r' e fior: "Naic mór an truaig é," ari fheircean, "naic dtig liom mo gárradh bheagdach d'feiceáil!"

Giac an gárradhádóir truaileas ód agusur duibhairs, "Tá fior agam cá b'fhiul feair do leigheasócadh tú, acht tá iuacl ari a cheann mar gheall ari a cheirdeam."

"B' eirítm-ré m'focal naic n-deunfaraidh mire r'friúdeanáiríreacáit aifur agusur iocfaidh mé go maic é ari fion a t'rioblóidh," ari fan duine uafar:

"Acht b' éisighi náir maic leat dul trír an truisce-rlánaisiche atá aige," ari fan gárradhádóir:

"Iar cuma liom cia an truisce atá aige má tuigann r' e mo rathairc d'am," ari fan duine uafar:

Anoir, b' ioroch-clú ari an duine-uafar, marí bhráit r' e a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

raigheartaith riomhe rin; Vingam an t-ainnm do b' aif. Ar éasoi ar b'ic slac an raigheart meirneac agus tuibhait, "Biodh do cónrte péríodh ari marún amáras, agus tiomáintíodh mire tu go dtí áit do leisgír, ní éis le cónrteoirí ná le aon duine eile beirt i láthair aict mire, agus ná h-inniú o'aon duine ari b'ic cá b'fuisil tu ag dul, no fior caidé do ghnáithe (Gnó)."

Ari marún, lá ari na máras, b'í cónrte Vingam péríodh, agus éasaith ré fein aigeas, leir an ngearrthadóir d'á tiomaint. "Pan, éura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro," ari ré leir an g-cónrteoirí, "agus tiomáintíodh an gárrthadóir mé." B'í an cónrteoirí 'na b'ícheamhais, agus b'í éind aif, agus slac ré rún go mbeirdeadh ré ag fairsing na cónrte, le fágáil amasé cia an áit riabhadh le dul. B'í a gleúr beannaiscte ag an raigheart, taoibh-ártig de'n euadach eile. Nuair tágadair go Tobair Muire tuibhait an raigheart leir, "Ir raigheart mire, tá mé dul le do riadair o'fágáil vuit 'fan áit ari éasaith tu é." Ann rin é cum ré trí uaire ann fan tobair é, i n-ainm an Acaí an Mhí agus an Spiorlaist Íaoimh, agus taimis a riadair éasaithe comh maith agus b'í ré aghaidh.

"B'eiffraithe mé ceud punt vuit," ari fa Vingam, "comh luat agus riadair mé a-baile."

B'í an cónrteoirí ag fairsing, agus comh luat agus éonnaithe ré an raigheart ann a gleúr beannaiscte, éasaith ré go lucht an trilge agus b'rialt ré an raigheart. Do gábhadh agus do chrocaidh é gan breiteamh gan breiteamhnaí. O'fheorfaidh an feair do b'í tar éis a riadair o'fágáil ari aif, an raigheart do faoirfaidh, aict níor labhairt ré focal ari a fion.

Tímeióill miocha 'na thairis reo, taimis raigheart eile go Vingam agus é gleúrta mar gárrthadóir, agus o'liappr ré obair ari Vingam agus riadair uairí i. Aict ní riabhadh ré a b'faoi ann a fairsing go dtábla o'fheorfaidh do Vingam. Éasaith ré amasé aon lá amáin ag riúbal tríodh na páircéannaí, agus do earradh cailín marpeas, insean fíri bocht, aif, agus riunne ré marluigheadh uirbh, agus o'fág leac-táirbh i. B'í tríúr deaibhíláitair ag an gcaillín, agus éisgadair mionna go marbhsaodh riabhadh é comh luat agus gheobhairt gheim aif. Ní riabhadh le fanaíocht aca. Gábhadh é fan áit éanacha ari marlaithe ré an cailín, agus ériocadair é ari éanann, agus o'fágadair ann rin é 'na ériocadair.

Ari marún, an lá ari na máras, b'í milliúiníodh de míoltógsaibh cnuinniúcte, mar énoc mó, tímeióill an érainn, agus níor fheadh duine ari b'ic dul anaice leir, mar gheall ari an mbolaodh bhean do b'í tímeióill na h-áite, agus duine ari b'ic do riadair anaice leir, do dallfaidh na míoltógsa é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Tairis bean agus mac Óingam ceud púnt o'laon duine do bhearrfaidh an corr amach. Rinne curio maidé daoinne iarrfaiodh air rín do cheannamh, acht níor feudaradh. Bhuaigh riad púndar le cratáidh ari na mioltógaibh, agus geusga crann le na mbualaidh, acht níor feudaradh a rásaradh, ná tul comh fada leir an scráinn. Bí an bheanntar an éiríse níor meara, agus bí eagla ari na cónarbhannaibh go dtiúthraidh na mioltóga agus an corr bheun pláis oppa.

Bí an daria rásart 'na gárrdadhóir ag Óingam 'fan am ro, acht ní raibh fíor ag luéit an tise gur rásart do b' ann, bír da mbeirdeadh fíor ag luéit an tise no ag na príomhachadhóiribh, do gheobadh riad agus do ériofradh riad é. Cuanidh na Catoilceis go bean Óingam agus duibhreanadh léi go raibh eolais aca ari duine do dhíbheocadh na mioltóga. "Tabhair éigiam é," ari ríre, "agus m'a'r péindír leir na mioltóga do dhíbhit ní h-é an duairi rín gheobair re acht a geast n-oibreadh.

"Acht," ari riad-fan, "dá mbeir' fíor ag luéit-an-olige agus dá ngeabhadhaoir é, do ériofradhaoir é, marí ériodh riad an fear do fuairi mathairc a fhlil ari air do." "Acht," ari ríre, "nac bfeudaradh ré na mioltóga do dhíbhit gan fíor ag luéit-an-olige?"

"Ní'l fíor againn," ari riad-fan, "go nglacfaidhaois cónairle leir."

An oirdéice rín glacadhaois cónairle leir an rásart, agus o'inniu riad do cad duibhirt bean Óingam.

"Ní'l agam acht beartá fhaogalta le cailleamhaint," ari fan rásart, "agus bhearrfaidh mé i ari ron na ndaoine bocht, bír bhéid pláis ann rán tír muna gcuimhniódh mé dhíbhit ari na mioltógaibh. Ari marion amáras, bhéid iarrfaiodh agam i n-airm Dhe iad do dhíbhit, agus tá muinisein agam agus dothúcar i nDíla go rabbálfaidh ré mé ó mo éuidh náimh. Téid éisg an bean-uairail aonair, agus abairt léi go mbéidh mé i ngear do'n ériann le h-éiríse na ghréine ari marion amáras, agus abairt léi fír do bheit péidh aici leir an scoir do éurí 'fan uas.

Cuanidh riad éum na mná-uairile, agus o'inniu riad thí an meadu duibhirt an rásart.

"Má éiríseann leir," ari ríre, "bheit an duairi péidh agam do, agus oifidh acht mé mórfh-riuireas fear do bheit i láthair."

Cait an rásart an oirdéice rín i n-urpnaisctibh, agus leat-uairi riomh éiríse na ghréine cuanidh ré éum na h-áite a raibh a gheur beannaiscte i bhfoladh. Cuiri ré rín ari, agus le chroír ann a leat-láim agus le uirge coirfeasta ann rán láim eile, cuanidh ré éum na h-áite a raibh na mioltóga. Tórais ré ann rín ag léigear ari a leabhar agus ag cratáidh uirge coirfeasta ari na mioltógaibh, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden; he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Achar an Mic agus an Spriolaito Naoimh. O'Éilpigh an enoc mioltóis, agus t' eitill riad ruar 'fan aéir, agus júnneadháir an tréir comh dojmha leir an oíche. Ni raibh fíor ag na daoineach cia an áit a ndeacadháir, acht faoi ceann leat-uaire feiceál (feictear).

Bí lúctheáilte mór ari na daoineach, acht níor bhfuada go bhfacadtáir an tríthe oíri ag teacht, agus slaoth riad ari an ragartuit iuc leir comh tara a'ir b' ann. Tug an ragart do na boinn agus lean an trítheadóir é, agus rígian ann gac láimh aige. Nuairi nár feud ré teacht ruar leir, éait ré an rígian 'na ónáig. Nuairi b' an rígian ag dul tar éis gualain an trághairt, éuir ré a láimh clé ruar, agus gaoth ré an rígian, agus éait ré an rígian ari air gaoth féadainta taoibh ríap d'é. Bhaili rí an feap, agus éuairi rí trír a ériodh, gur tuait ré maribh, agus t' imteig an ragart raoir.

Bhaili na ríri eorpa Óingism, agus éuirpeadair ann rán uaisé é, acht nuairi éuadair eorpa an trítheadóra do éur, buairpeadair na milte de luéigseach mórta timéioll aip, agus ni raibh spéisim feoila ari a chnámaibh nae' raibh iste aca. Ni eorprócaidh riad do'n eorpa agus níor feud na daoine iad do gaothas, agus b' eisgin oíriú na chnáma dhéagbáil of cionn talman.

Éuir an ragart a ghleasair beannaisce i bhfolac, agus do b' ag obair 'fan níshartha nuairi éuir bean Óingism fíor aip, agus t' iarrí aip an buairi do glacadó ari ron na mioltósa do óibhirt, agus i do éabhairt do'n feap do óibhirt iad má b' eolaír aige aip.

“Tá eolaír agam aip, agus duibhairt ré liom an buair do éabhairt éuise anocht, mar tá rún aige an tír t'fágbaile rul má gheocheairt luéit an duisce é.”

“Seo óuit i,” ari ríre, agus feacairi rí ríorán óir do.

Ari maroin, lá ari na mairleach, t' imteig an ragart go coir na fairsise; buairi ré long do b' ag dul cum na Fraince, éuairi ré ari borth, agus comh luat agus t'fág ré an cuan éuir ré aip a euidhais ragairt, agus éisg buirdéacar do Óia faoi n-a éabhairt raoir. Ni'l fíor agam caidh éapla óir 'na ónáig rín:

Tar éir rín do b'idealó daoine dalla agus caoche ag tigeadct go Tobair Mhuire, agus níor fill aon duine aca ariam ari air gaoth a bheit leigeartha. Acht ni raibh juro mar ari bheit ariam ann rán tír reo, nár milleadh le duine éisgin, agus milleadh an tobair, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts * (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Úi carlin i mBaile-an-tobair, agur úi rí ari tì beirt pórta, nuair tainis fean-bean éaois éinici ag iarráitidh déipse i n-onóir do Óia agur do Muirfe.

“ Ní'l aon riuth agam le tabhairt do fean-éaoisphán carlinse, tá mé borthairiúscé aca,” ari fan carlin.

“ Ná riab é fainne an pórta oifte a-chiorde go mbéidh tu com éaois a'f tár mire,” ari fan trean-bean.

Ari maidin, lá ari na málae, úi rúile an carlin óis nimheas, agur ari maidin 'na díalaisg rín úi rí beag-nae dall, agur borthairt na cónarpana go mbuadh éoiri Ói dul go Tobair Muirfe.

Ari maidin go moé, o'éiris rí, agur éniald rí cum an tobar, acht creáint do feicfead rí ann acht an trean-bean d'íarbh an déipse uirbh 'na riutde ag bhruaé an tobar, ag ciaraid a cinn of cionn an tobar beannairiúscé.

“ Léir-rgair oifte, a cailleach Síráinna, an ag ralaíeadh Tobair Muirfe atá tu ? ” ari fan carlin; “ imníg leat no bhrifíodh mé do muineul.”

“ Ní'l aon onóir ná mear agad ari Óia ná ari Muirfe, o'eitig tu déipse do éabhairt i n-onóir doibh, ari an áthbar rín ni cumhaidh tu éin 'fan tobar.”

Fusair an carlin Síréim ari an scailleach, ag feicfaint i do ríreacáilte ó'n tobar, acht leir an ríreacáilte do úi eatórrha do éuit an beirt airtsead 'fan tobar agur báitsead iad.

O'n lá rín go dtí an lá ro ní riab aon léigear ann fan tobar.



There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the weel.



μυρε ἀγαπηνοὶ οἱ θεοὶ τοῦ Ιησοῦς

Πατέ ηδονήτα τοῦ θεοῦ ηδονή
 Πατέ πάτερ τέ μυρε τάκταιρος?
 Πατέ εἶ τοῦ φυλαρίου από ταύτας
 Τοῦ δὲ φεαρού τοῦ από ταύτας [Άδαμ]?

Τηνίταξ τέ τοῦ θεοῦ ηδονή
 Αγαρ τοῦ θεοῦ ηδονή θεοῖ,
 Αγαρ δὲ φεαρού τειρού θεοῖς τηρούσασθαι
 Αγαρ από μηναδὸν εόλαιρον τοῦ μυρε τάκταιρος

Τά απάντην τοῦ θεοῦ ηδονή από ταύτα
 Αγαρ μηναδὸν ταντού ηδονή,
 Μεαργαρίτα ταντού εύθαρτα,
 Ήτατού μηναδὸν αγαρίτη.

Τοῦ συντριβούσην τοῦ θεοῦ ηδονή
 Αγαρ τηνίτην τοῦ θεοῦ, καὶ τάκταιρος,
 Οὐδετέρα ηδονή ταντού μηναδὸν
 Ήτατού συντριβούσην τοῦ θεοῦ ηδονή.

Από την τοῦ λαβαρίου από μηναδούσαν
 Τοῦ θεοῦ ηδονή την τοῦ λαβαρίου,
 “Ταντού ταντού την τοῦ λαβαρίου
 Τά από την τοῦ λαβαρίου μηναδούσαν.”

* Now ill-called “Caldwell” in English.

† Literally: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, “Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom.” Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, “I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with.” Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, “Bend low in her presence, O tree.” The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
 When marrying Mary Mother,
 Surely his lot was happy,
 Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
 And the crown by David worn,
 With Mary to be abiding
 And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
 And walking through gardens early,
 Where cherries were redly growing,
 And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
 For faint and tired she panted,
 At the scent on the breezes' wing
 Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
 All weary and faint and low,
 "O pull me yon smiling cherries
 That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

“ Dain d'am mo fáit aca
Oír tá me las fann,*
A'f tu oibreacha níos na ngráfta
Ag fár faoi mo bhoim.”

Ann rin do labhair Naomh Ioreph
De'n cónplaóth b'i teann,
“ Ni dainfiodh mé óuit na geadra
A'f ni h-áill liom do clann:

“ Slaoth ari aitair ó do leinib
Ír air if sóibrí óuit beict teann.”
Ann rin do eorpaig fóra
So beannaithe faoi na bhoim:

Ann rin do labhair fóra
So naomhá faoi na bhoim
“ Írtis go h-írioll
Ann a fiadhuile a chrainn.”

O'úmhlais an chéann ríor vi
Ann a bhíadónuile san mhaill;
Agur fuairi rí mian a chroide-rtis
Slain-díreacá o'n scéann.

Ann rin do labhair Naomh Ioreph
Agur éait e réin ari an talamh;
“ Saib a-baile a mhaire
Agur luirid ari do leabhairid.
So utéid mé go h-lármataem
Ag deunam aitriúise ann mo peacaird.”

Ann rin do labhair an mhaigdean
De'n cónplaóth b'i beannaithe,
“ Ni piáidh mé a- baile
A'f ni luiridh mé ari mo leabhairid;
Acht tá maiteamhánar le fágair agao
Ó níos na ngráfta ann do peacaird.”

* * * * *

* “Ann a g-cáill” suibairt mac pic Ruairí Óg, aict suibairt an Callaoileac “las fann.” Tá me ann a gcaill == “Teaptuisgeann uam ias.”

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel! within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Táí mí ó'n lá rín
 Rúgadh an leanbh beannuité,
 Thairis na tui ruighe
 Ag deunaam a dhraisnéar do'n leanbh.

Táí mí ó'n oíche rín
 Rúgadh an leanbh beannuité,
 Ann a rtábla fuair feannta
 Eitorp builán agur aral.

Ann rín do labhair an mairistean
 So ciún agur so céilleadh,
 "A mic riú na Scapaid
 Cia 'n nór mbéid tú ari an traois?"

"Béid mé Diairí Daoim
 Agur mé níolta ag mo námaid;
 Agur béid me Dia nAoine
 Mo ériúcháin poll ag na tairbhíni:

Béid mo céann i mbárrí rpíce
 'S fuil mo ériordóe i lári na rráidíos;
 'S an trleis níne dul tipe mo ériordóe
 Le rpídealaic an lá rín.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
“Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee.”

[THE BABE.]

“I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart’s blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man’s madness.”

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

NAOIMH PEADAR:

Chualairíodh Ríomhainn ar O Connachtáin, i m'bh'ád-luath, an tsean-fhinníodh oileán b'annamh d'fhiúisíodh ní Chádarraig ó thailte-órá-tháin, i gcomhordach Shlioghs, agus fuaill mire uaithe-pearáid.

Annn fán am a riath Naoimh Peadar agus ár Slánuigtheoirí ag riúbal na tíre, i�t iomána iongantatar do chaitheamh a Mháigírtír ó, agus tá mbaúd dhúine eile do b'í ann, d'fheicfead leat an oíche, i�t d'óighe go mbeirdeadh a thótháir ar a Mháigírtír níor láidirpe 'ná b'í thótháir Pheadair.

Aon lá amáin do b'íodar ag teadct aigeas go baile-mór agus do b'í feapar-céoil leat ar meirge 'ná fhuide ar chaoibh an b'óthair agus é ag iarrraithe déiipe. Thus ár Slánuigtheoirí píora aifisgo d'ó ar níos déanaí íarntó: Bhi iongantatar ar Pheadair faoi rinn, óir dhúbairt ré leir féin "I�t iomána dhúine bocht do b'í i n-earráidh móir, d'óighe mo mháigírtír, aict anoir tuig ré déiipe do'n feapar-céoil reod atá ar meirge. Aict b' éidír," ar ré leir féin, "b' éidír go b'fuil d'áil aige fán gceol."

Do b'í píor ag ár Slánuigtheoirí creibh do b'í i n-inntinn Pheadair, aict níor lábairt ré focal d'á chaoibh.

Aon lá ar n-a tháblaícthe do b'íodar ag riúbal ariú, agus do carabhdh b'ráthair bocht oírra, agus é crom leir an doir, agus beag-nádhe nochtá. Oíarrí ré déiipe ar ár Slánuigtheoirí, aict ní tuig Seircean aon áitír aini, agus níor fheagair Sé a imprise.

"Sín níodh eile náca b'fuil ceart," ar ra Naoimh Peadar ann a inntinn féin; b'í eagla airi lábairt leir an Mháigírtír d'á chaoibh, aict b'í ré ag cailleamaint a thótháir gac uile lá:

Aon tráchtóna ceudna b'íodar ag teadct go baile eile nuair carabhdh feapar dall oírra, agus é ag iarrraithe déiipe. Chuirí ár Slánuigtheoirí caint ariú agus dhúbairt "craeo tá uait?"

"Luac lóirtin orðe, luac fuid le n'icte, agus an oíchead agus b'ídear ag teaptál uaim amárla; má thíos leat-ra a lábairt d'ám, geobhairt tu cíntiuigas a thóir, agus cíntiuigas náca b'fuil le fágair ariú an tráosgal b'fónaigh ro."

"I�t maistí i do caint," ar fán Tígearnáin, "aict níl tu aict ag iarrraithe mo meallaibh, níl earráidh luaidh-lóirtin ná fuid le n'icte oírt; tá óir agus aifisgo ann do phóca, agus b'fuad édiri dhuit do b'ídeas aigéar do Dhuia faoi do b'iol go lá do b'ítear agus."

Ní riath píor ag an Dall gur b'í ár Slánuigtheoirí do b'í ag caint leir, agus dhúbairt ré leir: "Ní fheamhóra aict déiipe atá mé iarrraithe, i�t cinnte mé tá mbeirdeadh píor agus go riath óir ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Conor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

AT the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and He said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgisiord agam go mbainfeadh óiom é, ‘tusa’ leat* anoir, ní teafar tuigseann do caint uaim.’

“So deimín iŋ vi-céillibé an feair tú,” ari ḫan Tísearna, “ní b'eo ḍír ná airgisiord agad i ńfao,” agur leir rín o'fáis ré an dall.

Bhí Peadar ag éirteacáit leir an gcoimhráth, agur b'í dall aige a innreacáit do'n dall guri mbaó é ár Slánuischtéorí do b'í ag caint leir, acht ní ńfaoilír ré aon fáill. Acht do b'í feair eile ag éirteacáit nuairi ńfaoilírt ár Slánuischtéorí go ńraibh ḍír agur airgisiord ag an t-ail. Buidh rímuoradóir millteacáit do b'í ann, acht do b'í fíor aige ní h'innír ár Slánuischtéorí aon ńfaoilírt ariam. Chomh luat agur b'í Seircean agur Naomh Peadar imteigthe, tainis an rímuoradóir cum an dall agur ńfaoilírt leir, “Tabhair óam do curio ḍír agur airgisiord, no cuiptífead rísan tré do ériuioide.”

“Ní'l ḍír ná airgisiord agam” ari ḫan dall, “dá mbeidheas, ní b'eo dinn ag iarrfaidh déipse.”

Acht leir rín do fuairi an rímuoradóir grieam aip, do cuiptí faoi é, agur do ńbain té an méad do b'í aige. Do gáip agur do rímuorad an dall comh n-áir agur o'faoi ré, agur cuaillaird ár Slánuischtéorí agur Peadar é.

“Tá euscoiri o'á deunam ari an dall,” ari Peadar.

“Fág go fealltaí, agur imteobaird ré an caoi ceudana, gan caint ari lá an ńfaoilírt,” ari ár Slánuischtéorí.

“Tuigim tú, ní'l aon ńraibh i ńfaoilírt uait a Mháisírtír,” ari Peadar.

An lá 'na ńfaoilírt rín do ńfaoilírt ari ńfaoilírt coir fáraí, agur tainis leóman cíocraí aí. “Anoir a Phéadarí,” ari ár Slánuischtéorí, “iŋ minic aon ńfaoilírt tu go scailleafeá do ńbreatha ari mo ńron, anoir teipis agur tabhair tú féin do'n leóman agur imteobaird míre faoi.”

Do rímuair Peadar aige féin agur ńfaoilírt, “b'fearr liom bár ari b'eo eile o'fáisail 'na leigint do leóman m'ite; támáorid corruat agur tig linn riút uait, agur má feicim é ag teast fuaqr linn fánfaraidh mé ari deirnead, agur tig leat-fa imteacáit faoi.”

“B'eo dí marí rín,” ari ár Slánuischtéorí.

Do leig an leóman rímuorad, agur ar go ńfaoilírt leir 'na ńfaoilí, agur níor ńfaoilí go ńraibh ré ag ńfaoilí oppa, agur i ńfaoilír doibh.

“Fán riap a Phéadarí,” ari an Slánuischtéorí, acht leig Peadar ari féin nae scualaird ré focal, agur o'imteig ré aí aí ari ńfaoilír. O'iompairis an Tísearna ari a cíul agur ńfaoilírt ré leir an leóman, “Teipis ari air go dti an fáraí,” agur júnne i é amhaird.

* “Tusa leat” = “imteig leat,” “amaí leat,” no júnno ve'n tróigt rín. B'ériúr agur “cúig leat” b'ho éóirí do b'eo ann, 7 chuis an Deamhan!“

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

Ó'rfeus Peadarai taoibh-fíair d'é, agus nuaír éonnaithe ré an leóman ag dul ari aír do fear ré go dtáinig ari Slánuiscteoirí ruair leir. "A Peadarai," ari Sé, "o'fág tu mé i mbaoishal, agus —rua buidh meara 'ná rín,—o'innír tu bheusga."

"Rinne mé rín," ari Peadarai, "mar bí fíor agam go bhfuil cùmáct agad oír ciornn gáe níodh, ni h-é amáin ari leóman an fáradhais."

"Coigríodh do bheul, agus ná bí ag innreacáit bheusg, ni phairbheis fíor agad agus radaí bheicreibh mé i mbaoishal amáras do tréisereibh mé ariúr, tá fíor agam ari gmuaintibh do chioriúde."

"Níor gmuainn mé ariúd go ndearnaidh tu aon níodh nac phairbheasart," ari-ra Peadarai.

"Sín bheusg eile," ari ari Slánuiscteoirí. "Náicé cuimhín leat an lá do chus me deireadh do'n fearr-ceoil do bí leat ari meirge, bí iongantair oírt agus duibhaint tu leat féin gur iomána duine bocht do bí i n-earrbhuiodh móirí o'eitigis mé, agus go dtusg mé deireadh do fear do bí ari meirge mar bí túil agam i gceol. An lá 'na óláis rín o'eitigis mé an rean-bhráctair, agus duibhaint tu nac phairbheis níodh rín ceasart. An tráchtóna ceudna i fír cuimhín leat cíneadh tárta i dtaoibh an daill. Minicéadach mé anois duit eadáin fáidh minneag mar rín. Rinne an fearr-ceoil níor mór de thairis 'ná minne fíche bhráctair o'á fóirt ó rúgadh iad. Shábháil ré anam carlin ó pian-taibh iarrann. Ónáid earrbhuiodh doibh aifisidh uairean agus bí rí ag dul peacaidh marbhácaidh do dhéanamh le na fágáil, acht coimhthíse an fearr-ceoil i, chus ré an bonn thí, cír go phairbheas doige aír féin an t-am ceudna. Mairidh leir an mbhráctair, ni phairbheas aon earrbhuiodh aír-rean, cír go bhfuair ré ainnm bhráctair buidh ball de'n diaibhl é, agus rín é an fáidh nac go dtusg mé aon áit aír. Mairidh leir an ball, do bí a Dhuia ann a phóca, bír i fíor an rean-focal, "an áit a bheul do chuirte bhéar do chioriúde léi."

Seal gearrí 'na óláis rín duibhaint peadarai, "A mháisctír, tá eolair agad ari na gmuaintibh i fír uaispníse i gceoilríde an duine, agus ó'n nómáid róid amach géillim duit annaí gáe níodh."

Timchéoil leacánáine 'na óláis-rín do bhoíodar ag riubhal tré chnocháin agus ríleibh, agus cailleadh ari bealacl. Le tuaitim na h-oirídeach tainig teinnteach agus toirneach agus fearrfíteann tréom: Ónáid an oirídeach comh dhorcha rín náir feudaradair corán cluorach o'fheiceáil: Thuit peadarai anaighairí cárptais agus loit ré a comh dorna rín náir feud ré coirceáim do riubhal:

Chonaithe ari Slánuiscteoirí roilur beag faoi bhuin cnuic, agus duibhaint Sé le peadarai, "fan mar tá tu agus phácaidh mire ag tóiruisceáct congnaimh le o'iomáin."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, 'Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

"Ní'l aon éongnam le fágail ann rán ait fiatháin seo," aipheadar, "agus ná leis ann ro mór i mbaoisgal liom féin"

"Biodh mar pín," aip ár Slánuigtheoirí, agus le fín do leis ré pead, agus cáinig ceatrasaí feap, agus clá 'na carptín oppa aict an feap do ríomh an dall real riomhe pín. D'ainmíos ré ár Slánuigtheoirí agus Peadar, agus duibhainte ré le n-a chuid feap Peadar d'iomláí go cùramach go dtí an áit-cóimhniúde do b'í aca amearg na gcnoc. "Chuir an bheirt seo," aip ré, "dúr agus ailt-siód ann mo bhealaíochtaí real ghearr ó foin."

D'iomláí riad Peadar go dtí reomha faoi éalamh; b'í teine bheag ann, agus cùrpheadar an feap loitte i ngair tí, agus tuigeadar deo é do. Thuit ré ann a cónlaí agus do minne ár Slánuigtheoirí iorú na cnoibre le n-a mearaí, of ciomh na loite, agus nuairiúrigh ré d'fheud ré riúbal comh maite agus d'fheud ré riám. Bhí iongantair aili, nuairiúrigh ré, agus d'fiafhusigh ré cneud do bain do. D'innír ár Slánuigtheoirí do gáid níodh mar tárta.

"Shaoil mé," aip ra Peadar, "go raibh mé marb agus go raibh mé fuaif ag doirír flaitéir, aict níor fheud mé dul ar teacáil mar b'í an doirír dhuirtote, agus ní raibh doiríreoidh le fágail."

"Airlings do b'í agad" aip ár Slánuigtheoirí, "aict i fíor i; tá an flaitéar dhuirtote agus ní'l ré le bheirt foirghealte go bhráigí mire bár aip rón peascáid an éine daonna, do cùir feap agus aip m'atáir. Ni bár coitcónnta aict bár náirpeasach geobáis mé, aict éireodcaidh mé aipir go slíriútar agus foirgheolair mé an flaitéar do b'í dhuirtote, agus b'éidh turfa do thoiríreoidh!"

"Óra, a Mháisírtí," aip ra Peadar, "ní féidir go bfuigtheadh bár náirpeasach, ná leisfead Óamh-ra bár fágail aip do fion-ra, tá mé níeidh agus toilteannac."

"Saoileann tú pín," aip ár Slánuigtheoirí.

Thainig an t-am a raibh ár Slánuigtheoirí le bár fágail. An t-riatháin iomhá pín b'í ré féin agus an dá abhrat deus ag reihe, nuairiúr duibhainte ré, "tá feap agadibh ag dul mo bhrac." Bhí trioblóidí móibh oppa agus duibhainte gáid aon aca "an mire é?" Aict duibhainte Seiréan, "an té tú mar le n-a láim ann rán méire liom, i f'í é pín an feap bhracáifeasach mé."

Duibhainte Peadar ann pín, "dá mbeidéadó an domhan iomlán i d'agairí," aip reihean, "ní b'éidh mire i d'agairí," aict duibhainte ár Slánuigtheoirí leir, "rul má gaoitheann an Coileasach aonach ceilífidh (fheunfaraidh) tu mé trui h-uairí."

"Do geobáinn bár rul má ceilífínn tú," aip ra Peadar; "go deimhín ní ceilífead tú."

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, "I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tusaodh bheisíteamhnaír báir ari ári Slánuigéideoirí, bí a chuid náimhíodh do'á bualaodh agus rí eacanadh rmuigdairíle air. Bhí Peadarai amuig ann fán gcuimhne, nuair támhig cailín-aimhriúle éinse agus ríubhairt leir "bí tufa le hÍorá." "Ní'l fiúr agam," ari ra Peadarai, "caid é tá tu pádó."

Nuair bí ré ag dul amach an gheata, ann rín, ríubhairt cailín eile, "rín feair do bí le hÍorá," acht éis gheirean a mhionna na cíosair eolair ari bít aige air. Ann rín ríubhairt chuid de na Daoineis do bí ag éiríteadct, "ní'l amhras ari bít na cíosair tu leir, aitnísmithe ari do caint é." Thus ré na mhionnaíodh móra ann rín, náir leir é, agus ari ball do ghlaoch an coileáin, agus éinimhíodh ré ann rín ari na foclairí ríubhairt ári Slánuigéideoirí, agus d'ó fil ré na dteangeolaíse, agus fuaill ré maiteamhnaír ó'n té do cheil ré. Tá eocárada fílaítear aige aonair, agus má fíleann rinnne na dteangeolaíse fuaill n-ári lochtairí mar do fil gheirean iad, geobhamaoithe maiteamhnaír mar fuaill gheirean é, agus cuimhniúd ré ceud mile fáilte riomhainn, nuair fuaill rinnne go dochar fílaítear:

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR THÁINIS AN T-SAINT ANN'SAN EASLAIS.*

Únī ár Slánuisíteoirí agus ñaoimh peadarí ag rrairtheoirí
trachtóna, agus do carab̄ fean-féar oírra. Únī an t-sine bocht
rin go dona, n̄ riail aib̄ acht ceirteasá aghair fean-cóta r̄tróiscte,
agus san fíú na mbrogs faoi n-a cogaib̄. Ó'íarri ré déiuc ari ár
dTigsearuna agus ari ñaoimh peadarí. Únī truaits ag peadarí do
an donán bocht agus faoil ré go dtiúthraí an Tigsearuna ius
éigin do. Acht níor éinir an Tigsearuna aon truim ann, acht d'imreis
re chuirí san fheagairt éabairt do. Únī iongantair ari pheadarí¹
faoi rin, óir faoil ré go dtiúthraí an Tigsearuna do gac aindéir-
eoir a riail ocráir aib̄, acht b̄i fainteoir aib̄ aon níod do rád.

An lá ari na mbarás b̄i an Tigsearuna agus peadarí ag rrair-
theoirí ari ari an mbócaí ceudana, agus cia d'feicfead̄ riail ag
teacht 'na gcoinne ann ran gceart-áit ann a riail an fean-féar
bocht an lá riomhe rin acht riobáilrde agus cloítheamh nochtá aige
ann a láimh. Tháinis ré éinir aghair ó'íarri ré aifrigioí oírra.
Thus an Tigsearuna an t-aifrigioí do gac fócal do rád, agus d'imreis
an riobáilrde. Únī iongantair tóbálta ari pheadarí ann rin, óir
faoil ré go riail an ionmáirciú meistríos ag ár dTigsearuna aifrigioí
do éabairt do gádúirí ari fainteoir. Nuair b̄i an Tigsearuna agus
peadarí imreisce tamall beag ari an mbócaí níor fheud peadarí²
san ceirt do éinir aib̄. “Naé móir an r̄geul a Tigsearuna” ari ré
“naé dtug tu daodam do'n donán bocht ó'íarri déiuc oírt andé,
acht go dtug tu aifrigioí do'n b̄iteamhnaí gádúirde do tháinis éinir
le cloítheamh ann a láimh: naé riail rinn-ne 'n ár mbéirí agus
ni riail ann acht feair amáin; tá cloítheamh agam-řa” déiuc ré,
“agus b' feairí an feair mille 'ná eircean!” “A pheadarí” ari
ran Tigsearuna “ni feiceann túra acht an taoib̄ amuise, acht éróim-

* Fuaipi mé an r̄geul ro, o feair-oide ro b̄i ag Revington De Róiste, Óruim an t-
reasail, acht éinair go minic é. Ni h-iad ro na ceart-fócaíl ann a ñfhuairfeá.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
 Were walking over the hills together,
 In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
 Beside the border of Galilee,
 Just as the sun' to set began
 Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
 His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
 He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
 Fenury stared in his haggard eye,
 And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
 So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
 The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
 With hunger and cold in every limb.
 But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
 He turned away and He nothing gave.
 And Peter was vexed awhile at that
 And wondered what our Lord was at,
 Because he had thought Him much too good
 To ever refuse a man for food.
 But though he wondered he nothing said,
 Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
 They both returned that very way,
 And whom should they meet where the man had been,
 But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
 And in his belt a naked sword—
 For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
 “He's an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
 He won't get anything from us.”
 But Peter was seized with such surprise,
 He scarcely could believe his eyes
 When he saw the Master, without a word,
 Give to the man who had the sword.
 After the man was gone again
 His wonder Peter could not restrain,
 But turning to our Saviour, said:
 “Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taois-ártig : ní féiceann túra acht corp na nuaointe nuaír feicim-re an chroíde. Acht b'eo fíor agus do fóil" ari Se "craeo rát do minne mé rin."

Thuit ré amach aon lá amáin 'na órais rin do nuaointe ari an Tísearuna agus ríeadar amúsa ari na ríleibtí. Bhí teinnteach agus toirneadh agus ríearraítear mór ann, agus b'í ríad báirtíte, agus an bdtar caillte aca. Cia d'feicefaidh ríad éasca ann rin acht an riobáilíde ceudana a dtus an Tísearuna airgíos do an lá rin, Nuaír tâinig ré éasca b'í truaileas aige óróib, agus ríus ré leir iad do uicti uais do b'í aige faoi bún cairbhise, amearaí na ríleibtear, agus b'ain ré an t-euidheach ríus é tioibh agus éuir éuidais tigim oifíla, agus éas neart le n'icé agus le n'ol óróib agus leabhair le luiríde aip, agus gac uile róigt d'fhearr ré óeunam óróib do minne ré e. An lá ari na mbarás nuaír b'í an ríorípm éart, éas ré amach iad agus níor fág ré iad guri éuir ré ari an mbdtar ceart iad, agus éas lón óróib le h-ásgair ari airtí. "Mo cónairí!" ari ríeadar leir féin ann rin, "b'í an ceart ag Tísearuna, if maiet an feair an gaothiúde; if iontak feair cónair," ari reirean, "nac nuaointe ari oibread rin daomh-rá!"

Ní ríad a bfar imrísthe ari an mbdtar ann rin do bhuailír ríad feair marb agus é rínte ari éanáin a bhromá ari láir an bdtair, agus d'ainéig ríeadar é guri ab é an ríean-feair ceudana do óiuiltais an Tísearuna an déipeas do. "B'olc do minneamair" ari ríeadar leir féin, "airgíos do óiuiltais do'n duine bocht rin, agus feus é marb anoir le donar agus anriod." "A ríeadair" ari ran Tísearuna "téid tall éuis an bfeair rin agus feus créad tá aige ann a phoca." Cualadh ríeadar anonn éuis agus tóiríte ré ag láimh: agus a ríean-cóta agus críead do buailír ré ann acht a láin airgíos seal, agus timciosl cípla fiúidh bonn Óiri. "A Tísearuna," ari ra ríeadar, "bhí an ceart agus-rá, agus cia b'í minn óeunfar tu no óeapfar tu ariúr, ní raibh me i d'ásgair." "Óeunfar ré an ríeadair," ari ran Tísearuna. "Slac an t-airgíos rin anoir agus eait arteas é ann ran bpoll

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were **two**.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bents,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine; he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.

"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna éall, ní bionn ann rán aifisiúid go minic aéet mallacht móru Chlarsúinnis Peadarai an t-aifisiúid le céile, agus ír éuairí ré go dt' an poll-móna leir; aéet nuair bí ré tuil d'á chaitreamh ar teac, "ocón," ari ré leir féin, "ná é Áiúbhéil an t-riúas an t-aifisiúid bheag ro do éur amúsa, agus ír minic bionn ocras agus tarpt agus fuaéit ari an Mairgírtír, óiri ní éigean ré aon aithe úd féin, aéet consúbhdair mire cuiad de 'n aifisiúid ro ari rón a learaí féin, a gáin fíor úd, agus b'fearrfroe é." Leir rín do chait ré an t-aifisiúid geal uile, ar teac ann rán bpol, i muisc go sclúinfeadh an Tísearuna an toíran, agus go raoilfeadh ré go hainm ré uile caitte ar teac. Nuair éamainn ré ari aifíann rín d'fiafhrus is an Tísearuna, óde "A rheadaír," ari ré, "ari chait tu an t-aifisiúid rín uile ar teac." "Chaitear" ari Peadarai, "aéet amáin píora óiri no úd, do consúbaig mé le biaú agus deoc do ceannasach túit-re."

"O ! a rheadaír," ari rán Tísearuna, "craeadh fáid náé nioeapnair tu marí duibhaint mire leat. Feair rannntaíochta, agus b'eo é an traint rín oírt go bhráid."

Sin é an fáid faoi a bpuil an Eagsaíris rannntaíochta ó fóim.

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now
Feel his pockets and let us know
What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,
And found within the lining plenty
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know
Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,
I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take
And throw those coins in yonder lake,
That none may fish them up again,
For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.
But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin
To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,
And money is money—I'll keep the gold
To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,
For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw
The *silver* coins to the lake below,
And hopes our Lord from the splash would think
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood
And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,
Since I thought we might find them very good
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.
Because our own are nearly out,
And they are inconvenient to do without.
But, if you wish it, of course I'll go
And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,
For a greedy man you are, I see,
And a greedy man you will ever be;
A covetous man you are of gain,
And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FÍOSAIR NA CROISE NAOMHÁ.

O náimh mo chreidimh, náimh mo thír,
Náimh mo clóinne 'r mo céile;
A Tíseagána d'eaun mór comairce
Le fiocháil na Croiße naomhá;

Le bár na Croiße céannaig tu
Slioc'h [mí-] foirtúnach Éada;
Ó fion anuas i'r beannaisce
An comártá ró ár-tháomhá;

Do phleuirg an éarrasaid, do bhuiib an ghráin;
Do croit an domhan go h-eacáctas,
Nuairi'r d'áiríordaisgead rúar an Slánuisgheoirí
Ari' dhuit na Croiße naomhá.

Féadair! ná bhítear rín, an té
Náid mbeirí a chroide o'á neubad;
A'r neodír aitriúise ag rilead uairí,
Oír comártá na Croiße naomhá!

I'r gealpí é réim an bhuiine laig
Sior le fán an t-áraoighair-ré;
Ni taoíann (?) an Spiorad mallusigthe
Luét fiocháil na Croiße naomhá;

Sgáinniúdar gád aon fadai ghléim an báir
Ó'á taoíad rúar, ag eusdá;
—I'r docht béisí lá an anaíra
San tigáit na Croiße naomhá;

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dissever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessed, O blessed Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a otrí mbó.
nn

So pérò, bean na otrí mbó !
 Ár do bólacht na bí teann :
 Do éonnaicte meirí san go,
 Bean if ba thá mór a beann.

Ní thairgeann raiðbhreas do gnád,
 Do neac ná tathair táir go mór ;
 Cúsgat an t-eag ar gac taoib ;
 So pérò, a bean na otrí mbó

Suocht Eogain Mór 'ra múaín,
 A n-imcacht acht do ghní cláib,
 A gealta gur leisearadair riór ;
 So pérò, a bean na otrí mbó !

Clann gairge Tíseapna an Chláir,
 A n-imcheadct-aran, ba lá leom,
 San rún ne n-a oteacét go bráct
 So pérò, a bean na otrí mbó !

Dómhnall ó Óún baoi na long,
 Ua Suilleabán ná'ri cím glór ;
 Féad gur éuit 'ran Spáin ne clardearth :
 So pérò, a bean na otrí mbó !

Ua Ruairc if Mag Uidhir, do bí
 Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán deoil ;
 Féad fénim gur imcise an dír :—
 So pérò, a bean na otrí mbó !

Síol gCeapáill do bí teann,
 Le mbeirteach gac seall i ngleob ;
 Ní thairgeann aon díob, mo thír !
 So pérò, a bean na otrí mbó !

O aon uam amáin do bhearr
 Ár mhaoi eile, if i a dó,
 Do minnir-re iomorca a réir :
 So pérò, a bean na otrí mbó !

An Ceangail.

Bíod ar m'fálaithe, a aithír if uairbhreac gnáir,
 Do bíor san dearmad rearmas buan 'ra tnút :
 Táin an rásair do glacair leo' bhuair ar dtúr,
 Dá bhráistíonn-re realb a ceatair do buairfinn é.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle !
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser ;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser ;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants ;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows ?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning ;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house ?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, uncharted ;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows ?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story :
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest ;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse ?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor ; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has ;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows ;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go ; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you ; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the " Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's) No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN GAEDEALAC:

Ag ro rann leat-þáiganta eile do chualair ó Úaine o Connadé
Óuin-na-ngall; buað mhi-þuaistíneadc fíráid na h-Eireann, mar i
coiríúil, nuaíri júnneadh é—

Náirí tóirbhaird mífé Úaine ari bít
A'ir náirí tóirbhaird aon Úaine mé;
Acht má tá aon Úaine ari tó mo tóirbhaird
So mbuað mífé tóirbhaird é!

Ag ro rann eile ari an gcleáip, do b'i aca i gCúige Mumhan; agus
do bheir O Dálaig Úininn—

Seacáin feadomhainar cille,
Le buirdín na cléipe ná deun coingsið;
No iñ baoisgal do u'cuid uile
imteadaí mar Únileabhar ari báirí tuile!

Ag ro rann ari an meirge, do chualairí me ó m' caílaird Tomáir
Baprolais: iñ beagndas i n "Deibidé é"—

Ni meirge iñ mífte liom,
Acht leirf a feicfint oípm,
San thíg na meirge iñ mífte an grieann;
Acht ni gnátaí mar Úan mili-grieann:

Ag ro rann do chualair ó'n Ófearr ceudna; ari mhaodí b'oilib; atá
ré aca i gCúige Mumhan mar an gceudna—

Fadóð teine faoi lóic
No caiteamh cloic le cuan;
Cómairle do éabhairt do mhaodí b'oilib
Iñ buille u'orlo* ari iarrann fuaíri:

Ag ro rann mi-lágsaí eile ari na mnáib; do chualair i gConnad-
taib—

Táil níb iñ doilis a mhaodá
Dean, muc, agus mhuile!

* Aliter, "doilin," mar, chualair é ó feadri eile.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
 Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
 But if ever any should think to kill me
 I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
 It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
 Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
 Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
 Much mind to be seen drunken.
 Drink only perfects all our play,
 Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
 Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
 Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
 To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
 A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* Literally: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

+ Literally: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ Literally: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ Literally: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| Literally: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

Ag ro inn an bhean ar an bhean boib, do chualar i gcomhdáil
Rómáin—

Cóimhle do tadhairt do dhine boib
Ní bhfuil ann aict níodh gan céill,
So gclaoiútear é 'na locht
'S go nísteap é 'na am-lear fén.

Ag go cóimhle do chas ragart i gcomhdáil Mhuig Eo do carlin
do bhi ro ghairil-beurfaidh gleasta, do chualair mé ó'n bhean
ceudana—

A carlin dear ná mear guri mór i do chait,
'S go bhfuil "nótion" agad nár cleacáit do phór ariamh,
Bólaéct-bleacáit do b'aithe leod ar ghláib,
'S ní cóna bheas ar pleas (?) do tóna riap.

Ag ro focal bhríosmári ar comhdáil Mhuig Eo—

"Saoilim," "if d'oidh liom," a'r "d'ap liom fén,"
Sein tui fiabhsuifre atá ag an mbriéis.

Agus tadhairt feair ó'n gcomhdáil ceudana go cinninn chaitísmári le
dhine a phais an-éaint agus tosa an bheanla aige, aict do pinne
brioc-airgebeata—

Ní bheanla gníodh bhráid
Aict a phacád go mair!

Ag ro inn mait ar an tríor-ériod rím atá ar bun roibr an
toil agus an tuisgeant, aip ar laethair an Rómánaid, nuaip tadhairt
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Náe bocht ar toirg a'r an coip ann a bhfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuisgeant óm' toil, a'r mo toil ag tuisgeant óm' céill,
Ní tuisceap dom' toil gac locht dom' tuisgeant if léir,
No má tuisceap, ní toil léi, aict toil a tuisgeanta fén.

* Literally: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

+ Literally. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
 Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
 His fault must find him, he must be crost,
 Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
 Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
 They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
 Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

“No doubt sure,” “Myself believes,” “Thinks I,”
 Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
 And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, “I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse”—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
 My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
 My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
 Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† Literally: “I think,” “I’m near-sure,” and “it seems to me,” those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ Literally: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| Literally: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

Ag ro rann eile; i'f rean-focal coitcioneon "m tuisgeann an ratae an reangs"—

Mioir airisg an ratae rati an t-oerfae riadom,
S ni éainig riadom trásgaod san lán-muir obann 'na tuisig;
Ni bionn páirt ag mnáibh le giosadh leat,
S ni tuis ag bár tráfar do duine ari bhit ariam.

Ag ro rann eile ari céill agus ari mi-céill—

Ciall agus mi-ciall
Tíar na cngabann le céille!
I'f tuis le feair san céill
Sup 'bé féin úsdaír na céille!

Ag ro rann eile ari an duine a bhfuil a airgead agus a innseann
Ari fán uairó—

Céann toraithe an t-iúthair,
Ni bionn éorúche san bárr glair;
Innann a'f san a bheit 'fan mbaire
Neas ann a'f a airgead ar!

Tá morán rann ann; ag innriunt deiridh neiteadó an tgraogáil:
Cleirdim go bhfuil an éiríod i'f mó aca coitcioneon do'n oileán ari
fad. Ni éiúbhlaid arioi acht ceann aca marí fompla, do réir marí
atá rí i gcomháde Mhuisg-éid—

Deirfeadó loinge, báctaó;
Deirfeadó áitse, loingseáó;
Deirfeadó cuirm, cámneadó,
Deirfeadó ríláinte, orna:

Atá marí an gceudra a lán de rannaithe ag torugád leir an
bhfocal "Mairis" ag deunaír truaighe faoi neitib eusgrámla. Ag

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann : "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

* A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

† Literally : The end of a ship—drowning ; the end of a kiln—burning ; the end of a feast—reviling ; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cùpla rompla thíobh ro, ar an gceonraé Roifcomáin; marí do chualair iad—

Ír mairg do ghnioth bhrannra gan ríol,
Ír mairg thíor i dtír gan beit tréan, (a)
Ír mairg do ghnioth cónmhar gan riacht,
Aghair d'á mairg nac gcuirfeann fiacht ar a bheul;

Aghair ariúr—

Ír mairg a mbionn a éagair fann,
Ír mairg a mbionn a clann gan náit;
Ír mairg a bhrdear i mbocán bocht,
A'ir d'á mairg a bhrdear gan olc ná mait;

Ír ionadh fann ann; marí an gceonra, tóraigear le “Ír fuat liom.”

Ír fuat liom carpleán ar mòin,
Ír fuat liom fógsamh ñeit bárdte,
Ír fuat liom bean bhuinneac (?) ar bhrón,
Súr ír fuat liom fiacla ar fásairts;

Ariúr—

Ír fuat liom cù tromaig
Asg neast (muic) ar fud tisge;
Ír fuat liom duine-uafal
Asg fheartaibh d'á mnaoi!

Dá fann coirnín leir fheadar i dtaoibh Phinn Mhic Chumhaill—

Ceistre níodh d'á dtuig fionn fuat—
Cù tromaig, a'ir ead mall,
Tisgeairne tighe gan beit glic,
Aghair bean fír nac mbealltar clann;

Burd gnáthas leir na uaidhneach beitídeas éiginn do mairbhast agus
d'ite oróche Phéile Mháirtain: Tháirla, an oróche fheadar, nac raibh
le mairbhast ag mnaoi an tisge a'ct muc bhréas, agus níor mait leí
rin do bheunast. A'ct burd mian leir an mac bheile mait do beit

(a) Aliter, τηρίθεας.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it], alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words “I hate.” Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife ?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

⁺ Literally: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic οφελον ψυχρός ἡς ἡ δξειτύς.]

[‡] Literally: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (?) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

[§] Literally: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [i.e., for want of servants] on his wife.

^{||} Literally: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

áigse agur éuaird ré i ðfrolac ari cùl an tigé, t'atþrais ré a guthi
agur sunðairt ré d'é glóri Sírlanna uaðbárgað an rann ro—

Miðre Márptan deaðris Þia,
Agur að það realð buaumim fœðir,
Mári nári málb tura an mūc þreðas
Márbæfarð miðre do márc Cormacs ós:

Do rðannriðaðealð an málðair, óir þaoil rí sunr b' e ñaomr Márptan
réin do b'i að laðairt, agur málb rí an mūc.

Að ro rðeul do rðmios með ríor o ðeul Miðre Ruariðrið
“an fhe að éonðað Muið-éð,” mári leanað:

“Bí veitit þasgarit að rðaigrðeðraðt, aon lā amáin, agur éonndar
aipic riðað [að] tigðaðt ‘na n-aðgaird leat-amadán nað það aon ciall
áigse, aðt b'i ré an gsearrh-juoballað [gseirh-freðaðarðas], agur aðra
ceann de na þasgarit leir an þreðar eile, ‘cuiðfirð með ceift að
Óniðmuðr aðoir nuairi tñuefarið ré i nðar sunnn.’ ‘Ir reaðr
duit a leigean tær’ ari ran feaðr eile. Nuairi tñainig Óniðmuðr
i n-intið (?) [= i nðar] sunnib, aðra ceann do na þasgarit leir, ‘Lappi-
amadoid orðt [= ríafreiðimis diot] cað é an uairi þeríðear a caint
að an þræðaðan sunb’? Þealr Óniðmuðr ruarf ann ran aðgaird
aði an þasgarit, agur ‘innreððaðt með rín sunit,’ að reiðean

Nuairi cónþnððar an t-iuplað [t-iolap] ari an ngleann,
Nuairi gðlanþar an ceð de na cnuic,
Nuairi imðeððar* an traint de na þasgarit
þeit a caint að an þræðaðan sunb.

“Noir, ari ran þasgarit eile, ‘nári þreðarri sunit éirteðaðt le
Óniðmuðr !’”

Að ro rann eile do ruairi með ó'n m ðárlaðaðeac—

Gællifarið an feaðr þreðas
Gæc [a] þfeudar a éforðe,
Saoiðrið an feaðr ranntað
Gæc a gællitar so þruis†

Að ro ceann eile ó éonðað Muið-éð—

An té leigear a leðbar
A'r nað gscuireann é i meðbar,
Nuairi cailleann ré a leðbar
bionn ré 'na baileðbar (?)

* “aðt so n-intið,” sunðairt mac ui Ruariðrið, aðt ni léir óam rím.

† = So þruisfið ré gæc nið gælltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the “poet from the County Mayo,” as follows—

“There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, ‘I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.’ ‘It's best for you to let him pass,’ says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, ‘We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.’ Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and ‘I'll tell you that,’ says he :

‘When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.’

“‘Now!’ says the other priest, ‘wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid’!?’

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *peatb* (which now means any possession) for “herd” is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† Literally: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ Literally: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

seáshan an tionsaist.
bláirín as stair na h-Eireann.
conán maol.

Carb. 1.

bile na coille:

Ír iomána feair gairgeamail do h-oileadh i n-Ullad ó Coin Chulainn anuas go dtí Seáshan an Tionsaist. I bhfad inar na ciantaibh do mhusaibh ann Niall naoi nGiallae, ní cùmácteas do b' i dTeampaist. Ír minic do móruis na Rómánais i mBhealatáin a eoradhait riúd. I gceann d'á éurufaibh éis r' leir mar címe buaileáill ós d'áip b'ainm 'na dílreid rúd phádruis. Do b' é an címe úd an Tailgín gup inniu na traoite roimh rae a teast. Tá a clú, agus a ceannas go h-aibidí fóir imearas Sætheal, aét dala Néill naoi nGiallaeis íf beag nád bhusil a ainm dearpmhanta. Ári a fion roin ba móir le páid an pi úd lá, agus a learrfaidh d' fáir an aicme ba éumarsaighe agus ba éalma d'á piab i nÉirinn le n-a linn féin, 'ná b'férdirí ari órnuim an domáin. Cuardhaísc fírtair na Scipio eile, feac imearas aicmeibh abúr agus tall agus ní bhusiúfír fír d'aon cineadh amáin do b'ailne oipeas, do ba éalma i ngleis, do ba ghléispintineac i gcomáipe 'ná na ráip-fír do fiolraíodh ari fead do gceáonta bliadán ari an bpréim uafail rín Muintir Néill.

Fá mar do liúsa nn an gaoth móir timcheall eplainn dairfe i n-aonair ari láir macaire, gan baint le n-a neart aét amáin na duilleogha do gciobhadh do agus fo-éann d'á gheagaisibh do bhriseadh le h-árd iarrhaist, do ba mar rín do na Saranais ari fead séicre céad bliadán d'á mbairgad Féin i gcoinnibh na gcuairteadh úd do táinig ó Niall naoi-nGiallae; agus if é mo éanáim ná buailórfide éorúde opta rúd muna mbéad gup eisigseadair i n-aigair a céile.

Ní piab feair ari an gineadh ba mó cail 'ná an Seáshan ro do luathmuir. Eipeannas 'na ballair do b'eadh é, cón marit 'na loictaibh agus 'na tréitíb feairamhla. Ní piab ré cón glic i gcomáipe 'ná cón ghearr-cúirpeas i gceirt le h-Adoibh ó Néill d'foghlaimid clearraidheacht miasla i dtíos Elife, bainphogain Sarana. Ní piab bun-eolais cogairt aige cón cliárde le h-Éogan Ruad, aét níor fáruis aon duine aca ro é i ngairge, i ngníomh, 'ná i ngírád d'á thír. Tá aon rmál amáin ari a ainm. D'fóillris



PATRICK J. O'SHEA (Conan Maol)

SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

By P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages: and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Saranais go roiléir an rímal roin d'úinn go h-Ástharac; mar ba beag oifé Seán Ó Néill. O'fuadair is ré bean Chalbaig Uí Dhomhnall, veirbhriúr do Tiúgearna na nOileán coir Albain, agus é doibh le n-a lán úsdoirí sup éalairis ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Is ruairí náicéar ríail ré cón h-olc leir na Saranais féin ar an gcumadair, aict amáin go n-aonadhcaidh reirean a thugt-cleachtad mar níor bá fumineac é, aict feair fírinneac ná ceilpeadh a dháim:

Cait: 2:

Éire le n-a linn:

Ní feacair inir féin lá gualannair riámh fó sábh reolta na Normánae i gcuain ar “Tráis an Bhein” le Diarmuid na nGall inar an mbliadhain 1169. Táinig na Normánais go Sarana ón bpráinc céad bliadán roimh an am roin, fá rtiúrlúsgadh liamh buadhais, agus do rgaireadair na Saranais i n-aon bhrisgin amáin: Bí na Saranais fá cón gsan moill agus ’na piúg agus ’na buanna oifé fearrda. Níor bá dala roin d'Eirinn. Ón piúrin an tara Nanri go dtí an t-oectmaid Nanri bí piúche Sarana ’na “Tiúgearnaibh” ar Eirinn. Ní raiú ré i mórneac aon piúaca Rí Éireann do ghlaothadh air féin sup ceap an t-oectmaid Nanri sup cónair do féin bheithe ’na piú dairíriú ar Éireannais.

Air an aotháir roin éuir ré gairim rgoile amach go raiú ré piactanach air taoifreachas móra Éireann cnuinniúsgadh air aon láchair go mbroinnfearadh ré tiobrait ag talaír oifé.

Do b' é nár na taoifreachas roin go dtí rúd bheithe ’na gceann air an ttreibh agus ríolinneadh a ttreibe féin do chogáin: Bí ó bhrúin mar ceann air Muintir Úriaim, ó Néill mar ceann air Muintir Néill, agus mar piúin doibh. Cuirfí an t-oectmaid Nanri deirfeadh leir an nár roin fearrda, agus d'á ráípi piúrin cuireann ré fósra ag tráill air árdrú-taoifreachas Éireann náicé bhrúil uairí aict rioteáin do bheanach leod, agus go ndéanfaidh ré tiúgearnaibh móra thíos, agus go mbroinnfaidh ré talaír na ttreibe oifé aict gheilleadh do. Do piactnúis na taoifreachas. Do ráípi nár na h-Éireann an uairí piú níor b' leir an taoifreachas talaír na ttreibe, aict leod féin agus leirfear i gceannnta céile. Bítear reirean mar ceann oifé mar i d'árhois-ealdaír féin é air coinseall go tatabarrfaidh ré ceart doibh. Air an aotháir roin biondair raoir agus leóimhfaidh an taoifreachas a gcuind

action, nor in love of his country. 'There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that he would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable,

talmhan do baint vioth mar b' an oibread círt aca féin éum cum na talmhan roin ḡ b' aigérean.

Aict féad an tuisce seo do ceap an t-oictíad Íanrí ḡ a minirt-eirí glic Wolsey. Beadh an taoiread feafra mar mágaircib ar dhasc tréib i n-ionad bheit mar do b' ré go dtí ro 'na uacáisphár oiféa. Niop éaitnís an gnó i n-aon éor leir an tréib, aict do neárotis ré go tian mait leir na taoireadach, ḡ do fhuaidinib gac eann aca ar a rion féin go raibh ré ḡ a dtáinig riomh tráite, tuilleadh le cóncharach i n-aighaid na Saranaid, ḡ gur mhitri cois do éur leir an impear.

O'á ciornn roin léigmid gúr éamail taoirígs móra na h-Eireann anonn go Láindum éum Íanrí inr an mbliadhain 1541, ḡ 'na mears Conn Ó Néill; ḡ go raibh an rí go fíal, fálteas, uifráimeas leó, ḡ go nuaéiríntaibh ré iarlaí ḡ tigsearthaí vioth do ríri a gceim 'ra traoisgal.

Ba tubairteas an tuairis é mar do theagail ré gac tréib i n-Éirinn ó'n nór do b' aca leir na ciantaib—ré rín flatit do vúcanadh d'óibh féin ar an tréib gan rpleátháir do rígs Sarana. Cailfíodh riad feafra úmáilúsgadh do'n Iarla nuadh ro do éum an rí d'óibh, ḡ muna mbeidh riad úmal do euríreapair rai gairdíní Í Sarana éum cabhrúigthe leir an Iarla nuad i gceómairi rmaict do éur ar an tréib nuaán. Ni fuláip do'n Iarla nuad leir aithe tábairt do féin nó árthodócas Sarana Iarla eile 'na ionad a bheit úmal ḡ muinteoiríodh do'n riagaltar.

Catb. 3:

GRUAIM I DTÍR EOGAIN:

Niop b'iongnaibh go raibh riormáinnaig i dtír Eogain ar teacht ar n-air do'n Iarla nuad, ḡ cosgráinac ḡ croíad ceann ḡ láimh-reáil clárdéam go baadarcaibh aibh ḡ tall. “Ir é an Conn ro an ceád Ó Néili do érom a glún éum rígs iarlaíta,” ar riadóran, ḡ tugaodar rún ar Seáasan, aoránaid Cuinn. “Tá aibh rígs ann,” aribhearradh le céile; “fan go bhráiribh ré. Féad an gruaist fada, fáinneas, fiann roin aibh, ḡ an tá fúil larmha faclara roin aige. Tá ré ag buíochadh go tiuks. Tá bhréir ḡ ré troisge ar aibhde ann éeana féin. Féad go cruinne aibh, nád leatán-ghualaineas riúnnta feaparradac atá ré; cón díreac le pleis, cón lúcthar le píseá;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. “This Conn is the first O’Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King,” said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn’s eldest son.

“There is the making of a King in him,” they said to each other; “wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth’s new Earl will have to take himself off.”

éomh dán le tarbh tana: "Béar Seágan marí fílaic oíráinn agus firid lapla nuað an oectúadach Nánpí ghearradh leir."

Cualaird Conn Ó Néill an cosgrumaic agus do shcoil rí aip. Cualaird ré fír ag caint le céile agus faothrí 'na riadairc: "Is annra leir an mac toghairta, Matú an feartaoisca, 'ná Seágan a thac tóigtineas fein do tuig a bhean-tigseartha òdo, an bhean is uaire le n-Éirinn leir." Do b'i máchar Seágan iniscean an feartaois, lapla Cille Dara, ag feap ba cùmhaontaige le n-Éirinn.

Oísearr an t-oectúadach Nánpí ari Conn a oisghre do ainnmníúgach. "Matú," ari Conn, ag minneadh Úarún Ónúngeanainn de Matú Láitreachas: "Caitréad-ra mo ceart do fágail," aitheir Seágan. Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lárain i fúilair a mic. Connaic ré an ghrúaim ari an dtíreis. "Béar Seágan marí oisghre oifim," aitheir ré fá dhéiréadach, tar éis mórán taibhaint.

Oísearr Matú cabhair ari Saranach agus fuaire ré i gcan moill mar ba mair leir na Gallair an teatagréas cumhaintír Néill do chur ari ceapraitibh a céile: Cuirteadh fíor láitreachas ari Conn Ó Néill i gcomhair rágráim do baint de i dtaoibh iarráid do dí-láthairugach, déct ní raibh ré fíar ari a gheallamhaint do Seágan agus buaireadh rá glair i mbailte-ata-cliat é.

Cait: 4:

Faothr clairíomh:

Do bhlaidh Seágan an Tiomair rúar agus slaothair ré ari a muintir eiríse amach, le n' aitair t'fuaingla. Niop b'fealbhí leir na Saranais gnó b' aca. Seólaod rúasach ó éanair do cùise Uilad i gcomhair rúairí do chur ari an bhean óg baocht ro, aict do támair reirgean amairi oifche go h-obairinn, do gáibh ré tóiríota, ag biondair do baint na rálá do a céile ag teiceadh uair. Do glearadh rúasach eile ari an mbliantain do b' cùisainn (1552), aict do tiomáin Seágan riomair iad 'nóir rúata gábhair. B' feap i n-ágaird na Saranach an coir ro. Sgaoileadh Conn Ó Néill le tì riottána do seansach aict ba beag an mairtear é. Do bhlair Seágan an Tiomair fuit:

"Caitréad an feap mórólair do ro do eorcas," aigran feap-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "I must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

Ionad ó Sarana, ḡ do óbíris ḡ do ghléar ré plóisgeasach láidir. Ói a gcuairt o chuiti i n-airdearai mar do bhuileadh Seághán leo 'ra n-áit náibh riabha coinne leir, baineatadh ré geit aifead, baineatadh ré ghe aifead, ḡ dhuirdeadadh ré leir go dán, mioscúiúbeasach.

Bailis Matú tipeam de'n tréibh, mar do lean curd aca fá na bhrat-ran, ḡ do gluair ré cum cabhrúsgadh leir na Sallain, acht o' éaluis Seághán 'na tréid i láp na h-oitice ñ do cír ré ari Matú go tapaird. "Déanfam daingean i m'héalfeiríodh cum a rímaéctuitigthe," aitheir an riordhe William Úrbaboron. Ómír Seághán iptimeac opca inr an dún neamh-ériúiléinigthe úd ñ do mill ré a bhrúimhóir. Ómír ré ari an gcuimhneachta iptimeac ari tipeam eile do luict conganta Úrbaboron coir Doiríre ñ do rísaip ré iad. Niор b'iongnaidh gur támis easla ari na Saranaíseach i gur ríseann-eadar leó ari n-air go Baile-átha-clia.

Leisceadadh do ari feadach ceitíre mbliadhán 'na óiatdú rúd (1554-8), acht ní riabha aon fonn ghuairíntí ari Seághán an Óiomair. Cúimhnig ré gur le n-a fínnearear círige Ulaid. Bhoíodh an láim láidir i n-uaicéadar, aitheir ré leir féin. Óbéaladh ré maisteanach ari na taoirígs eile géilleadaidh úd. Dá mbéadh ré cónaí glic te h-Adra Ó Néill do déanfaradh ré ceangail ḡ capadair leir na taoiríseachais boirbhá úd i n-ionad do éupi o' fiacláibh opca géilleadaidh úd.

Dubairt O Riagallair, iapla nuadó Úrbaborini, leir náicé géinnífeadh ré féin i n-aon éorí uó, acht leim an feair teinnteachas tríd, ñ do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallair beirt umal do feargadh. Niор mar fín de Ó Dómhnaill i dtír Connail. Ni mó 'ná géill an Clann Dómhnaill ó Albainn o'áitig na gleannta coir fathraighe i n-dontreibh, acht tuig Seághán agaird opca go léir iorú Slaevil ḡ Saill. Niор eiríss leir go matáit inr an iarracht do ghníodh ré cum clanna cnuadha Tír Connail do chubairt fá na muagail, mar pheab Calbae Ó Dómhnaill i gian fíor ari 'na cábán iart oíche ag Baile-agaird-chaoine ñ ba bheag nár mill ré Seághán. Do chuit a lán o'á curid feair inr an muagadh obann úd, ñ do caill ré airmh ḡ capaill, ñ 'na meairg a eacá cíoradhúb féin. Do b' é an t-eacá cosgaíodh úd an capall ba bheagánach i n-Éirinn. Mac-an-fiolairi do tugadhaoi uirte. Muair Seághán ari n-air ari i. Niор éupi an bac úd eorcas abhrad leir an bheair gcuimhneach noda.

Do chuit Matú i ngriáiríodh éiginn le curid de mhuintir Seághain inr an mbliadhán 1558, ñ do ghníodh na Saranaíse iarracht ari an gcoiri do éupi i leit Seághán féin acht dubairt ré náicé riabha aon baint aige le báir Matú ñ go gcaitífidir beirt rásta leir an bhríneasra roin. Muair Conn Ó Néill báir ari an mbliadhán do b' gúgáinn. "Ta an bóthar níríodh do Seághán anoir," aitheir an tréibh; "ní b' eorú iapla mar céann opainn a chuireadadh."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Denal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Caitb. 5.

Ó NÉILL ULADÓ:

Amaic leat ari bárr Tuilteachóis, a Seághán an Díomair! Tá an leac riogacháda ann ag feirfeamh leat leov' coiftear do bualaod uirthé mar ghnídeas do fionnreoiri níseáil rómhat! Agus do feirfeamh Seághán Ó Néill ari Tuilteachóis, agus do fineas do blad báin óigeasach éigise mar cónmhartha cothraim cínt d'á chreibh; bualaod clóca ghléasach ari a fionneánaib cumarsacha agus eabhráppi ari a ceann. Caireadórlipéid a coirfe riapar tarp a gualainn. Cáracht milleclaróeamh ór ciomh ceann agus tuisceasach mac aill na gceannaithe le fuaimeálacha mille ríorainc—"Ó Néill abú! So maithiú ari b'fhlait a tosa!" Do chaitníomh an ghráin ari ceannaisceach Ógáin, luirneamhail Uí Néill, agus do éigír comh móra ari iallai b'atharthaigh airda fé mar gualadair ualadarraig an mactíche 'ra coill agus séim na h-eilte ari an gcnoc.

"Do b'ónóiríse liom beirt am' 'Ó Néill Uladó' 'ná am' rí ari Spáinn," aifreann Aoibhín Eoghan tamall maithe 'ná thiaradh rúd. "Is mó le n-Ulaidh an ainn 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caerar' le Rómáinaithe," aifreann an ghríofróid Mountjoy.

— — —

Caitb. 6:

"DEARBHÁTÁIR TAIÓS DÓMHNAILL"

Caitleas Ó Mairí, bainphiosagán Sáraona fá'n am ro, agus b'i Eli Ó Náraonach. Do b' i an bhean mór-banamhail seo an chroírde cloiche agus na gcairteacha pháir an bhean ba mór inntleasach le n-a linn: Do érom rí féin agus gialtar lárcheasach ari éigír iarrteasach ari Seághán. Sydney do b'ainm d'á feadáin i n-Éirinn. Glúair rí ó chualadh go Túinthealgain agus fósgra cum Seághán teast 'ná gaoth. Niop leis Seághán air gur gualadair rí an fósgra acht éigír rí earrfeadh cum Sydney teast 'cum a chéile agus b'eis 'na aitair bairfíde d'á mac ós. Niop Ógáinaithe an feadáin i n-Ulaidh le toil na tréibe seo, "Táim-pe am' 'Ó Néill' i n-Ulaidh le toil na tréibe seo," aifreann Seághán. "Ni teafraouiseann uaim cónmhartha le Sáraona má leigheas dom, acht má cuirfeas oifimh, b'ios d'oiriú féin." B'i Sydney rártá leir ríin agus b'i ríocháin ari feadáin tamall i n-Ulaidh

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

gur támis Sussex 'na feap-ionad go h-Eirinn. "Ní bheadh ariú fuaimear," aideas ré, "go mbeir Ó Néill pá coir," ḡ do ghléas ḡ do cónaírigh rluas le h-aigaird an gnóta. Feapí fealltac, borth, glic, do b'eadh Sussex ro acht ní raibh ré cónaí ghearr-inntineadh le Sydney. Do éabhrúig Calbae Ó Dómhnaill leir, ḡ mar an gceadraon clann Dómhnaill na hAlbann, i nAontachum. Do ghearrán Seágsan-an-Tiomair go mbéar ag eurí aipí gan éirí. Ói a círe ag dul cum cinn i maoín ḡ i maitear. Tagairt teastáirí Eilir ḡ féacadh ré. Níor éirí Eilir ruim 'na éirí cainte acht leis ri d'á feap-ionad ghuairdeadh ó tuairid go h-Áirí-Máca in an mbliadhain 1561.

Pheasadh Seágsan go h-obann iptimeadh go Tír Chonaill pul a raibh coinne leir ḡ do rsiobh ré leir rean Calbae Ó Dómhnaill ḡ a bean ós, an bean úd o'fág an rmáil aip a sinn. Do éirí an cleas cogaird obann roin meabhrúcháil aip na Tír Chonaillis ḡ do tócuir Sussex a ceann le cangair. Cár Seágsan ó ñearf pá mar do bheadh ré aip tí iarrhaíct do éabhairt pá Óbile-ata-Ciat. Ói Mac-an-Þiolair pá ḡ níor b'ionntaoibh Seágsan aip munin an eic thí aip ceann tréama dirgíreac d' Ulatacháib. Níor éinig Sussex caid é an fuadair do Ói pá Seágsan. Pá ñeireadh do filiú ré go raibh Seágsan 'na ghláice aige ḡ do bheartuis ré innil dó. Do ñuairidh ré mile feap iptimeadh go Tír Eogain ag creibh aip corraírt, ḡ d'fan ré fein coir Áirí-Máca ag feirfeamh le Seágsan. Óbailis an mile feap na céadta ba d'ubha, na caorúig bána, ḡ na capaill, ḡ do ghuairdeadh aip n-airí go buascáid. "Féad Mac-an-Þiolair," aipra dhuine éigin, "tá Seágsan an Tiomair cúsait!" Ní raibh le Seágsan aip an Láchair úd acht céad ḡ fíche marcasé ḡ d'á céad coiríodh, acht gairíodh bloigheáiméada do b'eadh iad. Ói cinn ḡ cora 'na gceápnáin aip an macaire úd pá ceann uaire an clois, ḡ an fuisleadh beag creibh aip, ríollta, ag ríseinnéad go h-Áirí-Máca, na bialisib faoihráid d'á n-gearrraod ḡ d'á n-éiríreac, ḡ an Sáir-ataca uamhnaidh úd—"Láim ñeapás abú!" 'na gcluairíonn innreann Sussex fein le cráid creibh aip ríon-matroma do cuipeadh aip.—"Ní raibh ré i mírneadh aon Éireannais riámh fóir reáramh am' aigaird-re, acht féadadh inmhol Ó Néill leo ḡ gan aige acht a leat n-oibreadh feap liom, ag bhrúctadh iptimeadh aip mo aipn bheagd aip macaire píreidh leatán. Do ghuifínn éum Dé faili o'fágair aip 'na leitáir d'áit gan coill i ngiosraíteach tóisí mile dó le ríseadh do éabhairt d'á éirí feap. Mo náipe é, o'fóndair ná fágsraod ré aitio dom' aipn beo i n-uairí an clois, ḡ iir beag náir ríolac ré me fein ḡ an éirí eile amach leir aip daingean Áirí-Máca."

Ní ófhamraod Sussex aip Tír Eogain do creibh aipn aip. Cuirí an bpríleac úd ríseannraod oíche i lúnchuin ḡ d'íarbh Eilir aip

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lam dears agú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him* :—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.—ED.

1apla Cilleodara, bprádair Seágsain an Diomair, riottcán do deánaod. Cuirí rí teacáitrioreadat maiteamhnaír cum Seágsain ag curpeadat cuige teacht go Lúnduin le labhairt leí. "Ní corróidcaid cor," aodair Seágsan, "go dtuigsear airm Sarana a mbóthair oirtear ar illaod." "Bíor mairín," aodubhairt Eilir.

Nuaire do meac Sussex ceap ré a cleas feill do cíup i bheirfóm. Tá a ruspibinn féin cum Eilir mair fiaothaire ari an bpeall. 1 mi na Lúgnasa 1561, ruspioibann ré cum na bainipioisna rín gur tairis ré luac céad mairc 'ra mbliadain de chalam do Niall Liath, maoraitise Uí Néill, ari coincheall go muirtheoscaid ré an fhlait rín. "Do mhuineaf do ciomhain d'éaloscaid ré leir tar éir na beartá," aodair ré. Ní fhor d'úinn an raiib Niall Liath d'áirírib, aict sídeal é ní cloisteap gur gníodh ré gairriacht ari Seágsan do dúnmarbhuiséad.

Cainte 7:

SEÁGSAN-AN-DIOMAIR I LÚNDUIN:

Rinne 1apla Cilleodara riottcán roip Ó Néill ag Sarana; mar ba mór te h-Ó Néill é, ag do feoladair ariónn anonn go Lúnduin, nuaireadat na bliadana, ag Sárga Gallóglach i n-éinfeadat leo.

Dubairtear le Seágsan náic bprillfeadat ré ari air go neod, coirt go raiib an tuasg ag an ceap 'na cónmair ag Eilir, aict b'í muiníshín aigearan ari a teanga liomhá ag b'í doibh aige náir meac ré riath, n-aon cùmhangá.

Bean uallac do b'eadh Eilir. B'í rí daethair, ghráilis riad uirte, ag fúla glasa aici, ag t-eataidh ba bpréaghsa ag ba òaoire le phásail uirte, ag an iomad de aici le h-i féin do cónmhuscaid go minic 'ra ló. Péacsós do b'eadh i le péacsaint uirte, aict b'í epiordé an beacáitais allta, gan truaig, gan truaigtheil aici, ag innitin agus tar éanann an doimhín. "An labharcair bheala cùici?" apha duine éigin le Seágsan. "Ní labhródh go deimhn," ari reirean, "mar leónfraidh an teanga ónáig ghráinne roin mo corríadán." B'í Fhaincis ag Spáinn ag Laroeann ag Seágsan i oteannta a teanga b'inn blárga féin. Bean teangacha do b'eadh Eilir leir, ag dubairtear gur fáiliú Seágsan 'ra bFhaincis i gur eitish rí cónmhuscaid leir 'ra teanga roin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá Nollag beag inír an mbliantaóin 1562 do bhuail ré iptimeas go reóimhrí piúsgaéoda Éilir. Bí í fír calma ré troiscte agus níor mór na curideacsta, go mór mór Herbert óg, acht connacataír Láitreachas náicé raiib ionnta acht grinnearán i n-aice Seághán-an-Óiomair. Tugann rtáir na Saranach cíntur ari a chuidírt agus a chrua. "Bí falluing buirde-óearaig do dheanamhur ñaoir ari a fileadh riab roír go talam leir, agus fiann-ruaib go earráineadh, cam-airgead tarb a fhlinneáinib riab go láir a òrloma, rúla glara fiaðaine aige o'fearas amach oifte cónm ionnraíte le gáidhreine; corr riúnnta lúcthar aige agus ceann-aigste dán." Bí na céadta ag iarrparáid riadairis o'fáisail ari fénim agus a gallóglacha. Deir a tuairírigh go riabádar ro ceann-lomnochta, foilt fionna oifte, leinteacha lúiríb ó muineál go glún oifte, epriseann mactíre tarb ghuaileann gáidhreine agus fánach aca, agus éairí-chaos catá i láimh gáidh aon aca. Niop b' ionntaoibh feairg do éirí ari a leitíordibh riúd. Is deallphácaí go riabádar i mbriúisín Árromaca. "Úmaluigíodh!" aip Seághán de ghnáth gáidhreac agus ní raiib an focal ari a béal nuair do bí na gallóglais ari a leat-glúin. Staoí ré i gcoimhsear do'n éacanóir piúsgaéoda mar a raiib Éilir, agus i éaduithe ari nór píseacóige, do érom ré a ceann, do érom ré a glún, agus do feairim ré annroin cónm víspeac le gáinne. O'fearas ré fénim agus Éilir iorthu an dán fáil ari a céile. Labhair sí i Lardeann leir agus feareagair reifrean i go binn-óriathraí. Do mol ré a mórthaícte agus duibhírt ré gur ball a ghearrim agus a cruth é, mar ba min i a cheanga le mnáibh. Niop luig fáil Éilir riám ari a leitíord o'fearas agus báinn réinn leí é bheit 'gá bhéasadh. Do tearfáin sí do i n-aithneodain a cónmairpleoirí gur taitn ré leí, síodh go raiib na cónmairpleoirí fín ari tí a chuid rola do dörítaid. Duibhíradar leod fénim go raiib ghearrim aca anois nó riám ari, agus síodh gur tugadair na coingil do ná bainfíde leir ari a turis, mearrádar, mar ba gnátaíte, an glar do bhuailadh ari. "Tátaoi ari tí an coingil do bhéasadh," aip Seághán go dán. "Leigfeap ari n-airí tú uairí éigísin," aip Cecil leir, "aict ní fáil aon am áiriúigte ceapairigte 'ra coingeall roin!" "Meallaod mé," aip Seághán leir fénim, agus do bhuail ré iptimeas go lártaír Éilire agus iair ré coimíle uirté. "Ní leóntar aon báirtainn do dheanaidh duit," aitheir sí leir, "aict caitear panamaint agaínn go fóil." Ni fior cionnur do meall Seághán is. Ba mait leí le n-a air é, agus meartar go raiib rasair spáird ainnmíde aici do, agus iar é iongnad gáidh leigseára gur gásail sí uaité é pá bheireadh ari gheall go mbéasadh ré úmal dí fénim amáin agus baint 'gá feap-ionad i n-Éirinn leir. Deirtear go raiib easla uirté leir d'á gcuimhneáidh agus gcuimhneadh é go n-déanfarad Muintir Néill flaithe Ó Cionntheadh Lúineac ó Néill 'na ionad

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallow-glasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

γι do b'annra léri Seágan 'na eifrean. Ói Sussex ag cogaint a teangean le buile toirbs ná'ri baineadh an ceann de cholainn Seágan i lúnduin, γι cùir ré róiseala cum Elife go raibh ré leatáa ar fud Éireann gur meall Seágan i d'á feabhar i a h-inntleacáit γi gur gniothi ri ní ar illaodh òe. D'íarbh ré cead uirte é meallaodh go Baile-Átha-Cliat i gcoirp gheama d'fágail air, aict Ói Seágan rió-amharachaít γi níor tháibh ré i ngealr do Baile-Átha-Cliat, gur gniothi Seall Sussex a òeiríbhiúr mar mnaoi òd aict teacáit d'á feicirint.

Cairb. 8:

nimm γi fuil:

Inír an mbliadhain 'na óláidh rúd (i. 1563) do chom Sussex ar cùir iarrteas air Seágan γi air uirge fá talam do théanaodh roimh é féin γi Elip. Do chabhrais rean-námaide Seágan, na Tír-Chonaillis γi Albaireis Donchruid, le Sussex, γi do gluairg reifrean ó chuald go h-Ullad inír an Aibreán 1563, aict mà gluairg do gnioth Seágan uatachóid coirpe òe féin γi d'á fhuag, γi Ói Sussex an-buirdeas go raibh ré 'na cumar teiceada le n'anam. Sgríobh Elip cum Sussex riottcán do théanaodh le Seágan, mar náic go raibh aon maité do òeirt leir.

Do gnioth Sussex rúd ar Elip, γi air an am gceáonta cùir ré fèirín riottcána cum Seágan—uallach fiona meafusuiscte le nimm: Ó'ol Seágan γi a linn-tighe curio de'n fion γi d'fóibhail go mbéadh ré 'na pleift. Ói ré ag cónraic leir an mbáir air fead òd lá, γi nuair do tainis ré cùirg féin níor b'iongnaodh go raibh ré air dears-larach le feirbs γi gur gléasair ré a buirdean cum cogaidh. Leis Elip uirte go raibh ri air buile i dtaoibh an feill-veart ñd γi do gnioth ri go dtabhairfhaidh ri ceaprt òd aict a fuaimeas do glacach. Do għlaodhaidh ri abhaile air Sussex. Leis ri uirte gur mar fáram do Seágan é, aict do b'ē an cùir do Ói aici air Sussex gur meat ré. Do fnaidh ri riottcán γi capadair mar ò'ead le Seágan air, γi Ói ré 'na nísh dairiúib air illaodh anoir γi leisear òd. Aict mar rìn féin Ói a fuaic do'n Gall cómh għejj γi Ói ré minn. D'á cónarha foin cum ré caipleán air bħruaq l-oċċa n-eċċa. Feajr taġarrha do b'eadh é γi ceap ré gur bieg air na Saranais jaħdaq an caipleáin rìn γi do baixt ré air "fuat na nGall." Òeirtear gur ceap ré an uairi fuoq nioġaċt na h-Éireann do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

Ísabail éinse fén, ḡ na Saranais do ghlanaidh amach airde. Aictí níor éabhrúis na h-Eireannais leir. Do ghríobh ré éum iugná na Fhrain e ag iarráidh congnáim aip. "Má tuigann tú ómós ré mille fearr aip iarráct," aip reifrean, "tiomáinfead na Saranais aip an tseirí seo i gcuimhne 'ra bhráithre." Do gheobhadh ré a thíos n-oileadh roin i n-Éirinn fén d'a mb'áil leó eisighse leir, aictí níor éorpaingseadair cor.

Cáib: 9:

Lámh Dearg abú!

Muna gcaobhrúisíodh Éire inn, mar fín fén caitréam dul aip aghaidh. Bí an Clann Dómhnaill seo i n-dontreibim ó uair go n-uair aghaibh éis caobhrúsaodh leir na Saranais. Amharanna do b'eadh na fir calma úd. Tángadair ó Albain aip éuirpeadach Cuinn Uí Néill ḡ a stáir, ḡ do éuirpeadair fúca i n-dontreibim ḡ i n-Dalriada. Ní raibh Seághán rártá 'na aighe fad do bhoisí aip 'ra tír. Do gheill-eadair do ḡ do caobhrúisgeadair leir aon uair amáin, aictí ní raibh aon ionntaoibh aighe aghaidh. Duibhradair leir náclairiú aon rmaecte aighe oíche, ḡ náclairiú ré riachtanae oíche caobhrúsaodh leir, aictí le n-a dtóirí fén. Do ghríofaraidh baileachasain Eilir iad i gcan fíor. "Seadh mór ead," aitheir Seághán leo, "gheallair idh uibh abdale. Ní fuil aon ghnó agamra díb fearda." Aictí do éuir na h-Albanais coláist oíche fén 'na duibhradair leir go bhráithreannair mar a raibh aca gcan rpleáidháil do roin. "Do buadhmaí aip d'áitairíre céana ḡ aip Sussex 'na ceannta," aitheir na h-Albanais dána.

Do leat Seághán-an-Díomair a éora aip Mac-an-Phiolair, bairis ré a phluaiseadh timcheall aip ḡ do bhrí ré i gcuimhne go h-dontreibim aip nór tuinne fairsingse. Úsail na h-Albanais leir i nGleannntaire 'na noreamhais n-dírgíreacá ḡ do fearraghd cat phuileacá eadortha. Tá fean-bhótagh via tuair te'n bhaile fín bun-dháinn Duinne, i gcomháid Aontreibim, ḡ do éuir Seághán-an-Díomair a ead cionróibh, Mac-an-Phiolair, aip eor-in-áitde tar éis corrataibh Albanac ann, ḡ fá meádon láe bí Clann Dómhnaill 'na ghrátaibh rinte timcheall aip. Do mairbhuisgeadó annrúid Aonghus Mac Dómhnaill ḡ reacáit gceád d'á éuir fearr, do ghabhadh ḡ do gonaíd Séamus Mac Dómhnaill, ḡ do éis Seághán leir Sóimhile Buiríe, an taoifteac eile bí oíche. Do b'fheadar díb d'á dtógsfáidh a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám dears abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómairle agus ghearradh leo ar a fhísé, agus do b'feáilír do roin leir é, mar do b'íad fuisgeasach na buidhne úd do thairbhe le feall é pín ó dhá bhliain agus 'na díaití rúd.

Ní raibh rē an uair geo aict oíche mbliana déag ar fíord o'aoir, agus ní raibh aon feair i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil agus cumaist 'na é. Leig na Saranais oíche go raibh aonar go mór leir. Ó bhí aéil agus cumaist ar dtúisí gur mill rē Clann Dómhnaill ó Albain agus gáileadh aonar leir. Tuisig Seághán go dtí an maitíos. Ní gan fáid do cumaist an gean-focal úd—"doranntán matra gáile Saranais." "Is maití an rúd," ar fiafaran, "Clann Dómhnaill do bhítear claoiúde mar níor b'fios óninn cárthamhach do chatharóidh aonar leir na h-Éireannais, aict mar rín fén beirtear O'Neill riobháidir ar fad agus.

Is truaig ná rē gníodh rē capadair le taoifreacais Éireann an uair geo. Is ní ionad roin crom rē ar a éirí b'fiacláis oíche gheilleadh do gáibh oile matí leis é. "Caithefir do taoifreacais Conaict a scáin bliana dháimíil do chabhairt domhá mar ba ghnáthach leo do phigstíb Ullao," ar geirean. Deirtear na Conaictaigh é agus rē go h-oblann i láthair tísearana Cionn Riocáird, an feair ba cheirge i gConaict, agus mill rē é gan puinn duaidh. Do éreab ré Tip Conaill inar an mbliana dháimíil (1566), agus taimis rianannasach ar Saraná. Do ghlúofair Eilir Lapla Fearta Muineac, Maguire's, le h-eiríse 'na agair, aict do meileas an Maguire's fá mar do meileasach bhró muilinn doirnán coimice.

Do b'í Sydney bí 'na Airtíseartír aigír ar Éirinn an uair úd i n-ionad Sussex, agus bí aitne matí aige ar Seághán. Cuirtear rē teacastaire piaigaltair d'áir b'áinn Stukeley curse le h-áitíear aighe beirtear pérí. "Ná h-eiríse amach i nágairí 'na Saraná agus gheobair gáibh níodh do cheartúisíneann uait," ar Stukeley. "Déanfar lapla Tip Eogain riott matí leat é." Cuirtear Seághán rianann ar a labhair rē do neamhac. "Bhéagán is jeadh an laplaacht roin," ar geirean. "Do gnídeabhair lapla de Mac Cártais agus Muirín, agus buaileáillí aithriúil agus capall agamharcaitíomh matí d'feair leir rín. Do mearabhair mé ériúil nuair do bí ghléim agair oíche. Ní fuil aon tuiniseach agam ar buri ngeallaíomha. Níor iarrtar riottéarán aighe an mbaintiúisíneach aict d'íarrí ríre oímpair i gcailltear rín do bhrí i. Do cheartúisíneach na Saranais ar an lúthair agus an Dúntúroma agus ní leigfead doibh teacast aighe n-airg go deo. Ní leómpair ó Domhnaill beirtear 'na fílaí aighe ar Tip Conaill mar is liomhar an áit rín fearta. Ná biond aon mearbháil oíche gur liomhar curse Ullao. Bí mo fionnraoir pomáin 'na phigstíb uirte. Do buaileáil i tem' cláitheamh agus tem' cláitheamh do coinseáid i."

[*i.e.*, a preparation for biting]. “It is a good thing,” said they, “that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O’Neill will be too strong altogether now.”

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. “The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster,” said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. “Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want,” said Stukely. “They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that.” Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. “That earldom is a toy,” said he. “Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked *it* of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O’Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it.”

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. “If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O’Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked,” said Sydney to Elizabeth. “Attack him at once,” said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Sír so raiib Sydney 'na feair an-tírneamhail, tóréan, b'í a chroírde 'na béal aige nuair d'innir Stukeley do an cónáiríodh roin. "Muna n'fearantar árdo iarrhaisth beiró Éire imníse ar ari lámh. Is le h-O'Neill Uileadh go léir g caiteafear e corr," ar Sydney le h-Éire. "Buail é láitheasach," ar ríre. Do fheol rí oibream Saranae anall agus do bhuilis Sydney rin ar gac aírt i n-Éirinn, Saranais agus Éireannais, mar is iontach taoriseas do éabhrusig leir. Do b'í curio aca leirgeamhail go leor cum an ghnóta acht do b'éigean doibh beartúsaibh oiféa cum cabhráca le Sarana pá mar do ghníðir inbui.

Tátar cùgasat, a Shéagán-an-Óiomair, a mairciasach an clairíomh gheir, gléar Mac-an-Phiolair, agus do bhuidean beag laoç. Ni bhfuil agair acht neart buil gcuirfeanna féin, mar nád b'fhuiil cabhair ná congnamh thíb ó éinneac lairmuiç.

An pháidil do goirtíodh ar éanntphair na Saranae timcheall Íle-ata-Cliat. Do líim Seágsan iptimeach innte ar nór tóirnise Do raoibh agus d'argain ré i go ballairde Íle-ata-Cliat. Tug ré iarrhaisth pá Óileangean na Saranae i nDundeaileagán agus bhuilean aír aige te Sydney coir an baile rin. Bítéar ró-mait do Seágsan annró, agus cuimheadh ar gcaill é le duaoibh, acht d'imir ré eippeasach ar fíluastair Sydney rin ar Óileiro ré leir. Lean Sydney ar aghaidh. Do ghuairidh ré tré Tip Eogain, agus roin go Tip Connall, i n-aingídeoin Seágsain, acht do lean peircean gac órlaigh de'n trilige é agus an ghuairneas do tuis ré Óile ar feadh an turuair. Niop tearbáin ré muamh roimh rin cleara cónraic níos peadar, ná an uair seo. B'í Sydney agus fíluas lionmhar cráidte tuirfeasach ó fósanna obanna Seágsain. Do Óileiro ré i ngáibh doibh lámh le Doire agus d'fhealadh eadair. Bhuilean gáirs do b'eadh i, mar do éint a lán feair ar gac taoibh, agus fíluitis Seágsan go raiib an buaoibh leir, acht fáilte go bráth! Féad an oibreamh ro agh teacht aniar air—na Tip Connallis éruada pá Ó Domhnaill do b'í i gceónáithe 'na coinneibh—agus Seágsan pá Óileiro.

Do Óileiro ré leir ar gcaill go bealaighe Tip Eogain agus d'fhanntan ar Sydney. B'í ré cónaí neamhaglaíoch roin, agus cuimhneasach roin ar féin go raiib fáitíor ar na Gallair teacht 'na Doire agus do ghuairfeadh oiféa go Íle-ata-Cliat agus gan puinn do bárr a dturairiú aca. "Cuimheadh muan mo lámh oiféas fóir," aitheir Seágsan. "Ni raibh aitír aca ar n-airiun mbaibh na cuimhneasach rin i n-Tip Connall; tá páitse beag annróin atá am éracht agus am cealbh le fada, acht bain an cluair diom, go mórfaid iadair an aibhail."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, *Shane the Proud*, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale *Shane* leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for *Shane* that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of *Shane*; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by *Shane*'s sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and *Shane* thought the victory was with him; but beware! See thi company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and *Shane* was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said *Shane*. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against *Shane*. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Cáib. 10.

SÉAMAILL AGUS BÁS.

Bí Seáchan go foluisteacl 'sá ullamhúsgað féin agus ní hainb na Sasanach 'na gcoitla. Biodar ag cabhrúsgað le h-Ó Dómhnaill i gsan fíor, agus 'sá ghríorad i gcoinniú Seáchain. Doibh do b'ainm de'n Ó Dómhnaill do b'i anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar cailleadh Calbae le déirídeannaíse. Niop b'fusláir do'n tríath nuasg ro éacáit éigin do déanaid i uchoraí a mhaigla, mar ba ghnáthas le gae flait an uairi úd. Óigil doibh irtsealé go Tír Eogain ar ógrúsgað na Sasanach agus do chreac ré an taobh tríar éuairí dhí. Do thuivíb agus do Seáchan-an-Díomair. Dap clártheamh gairid Néill Naoi nGiallaig, níolfaidh Ó Dómhnaill ar an gcoigrasait píeo!

Do cífá tríoriseacaí ag tríall ar gád áitri fá déim tighe móibh Úinneanboirb riomh eiríse ghréine i uchoraí na Bealtaine inar an mbliadhain 1567. Círom na coin móra ar uail le teaghlach agus teacáit na ríuas; agus lúntáil agus erotaí a n-easpball, mar do fíleadar go mbiaidh feilis aca mar ba ghnáthas. Rit an fíadh muasg agus mactíre i bpolas inar na coillteibh móir-úitimcheall mar fíleadar riom leis le tuigint an amhráide go raibh ari a dtóirí.

Ní hainb dhuil i realg ag Ó Néill an copr ro, mar b'i veabhadh air éum Ó Dómhnaill do tráocáid, agus do buail ré féin agus fíleisceáid trí mile feair riapair ó éuairí. Déarfaidh daonair pírrheogasáid go hainb na cásá agus fíreáclais ór cionn tighe Seáchain-an-Díomair an mardean ro, agus náir éuairí ré ceol na cuairte ná píobaireadach an loin duibh inar.

"Náic dán iad na Tír Conaillis píeo, agus náic móir an truaig déidibh beirt 'sá gcuip a phléig a marbhá," ar reifearan, nuair do éonnaic ré Ó Dómhnaill agus buriúdean beas furóide ar Áit an Gáire ar an taobh éuairí d'inbhearp Súilis i nDún na nGall.

Bí an taoraidh tráigste ar an inbhearp agus do fíliodh Ó Néill gusnáinimh típm do b'i ann i gcoimhniúde. Niop mar rin do Ó Dómhnaill. Bí aitne mór aigearean ar an áit úd, agus do éogairí ré i gcoimhniú é féin agus éinid feair do éoraint ar Ó Néill, mar eiríseann an taoraidh go triúr agus go h-oblann annrú.

Aghair píead agus n-aéilleann le céile an phlioict do táinig ó bheirt mac Néill naoi nGiallaig—na Tír Conaillis ó Conall Gulban agus na Tír Eogainis ó Eoghan, é riúd do bhrí a chiorde le bhrón i nuaireadach Conaill nuair do marbhuisgeadh an curaibh roin.

Deirtear náic hainb aon fonn bhrisighne ar Ó Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. He knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

connaic ré an rluasg beag do bì ag Ó Domhnail 'na cionnib, ag
Dúir b'fearr leir dà ngéillefirid, aict mar fín fén do beartais
ré a chuid fearr go chruinn i do rciùraidh ré 'na ndreamaitibh i 'na
ndioramaitibh tarrna an éasair fathaise iad. Tug Ó Domhnail foigh
feargach fá'n gceád chuid do fhoicí anonn i do bhrí ré iad.
Muna raibh mórán fearr aige, eait fadairis do b'eadh iad go leir.
Rinne ré mar an gceádna leir an tarrna cipe calma. "Cait-
fearr iad do éar ar roin," aithne Ó Néill, i do buail ré é fén ar
ceann cóbh capall, aict do phreab marcais Uí Ó Domhnail amach ar
lós air 'nóir gála gaoithe, i d'á feabhar é Seághan-an-Diomair i
air eisgin do bì ré 'na cumaif cois do cùp leó. O'fearáig ré
timcheall air. Bì chuid d'á dhreamaitibh meafarsta tré n-a céile i
a tuitteadh aca rgeartá b n-a céile. Niop tuis Seághan fát an
meabhtáill go bhfeacairidh ré an taoraidh eisge i rgeoin ag
teasáit air a chuid fearr, i Ó Domhnail le n-a buirdean laoc ag cup
oighe go dtian. Niop meat eoraidh Seághain inti an amgas uí, i
do érom ré air eirplead le n-a marcais go riabhair, i d'á bhl ar
éorpanáitibh annro i annruis ag glaothas air a cinnpeadana a gcuim
fearr do cóniuicíodh. Do ghníodh ré fén iarrhaist air an rluasg do
bailiúchád leir i n-eagair cóbh, aict ní raibh rílise éum capaibh aca,
i bì chuid aca go glúnaibh i n-uirlse i an taoraidh ag nómair tim-
cheall oighe. Fír ó láir tuatá do b'eadh a bhrumóir. Táinig
rgeoin niop mò oighe i bhríse daibh.

Bátaidh marbhúiseadóir tairisí éadaid deas feapáir asa. Do b' é cat deireannach Seághain-an-Uiomair é agus an tubairte ba mór do tápluisí grianamh dó. An méid a chuirtear treapna rílán tar éis inbhearr milteacáil Súilig do teiceadair leo, agus do rgeimh a bhíonn i gcuairtear coipr na haoibhinn ag cuairtadh áitáil, agus dojmh marbsaile leir. Do chearpbán Tír Chonaill a dh'áinnm Gallíseabhair atá 'fan abdáin dó d' i míle ó pháirc an bualaodh agus do éis Seághan Ó Néill a círlí an Ára Tír Chonaill, allur aip, a teangeal agus a éarbaill cónaíte, tipim, le fmeánpóist teine, agus snap na ríordáin le buairíocht aigse.

Þí Ó Dómnail, 7 a fáir-fír go meidreac, 7 a tseinnne cnám aca d'éis an buaird, aét ní raibh fiúr aca go raibhadar ag déanaid oibre na Saranaé, obair do teip ar na Saitt rín ar feadh cúsíghliaodna déag roimhe in, sið sup éailleadar na milte fear 7 órá milliún punt curige.

Σαν το θέαντριο ο Νεύλι Ήλιδος ανοίξ; Έχει λεωφάρη να
σειτήρει Ολλανδίαν το ραϊβ τέ εαυτόν τον έπειτα ήταν η βρυσήσε^η
δίπρο αν Σάιρε, αλλά μή δινήσει, το μέρος της που αλλάζει σειτέ. Βίαν
εγκαθίδρυσε η πόλη-αιγαίνταμαν τη πόλη-λάρινην και γενούτε η απόγεια της
επομένης αρχής πλυντηρίου αγρού από την ονομασίαν της οποίας ήταν
η θρυσήσεις από την άλλην. Μή δινήσει το πάντα φίσεαν η θρυσήσεις της
μητρόπολης αν Λεωνίδην και γενούτε αιγαίνταμαν.

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

Uifigseadá a cogaird air géilleadh do Shára na dCet níor b' é rín intinn Seágsain i n-aon éor. Sgaoil ré Somairle Óuirde do b' maraime aige le dhá bhláthain, agus cuairt mara teacáitíre go Cloinn Dómhnaill i nAlbain é ag iarráid conganta oiré. Do ghealladháir do i, agus gníodh ré fén agus gárdha marcas ionad coinne leo i mbunaibhann Dhuinne, i nAlontium. O' úmhlúiseadháir go talamh do i ghléasadháir fé ruda i gcaibhán fairsing do. Táinig fead eile ari an láthair leir, d'áir b'ainm Pierce, bhratadhóir ó Eilir do chualaird cao do b' ari riabhlach ag Seágsan. Ni fuil aon rísbhinn le fágair do chearbhuiséann gur tús an captaen Pierce uドn díol pola do na hAlbanaithe, aCt tá mhar géar ag gacáidh ari.

A Seágsain-an-Tiomair, tá do ghnó d'éanta.

Deir do námarde fén amain, go raibh do láthair láthair mara ríghach i gceannais do ag an bfeadair las, agus nádair raibh gáordúidhe ná feadair mi-riagalta id' ceanntarlaibh leor' linn. Deir fiaidh, leir, gur b' é do ghnáth gan rurde cum b' do go mbiaid a ráit de'n feoil do b'fearr, mara deirteadh, ag docht ib Chriost, do éamhinnisgeadh ari do tairbhis. Acht tá deirpeadh leor' fénileadh ag leor' gairge láthreacá, mara tá na hAlbanaithe go ciosraí ag cogairnaí ag Captain Pierce in a gcaibhán. Ni éliorffír uайл de éonairt agur ní leanfaipli an fiaidh riadach tré coillteibh cnó na Tríúca go deo ariur. Ni éliorffír rílúairisté Tip Eoghsain do gáiricata níor mó, mara tá fide Albanaid ari do cul a gan fíor duit agus Pierce d'á ngríosadh gur mharbhuisír a n-aicreaca i mburuisín Gleanna tarpe. Ríeas id' furiúde ó'n mbóthar roim a Seágsain-an-Tiomair agus d'fheabhsúd i gceannais le deirteadh.

Agur liúgann an coirppliún amuic ari Shput na Maoile, agus bhríteann na tonna bána ari an tscráid le fuaim coir bunaibhann Dhuinne, agus tearfábanann na daoine annraioi capa cloch i los mara a bhfuil Seágsain-an-Tiomair 'na ceadla le bheir agur trí cead bhláthán.

“ Seacht mbliadhna Seareccatt cíic céo
Mile bliadain iir ní bhrécc,
Co bár tSeadán mic mic Cuinn
Ó tordecht Cnuort ní ecolainn.”

Tá Pierc leir an ceann do b'ailne i nÉirinn agus do b'aineadh an t-éadair doaor de corr d'fheannnta Uí Néill. Fuaire Pierc a mile punt mara díol ari an gceann ó'n mbairriúisaim, agus buaileadh an ceann caitheamh uD ari bhoirr ari an rinn do b'áirde ari carpleán Baile-Átha-Cliat:

APROCE ANACYON

卷之三十一

King. — After an three dayes entreated a truce prepared against Tewkesbury Conwall and his brother the Very High Marshall and the rest of the rebels to be delivered to the King and his brother the Earl of Lancastur then being in the Chichester accompanie with the Earle of Warwick, Edmund and Edward and other the Duke of the Realme appoynted a truce of Almyre wher they conveine and conclude the aforesaid. Electors of Lancastur and the Duke in the grete armes of the Armes wentent through Englonde to paid that moneys to the King for halfe of the same. And the goodes repaynted appertaininge to the myghtfull baronesse and purson to goyn with the moneys and leutenant and other to the Duke therwith them he benned to. Electur of Lancastur to take burndales and promising to the laud Duke to fetch burndales & returne in myght. He departed the Empre wylt no farther knowyng and is now yonge prelengherte his retayning and keping the goodes and catell of James mar Conwel. His Duct can be as a tuncle excremed from him and his colred with them. I produced an affidavit to be mad in a pace agyn her manesties Armes in their chayre and therape god not only by felowes of the tyme for cause he mervis to prayd and to the palfreyers or deuices her manesties true and lawfull subiects within the Englyssh pale. The aforesaid contrarye to the lawes of the Realme expente. Electur of Lancastur Father & the Sonne of Edward in his brother Honorable cardell ful and true subiects & enemies to her manesties

கால தினமேதை நடைகள்.

H. D. Cancell.	L. Ormōd, & Ossey.	Gerald Desmond.	Jemie the Gormastan
Rowland. Baltiglas.	Richard. Montgatet.	James. Slane.	Christoker. Dorlany.
P. B. of Trimlestellō.	James. Lorraine.	Christopher. Houche	John. Curraughmoire
W. Fitz. Wylliams.	Henre. Radclift.	George. Stanier.	Jaques. Wynghuld.
John. Plonket.	Robert. Dillon	James. Bath.	John. Parker.
Thomas. Cusake.	John. Trauvers.	Fraunces. Hartbart.	Fraunces. Agard.
Humphrey. Warne.	John. Challender.		

Imprented in Dub'ren, by
Lamuter Po'el.

PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING
SHANE THE PROUD

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“ Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(v) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE.

Séamus ua Duibhseáill.

Úi cailín fad ó i dtísg na mbraítear agus ní bhoíodh aon teoirí leis an méid oibhre bhoíodh rí a cuir roimpi le déanamh.

Ír cuma ead a bhealadh gan déanamh agus b'férionn go mbealadh ré gan déanamh ari feadáin páisté, nuair déarrfariodh leis an gcaillín é déanamh, 'ré an fheaghlá bhoíodh aici i gcomhniúde: "Ó bhoíor cùm é rin a déanamh mē féin." Ceap na bhráithear ari dtúir go páist cailín anaobhcheallaí aca, agus i fhearr minic a bhoíodh ag moladh an cailín agus ag maoiúdeamh airte le bhráitheiibh eile.

Aon lá amháin a taimis fean-bhrátaír cuca ó mhaithirtír eile, agus, nuair a chuala ré an t-árd-molaodh ari cailín na mbraítear, "Béid fior agam-fa," ari feirfean, "an bhfuil rí comh maith agus deirtear liom i bheit."*

"Coigear," ari feirfean le ceann de na bhráitheiibh, "abair leis an gcaillín teacáit i gceád i gceómhra na leabhar agus, nuair a bhéid rí i gceád ann, abair leí gur ceapcth tú na leabhair a níse."

"Agus ead cùise go scuirlíonn obair óinriúise mara rin roimpi? Bhealadh feairg uirteí agus b'férionn go bhrágsfaodh rí rinn. Ní fuairfear cailín mar i 'fágáil geallaimh òuit."

"Déan riut oípm," aifír' an fean-bhrátaír.

Do ghlaoðaibh ré ari an gcaillín agus ní páist rí i bhrad ag teacáit, agus, nuair a taimis rí, duibhseart an fean-bhrátaír leí go bos péird: "Clioírim gur anaobhailín é. Ír móír an t-ionsgnaodh liom, a Órlighe, na leabhair reo bheit gan níse agat fóir."

"Bhoíor díreacáid cùn é rin a déanamh, mē féin, a stáir."

"Ó ní gábhadh òuit é, a Órlighe," aifír' an bhrátaír eile go feadáin. Ó 'n lá fain go dtí an lá iníon tá Cailín na mbraítear mar ainnm ari éinne a bionn "cùn é rin a déanamh" i n-ionad é bheit déanta.

(f) AN GAO MARA
NO

AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamus ua Duibhseáill.

Táíonn maith ó fiont aonair bhoíne 'na gcomhniúde i n-oileán Beag i n-iocáil na hÉireann agus ní páist aca acht an gcaeoil. Mar gheall air go mbioíodh daoinne fadóibhre ag teacáit ari

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agur ariúr ceap na daoine docta ná raiib uata aét an Bheárla d'fóis cuim agur go mbeiridir raiðbír go deo. Leannann an gálaí ceadna mórlán daoine a ceapann níor mó céille bheit aca 'ná bí ag muintiri an oileán.

"Aét caí raiib an bheárla le fágáil?" B'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'fíor aca go raiib bheárla i n-Éirinn, aét évaladair go raiib an bheárla doib' feárr 'ra domhan i mbailte Áta Cliat.

Tar éir mórlán cainte agur comhráidh foscuitseadh ari thuine aca a cùp go baile Áta Cliat ari lóig an bheárla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteacáit baibh ódís leat guri go haimseirice a bí ré ag dul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoire ari an oileán. Táinig muintiri an oileán go léir, ós agur epionna, go dtí poirt na hÉireann agur cuipeadh an fear aonann ari an dtír móri ari an mbád ba mó ari an oileán.

O'fág teacáitíre an bheárla rílán aca agur d'ímteig ari go baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a bheit tamall 'ra éacairí bí bheárla aige, bhá focal, "Good-morrow," agur ceap ré go raiib ré i n'am aige filleadh a baile. Bí ré tuilleadh go leór ó bheit ag coirfeacáit, agur nuair a táinig ré go dtí féit an Ciotaig i n-aice na fairsing, fuitré ré riór.

Bí na focalí go epiunn gártá aige, γ le heagla go mbéadh ríod cailíte aige, bhoibh ré ag páid mar phároin "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an aimhrí pluic agur bí féit an Ciotaig bos. So deimín, bí rí 'na tóin ari bogadh, agur, nuair a bí an fear docht ag dul tráthna, éacair ré ari láir agur d'fóbaír do bheit báisde. Táillínig ré é féin amach i gcomha éicint agur bain ré amach an talamh tírim. Aét, mo chreac i mo éár! Bí an bheárla cailíte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agur nuair d'innír ré a rgeal do muintiri an oileán, bhoibh buairdeartha go leor, agur 'ré duibhlírt gae tuine aca leir féin guri móri an truaig na c é féin a cuipeadh go baile-Áta-Cliat.

Aét caid a bí le déanamh anoir? Bí an bheárla cailíte i b'féis an Ciotaig agur b'férdirí go mbéadh ré le fágáil fóir.

Do ghuairí reirear de muintiri an oileán aonann ari bád go dtí an dtír móri agur fear an bheárla le n-a gcoir. Tearbáin ré ódís cár cailí ré an bheárla i láir na féite.

Ciomadair go léir ari an áit a tóbaec agur a taoifseadh agur níor b'fada ódís ag gábháil do'n obair leo nuair do buail gaoth mara leo.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," aifrateacáitíre an bheárla, "gaoth mara," "gaoth mara."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good Morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good Morrow, good Morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

FAT-SGEAL.

Ní haċċaró mire zo bprát apj zgħul
Ma jidher ġeċċi kien u tħalli waqtib, jaġi mo leun,
Muna vtix liom riubbal, muna vtix liom riubbal,
Muna vtix liom riubbal apj mo pāpic-re fèin.

Τάινις αν τραπένοντα τείτ, η στιν μέ γιαρι αρι θάνατοντας φέρειν, αρ
ελοισ αν βόταιρ, ασυρ πιοντοντας συρ τωντον μο ροτλασ ορμ.
Ασυρ ιμ' ροτλασ ρόνναρικ μέ αιρίνγ.

Do b'i mé as riúbal, maraí faoil mé im' airlings, i dtír anaitheo náicé raiib mé ariam̄ roimhe reo i n-aon tír éorpaíl léi, b'i ri comh bheagán rín. B'i bóitear caola tó-riúbalta as duil tír an tír áluinn reo, agus do b'i páircseanna glasa agus feair bog uaithe, agus h-uile fóirt bláth o'á Úracaidh rúil ariam̄, as fár ari gáe aon taoibh de'n bótaí. Acht do b'i an bótaí fén cam corrhaic clocaí, agus b'i rríruilleac as réideadó air, do loit agus do dall rúile na ndacine do b'i as riúbal ann.

Agur níor bhfada go bhfaraiodh mé fearg ós lúcthaír láidirí amach póniam, ag sábháil an bóthar map do b'í mé féin. Agur éonnaic mé an t-ógsánae ro ag reasamh go minic éum an phúdraif thíomh do b'í d'á férdeadh aip an mbóthar do éuimile d'á fúilib. Agur do b'í an bóthar comh h-atmharéid agur comh clocaíc rín guri éuit fé achoir agur aipír map b'í ré ag riúbaíl. Agur an uair Óuirpeannach do éuit fé níor féad ré éigise no go dtáinig mire comh fada leir, agur éigear mo lámh do guri éogaí me a d'á coir aipír é, agur duibhaint mé leir go raibh fúil agam naé raibh ré goptuitiúisté. D'fheagair reifrean de bhrácaibh binne blasta naé raibh ré goptuitiúisté go mór, aét go raibh fáitceoir aip naé dtuiscfaoth ré go deirfeadh a airtíp an lá rín, map do b'í an bóthar comh gairbh agur comh cnuaird rín. Agur d'fiafhruijs mire thé an fada do b'í le dul aige. Duibhaint reifrean nár bhfada, aét guri mian leir dul go baile-mór do b'í cíng mile amach uainn, rul táinig an oirdéé aipír, óilp buidh mian leir iud le n'íte, agur leabhair, fágail, agur gan an oirdéé do éaitseamh amuiseas aip an mbóthar fiaothain rín.

Agur nuair évalait mé fin do b' iongantair oírm, óir b' é d' uair de'n lá againn fóir, roimh lárde na ghréine, agur b'fhoruif do thuine aip b'ic do b' é com lúctáir lárdir leis an ógánaid fin eúis míle do riúbal in ran am fin, d'á b'fágfaidh ré an tdroicéibháir agur d'á riúbalraidh ré aip an macaire b' eáis péris do b' le n-a taoibh; agur duibhaint mé fin leis.

"Na biond iongantar opt fum-raf," a deirír ré, "ní féidir le duine ari bit in ran thír reo an bótar fágáil. Cóm clocaid eanac ceannach agus atá an bótar, caithefir duine fanaíant ari.

AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I wa never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony tha he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my h̄n till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him nat I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fágann ré an bóthar le riúbal aír an macaire le hreás gérí, iocfaidh ré ar go géar. Tá luét gároa aír an mbóthar ro agur aír h-uile bóthar in ran tír reo, raijsiúraidh móra duibh. Ír iad na raijsiúraidh reo do minne gád aon bóthar ann ran tír reo agur ír oile do minneadair iad, aict má fágann duine tuilleadh an bóthar le riúbal aír an macaire, leanún é leir an ngsároa duibh ro, agur beirtear aír, agur tiomáinidh rómha é, go gcuimhfidh aír an mbóthar ariú é, san buirdéasach ro.”

“Aict,” aír ian mire leir an rítmairéar, “nì féidir go bhfuil an oibreaoi rin de raijsiúraibh duibh aír gád aon bóthar in ran tír le luét riúbalta na mbóthar do rímaetustasadh agur do fáruasan mar rin. Naé mbionn luét-riúbalta na mbóthar níos ionadaithe ’ná an gároa duibh ro, agur naé bhréadfaidh riad an láim uacatair fágair oírra, agur bhríreaoi airtseach, in a n-aithneoidin, aír an macaire min áluinn rin, agur san fanaímant aír an mbóthar Spáanna púdarlaic poll-lionmhar ro ?”

“O’fearaidh rin dheanamh go cinnte,” aír ran rítmairéar, “bír bionn fíche feair láidir aír an mbóthar i n-aigaird an aon gároa amáin, aict atá rórt dhraoiðeacsta ríadarca ag an ngsároa duibh, ann ran rípeir of cionn na mbóthar, agur ír doibh leir an luét-riúbalta naé bhfuil aon neart aca na boidhre d’fágáil, agur tar éir gád doit agur doceair agur doibh d’á dtagann oírra ann rína ruisctib millteacá malluigthe reo, ní’ an eorúde ná an eoráipte aca iad d’fágáil, agur ír doibh gur ab é rin mar gheall aír an dhraoiðeacst do ríadar na daoine duibh. Aict ír é an ríodh ír iongantairge aca uile, naé bhfuil in ran gcu ro ír mó de na raijsiúraibh reo aict eorúileacsta raijsiúraidh; ír ríailidh san bhris san rubrtaint iad, aict ír doibh le luét-riúbalta na mbóthar gur fuil agur feoil iad, agur go loitfiridh riad an duine fágfar an bóthar le n-a gcuimh airm.”

Do riubhlamaír aír aír n-aigaird le céile ann rin, ḡ níos bhrada go ríbhamaír comh rípuigthe rin gur b’éisim dhuinn riurde ríor aír an mbóthar, agur do ghoill an tairt agur an tuilleadh oírrainn go mór. Duibhairt mé ann rin leir an ógánaí, “Ní b’einne comh dona ro da mbeirt deoé uirge agam.”

“Tá tobair hreás fionn-uirge,” ait duibhairt ré, “fá bun earrann hreás úbhail, ceatramha mile amach rómhaínn, aict tá ré aír an taois airtis de’n cláirde, in ran macaire, agur ní thuirdeannach é dul comh ríada leir.”

Aict do ghoill an tairt oírm comh mór rin go nduibhairt mé, “Caitíodh mé ól eár, da marbóccairde aír an móimíodh mé. Treoiruis mé go dtí an tobair ro.” Táinig fáitcior aír an ógánaí, agur duibhairt ré, “Ír i mo comhairle duit san dul ann, aict má ’r éigean duit, ní báisfaidh mé tu. Fágfaidh mé do éirídeacsta nuair

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

čiuicfáir mé comh fada leir an tobar. Marú tu féin, má'r mian leat; acht ní marbhóidear tu mife."

O'éigiseamair ann rín, agur riabhlaomair le céile, go bracanamair eisinnn mór áluinn ag éiríse ar an macaire, timécioll fíche péiríre airtéadach ó'n mbótar. Cuaird mé ruairi ar bárr an clárde do b'í ar tloisín an bótar, agur connaic mé tobar Slán Glé-geal riorthúirse ó'n ríseachad amach fá bun an chrainn árthu áluinn, agur connaic mé bláthá bána agur úbla beaga agur úbla leat-apuit agur úbla móra deargha lán-apuit, agus fáir le céile ar an gceann rín. Acht do b'í an oiread rín de ríomáct agur de rgannriodh ar thaoimh na tíre rín nári baineadh oiread agur aon uball aca, agur ba leirí Óam, ar an bfreapair fada fáramail do b'í éagairt timécioll an tobar cluamh-áluinn rín, náicte atáinig aon duine i n-aice leir le h-ól. Acht nuairí connaic mife an meádó rín do gheit mo chroíde i láir mo cléib, agur duibhaint mé 's or-thu, "Bainfiridh mé curt de na h-ublaib rín agur ólfairidh mé mo thóráin te'n tobar rín, má'r é an báir atá i ndán Óam."

Agur leir rín o'éigis mé de líomháit éadorthom déraic de bárr an clárde-teobhrann agur airtéadach ar an macaire minh áluinn. Agur nuairí connaic an t-ógsanaidh an piúd rín, do leisg ré oifna ar, óir ba thóisigh leir gur b'e mo báir do b'í mé ó'n cónuirgeacht.

Agur nuairí tainig mife leat-óealaig iordú an gclárde agur an tobar, o'éigis raijsdiúr duib, marí beirt ariúlaist airdeáil ár-Árasanna, ruair, ar an bfreapair fada, agur do tóig ré clárdeamh mór le mo chéann do rgoltaid, marí faoil mé. Agur do évalairidh mé ar mo chúl an rgíreadh do chuir an t-ógsanaidh ar an mbótar ar, le teann-faitcior. Niop lúsha 'ná rín an fuitcior do b'í oípmh féin, óir ní raibh airm ar b'í agam le mo chomhaint. Acht do chomh mé ar chloicí maistí móir do b'í fá mo coif, comh mór le mo thóirn féin, agur tuis me tosa uisceair te'n chloicí rín leir an raijsdiúr airdeáil. Do buail an chloicí é, marí faoil mé, i gceart-láir a éadaim, agur cuaird rí amach tríd a chéann, amair agur náicte raibh ann acht rgáile. Agur ar an móimhre niop leir Óam cruth ná cuma an traijsdiúr, acht do b'í rudo gán cruth ann amairi glám te'n chéid, agur do leasg an ceid rín, agur do rgáil ré ann fán rpéir, agur ní raibh daonair eadhrainm-re agur an tobar. Tuis me ann rín náicte raijsdiúr ná feair cogairidh do b'í ann, acht rudo bhréagadach i rgáile do júnneadh le turaorídeach, cum na ndaoine do rgannruisadh ó'n tobar. Cuaird mé go dtí an t-uifse agur niop b'ac rudo ar b'í eile mé. Chomhar ar an uifse agur o'olair mo fáit d'é, agur daibh liom-ra go raibh ré comh maistí le fion. Bain mé uball mór dearsg te'n chrainn ann rín agur o'ictear é, agur do b'í ré comh milis im' béal te mil. Nuairí connaic mé rín, glaoiúd mé ar an ógsanaidh agur duibhaint mé leir "teacht airt ac éigiam, óir náicte raibh daonair

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacsadó." Cóm luat agur tuis ré rinn fá deara, éainis ré féin ar teac é tar an sclairde, agur é fá eagla mór, agur rinn ré ari an tobar. Ó'ól ré a fáit ar, agur d'ic ré a fáit ve na h-úblach, agur fineamair riap le céile ar an bhealbh bog, agur tóiríseamair ag caint. Agur d'fiafriuig mé óe ainn na tíre rinn, "óir" ar ra mire leir, "ír i an tír ír iongantairge d'a bhfuil ari an domhan í."

Tóraig ré ann rinn ag innriunt rgeula na tíre rinn dám, agur duibhlait ré, "Tá an tír reo 'na h-oileán, agur do ériútaris Dia i amuig ann rian aigéin móirí ari an taoibh riap de'n domhan, an áit a h-sabann an grian cum a leapctan ann rian oíoché. Agur ír i an tír ír áille agur ír glaire agur ír úire i d'a bhrúil fá'n ngréin. Agur deir turfa sup tír iongantacá i, acht ní tuigeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agur tá thí ainnmeaca uirri, banba agur fóthla agur éipe."

Nuaip évalair mé rinn, do tuis mé leim, agur buail mé mo ceann le gheasán de'n ériann, marí faoil mé,—agur ónúris mé.

Agur ari bforgsailt mo riúile dám, riúd mé mo luirde ari an sclairde ari taoibh an bóthair, roipí Baile-á-t-Cliait agur bódar-na-bhuiusne, agur mo éarla Diarmuid bán 's am' fátaid i m' earrna-éaid le marde. "'S mitró duit beit dul a-baile," aitheir ré.

"Óra a Diarmuid," ari ra mire, "ná bain liom: Ní facaird mac máthair ariamh a leitear d'airling agur éonnaic mire." Agur leir rinn d'innir mé mo bhrionglóirí do, ó tús go deirfeadh.

"Marfeadh! mo ghrád tú," ari ra Diarmuid, nuaip bí mé péird, "agur b' fiúr do bhrionglóirí. Fáid agur file tú," aitheir ré.

"Cionnuig rinn?" ari ra mire, "mímig dám é."

"Ír ari talam na h-Éireann do bí tu gan aon aithriar," ari ra Diarmuid, "aict do bí tu ag riúbal, marí tá na h-Éireannaisi níle ag riúbal, ari na bónáiríb do minne na Sacrafaid le n-a gcuirid oliscte agur le n-a gcuirid fáiriún féin, agur rinn bónáirid naid féidiril le h-Saeðear riúbal orra gan tuifliniúd agur gan tuitim, gan docear agur gan bónáir. Aict má tréigeannt riad bónáir an t-Sacrafaid agur an h-Éaplachair, agur iad do dul ar teac ari a macairíe bheag feuriúdar féin ní beit' riad ag riúbal go ériútar ari fead ari laé iomlánin, marí an t-Éireannas docht rinn do éonnaic turfa, le leaburí agur le riúpreatar d'fágairián rian oíoché; aict do riácaidir fá d'ó níor fáidte, i leat an ama. Agur an tobar fiúr-uifge rinn do éonnaic tu, an tobar naid leisfeadh na gárrdaid duibh rinn do na daoiniúb d'ól ar, naid dtuigeann tu gan tobar na glan-h-Saeðeara é rinn, agur cia b' Éireannas ólfar deoc ar, bionn ré marí fion in a béal, d'a neartuigd agur d'a fionn-fuaraid. Agur an fáisgoiúr duibh rinn d'éirig roipí turfa agur ériann na n-úball, b' é rinn an fáiriún Sacrafaid, agur nuaip buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

É T'IMCHIÉG RÉ ARI AMHARC MARÍ CEB, BÍR TIGEANN NA FÁIRÍÚIN MARÍ CEB, AGUS MARÍ CÓRNANN DUINE É FÉIN OPPA IMCHIÉGANNA RIAD MARÍ CEB ÁPÍR. AGUS NA BLÁCA BÁNA, AGUS NA H-UBLA, DO CONNAIC TU ARI AN GCEANN ÁRDO ÁLNUINN, RIN É AN TOPAÐ ATÁ AG FÁR ARI MÁSCAIRPE NA SAEDEALTACTA, AGUS MARÍ FÁGANN NA SAEDEIL NA BÓIÚRE ÍR ARI CUIPI NA SACRANAIS IAD LE DUIL ARTEAC ARI A DTALAM FÉIN ÁRA, NA H-UBLA RIN NÁP BLAR RIAD LE DÁ CÉAD BUAÐAN BAINFÍO RIADRHARÍS SO TIUG IAD. AGUS AG RIN DUIT ANOIÐ, A CHRAOIBHÍN, MARÍ MINI SÍM RE D'AIRLING," ARI RÉ.

"M' ANAM A ÓNA, A ÓLAIRMIUÍ," ARI RA MIKE, "NÍ'L DO FAMAIL DE MINIGHÉEDÍR ARI DTALAM NA H-EIREANN, AGUS AN CÉAD AIRLING EILE BÉRÍDEAR AGAM IR CUSAD-RA CIUCFAR ME. IR FEARRP 'NA DANIEL TU. BHOFTUÍS OIFT ANOIÐ AGUS BÉRÍOMHD AG DUIL A-BAILE."

TADS SABA.

CABIDHL 1.

BÍ TADS UA BHOIM 'NA SÁBA, AGUS BÍ A CEAIRDOCA ARI TAOIBH AN BÓTЛАIR I N-AICE LE ÓROIÓDEAD NA SÉADAISE, QEIC MILE I DTAOIBH TÍAGU DO CILL ÁIRNE:

Ceaирdoise marí do b'eadh Tads. Ni raiib 'na fáiríóirde féin, ná b'férdirí i gCiarraíthe, feair do b'fearr a cùirfeadh crúth fá capall ná cláir ari céacoda. Aict marí rin féin, ni raiib Tads gan a loédaib féin. Ir dóca náp tainig riad lá aonais ná marsgaird ná feicfíde Tads ari rráidí Cill Áirne, agus ir ro-annam a bí ré ag teact aibhile tráchtóna gan beit fúgasach go leor, ná b'férdirí ari meirge. Dá ndéarrfaid aon'ne le Tads ari maraidin lae an aonais, "An bhuiilír ag duil go Cill Áirne in diu, a Tairis?" ,ré an fheasgair a gheobadh ré, "Ni feadair," ná "B'férdirí dom"—, gan am céadta ag bualað buille dá cárúr ari an iarrann ná ari an inneoin, com marí if dá mbéad ré ag rád. "Ir mór atá riord uait."

Nuaír a bí lá an marsgaird ann bí 'fir ag gacé uile óuine goe raiib gnó aige ari an gceairdoceil go mb'fóeárrí dho fuireacáidh ra bair dá mbéad marí leir a gnó beit déanta i gceairt. Ir iomána ríseal gheannmarí a bí ari fuaird na páiríóirde timcheall Tairis agus a churo oibre nuaílin lae aonais, marí ari cùir ré taipinge i mbeo, lá, i gcapall Séagáin Léit, agus marí ari poill ré ari móri dtuatacl cláir a bí aige dá cùir ari céacoda le Domhnall ua Óruigín.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, & Cíaoiún, how *I* interpret your dream," said he.

"My soul to God, Dermot," said I, "there isn't your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, 'tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home."

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O'BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, "Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?" the answer he would get would be, "I don't know," or "Maybe I would"—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, "It is much you want knowledge" (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen,

Bí feirmeoirí beag 'na comhainde i mbéal na Gearraithe Tarbh ainnm uð Micéál Crón, aét níor tuigeadh riám air aét Micéál na gClear. Tá mbéal aon shnó ag Micéál na gClear ar an gceapró-éain ní fárócaidh aon lá uð dul ann aét lá an donais nó an lá go raibh fíor aige go raibh Taois ag dul go Cill Áirne nó go Cill Órláin.

San am ro bhoið marigadó Cill Áirne air an Satáin agusur bhoið aonac ann an céad Luan do'n mhu, mar atá aonair.

Maidin lae aonais bí Micéál ag an gceapró-éain cun rphionníní 'fágáil' dá muca, agusur éonnaic ré ná raibh puinn le déanamh ag Taois.

"Ír dóca, Taois," srára Micéál, "go mbéidh tui air an aonac."

"B'férdirí dom," círra Taois. "Bí Séamus Tailliúra ag pád liom intó go mbéal ré ag ga ailt roimh timcheall an t-aon uairi déag, agus tá mbaidh maiti liom dul leif go bhraiginn marcarthaedéant uairí."

"Má'r marfín atá an rgeal," srára Micéál, "níl aon maiti dom mo céadach a bheit aonuair cun é 'cup i d'eo."

"Níl, go deimhn; táim san gual, agusur caitear m' dul a d'iarraíodh beagán gual agusur áthbar iarrainn."

Nuaír a bí Micéál na gClear ag dul a baile do cas ré ipteacé cun tigé Pilib Óig, feirmeoirí beag eile bí 'na comhainde i n-aice le Micéál féin.

"Cá rhabair, a Micéil?" srára Pilib.

"Bior ag an gceapró-éain ag feabhaínt an mbéal an gábhá illatá i mbáraí cun pionnai 'cup im' bhráca. Bí Táis ag tathair opm é 'cup' éinigé intiu mar ná raibh móran le déanamh aige."

"Náe bhrúil ré ag dul go Cill Áirne?"

"Cualá é ag pád go mbéal iacáil air an t-áras a cup go Cill Órláin a d'iarraíodh beagán gual."

"Ír mairi liom sup gábháir ipteacé éugam: Bior ag eant le Taois achrúgadó intó, agusur 'ré duibhaint ré liom ná béal am aige aon ní a déanamh leim' céadach go dtí Dia Céadaoim leo éugainn. Tá an aimhrí ag rleamhnuadh uaim agusur san puinn déanta agam. 'Sé ír feárr dom a déan m' mo éé céadach a bheit éinigé aonair ó tá caoi aig an ngrába. Ni b'ír aon'ne ag teacé éinigé intiu."

To déarás Micéál a piopra, agusur d'imreis ré air a baile.

Nuaír o'fág Micéál an ceapró-éá, agusur ó ná raibh aon ní eile le déanamh ag Taois éuairí ré ipteacé cun é féin a bhearráidh agus gábháil i gcomhair an aonais. Ni raibh ré aét leat-bhearráidh nuaír do éuir Pilib a ceann ipteacé an doras ag pád, "Baile ó Dia annro."

"Dia 'r Muire Óuit," círra Taois, aét ní ó n-a ériodh, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aige nár éainis pilib gan gnó; "ír docha go bhfuil si ag túl ari an tráchtó."

"Ní'lim, go déimin; tá a malaírt de gnó agam 'ná tráchtóig-eacáit," aifreann pilib.

"Ír iomáda lá beirid tú ari éainib an teampair, a pilib."

"Má 'readh féin, 'ré íf ceart dom mo thícheall a théanamh an fáid atáim ari an raoisgal ro, ag anois bád maiti liom dá gcuirfead mo céadta i dtíreoir Ódam. Cím naé bfuil tú ró-gnótae."

"Ír truaig liom, a pilib, naé féidir liom aon ní a théanamh leó céadta intiu—ní'l aon gnáil agam, agur tá iacall oípmh túl go Cill Áirne ólá iarráidh."

"Ní gábhádh túit aon tríobhóid a beirt oírt mar gheall ari rín; tá mairlin gnáil ra truaicail agam."

"Droch-érisce oírt féin ír do céadta," aifreann Taois rámha n-a fiacailib. "Cao tár le théanamh ari do céadta, a pilib?"

"Tá cláir a éirí ari, cnuaithe a éirí ari an ró, ag e 'éirí beagán ra bpróid. Teartuitíseann beagán cnuaithe ó bárr an cóncair agus eacair bolta nua a théanamh do'n rasa."

"Ní'l aon énuaithe agam acht aon gmuintín amháin a gheallar a éirí ari fannaithe do Seagán Séamus," aifreann an Sábhá.

"Tá lán mo údcaidh cnuaithe agam-ra ra baile," aifreann pilib. "Bí-ri ag baist an tréan-cláir do'n céadta; béal-ri ari n-airtear an gcuairt gan móill."

"Bhúidh maiti liom, dá mb'férdir liom é, do gnó a théanamh intiu, acht do ríosil corp m'úiridh ndé nuair a bior ag eirí iarráinn ari roth le Seagán Óbreac, agur béisidh iacall oípmh corp nua éirí ann. Bior cun corp a bheireadh a bhaile liom intiu ó'n aonaí."

Fear beag canncaraíodh do b'eadh pilib Óig. Connac le go maistí gur a d'iarraíodh leit-rgéil do théanamh do b'í Taois Sábhá, agur b'í a cáscaí ag éiríse.

"Sé mo tuairim, a Taois," ari reifreann ra deirfeadh, "naé bfuil aon fonn oírt m'obair do théanamh. Bád éindí go mbéadh mo éindí aifrigio-ri éindí maiti le haitheasaith Micil na gClear, acht cím naé mar rín atá an rgéal, agur ó tá mo éor ari an mbótar tá gairbhne eile 'ra pháppróirde éindí maiti leat-ri."

"Théan do roisga rúid; ní'lim-ri a' bhráid ari do éindí aifrigio, a rgánnróir! Beir leat do fean-céadta pé áit ír maiti leat," aifreann an Sábhá.

"Ír maiti é mo bhuideasair, a Taois; acht ír doisg liom go mb'fearr túit fanaímant 'ra baile 'ná beirt ior' mairiún laethair ari tráchtó Cill Áirne, ag eacíteamh do éod' aifrigio ag do fhláinte."

"Ír cuma túit-ri, i n-ainm an diaibhl! Ní hé do éindí aifrigio-ri a b'ím ag eacíteamh, a ghráinntíosín. B'férdir liom naé é gur aon Sábhá. Béad éindí bog leat ír bior-ri ag théanamh cnuaithe doibh"

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-éigseach ar do bhaileúchadh fean-iarrthainn: imteig leat anoir; agusur b'féríodip go fagtar fean-éigseach éapaití ar a' mbótar," agusur leir rín do thún Taois an doras.

Bí pilib ag cur de gúr bain ré amach ceapadhá Árdo-a'-Cluigín: B'é an gába bí i n-Árdo-a'-Cluigín feapós a' b' tamall maití ó roin 'n-a phrintíreac ag Taois Ghába. Ó d'fhs ré Taois bí ré tamall thá aimpír i gCorcais agus bhuilidhain nó thó i nAlbain. Bhacaill ciallmáir do bí ann agus eadairde maití. Eoghan Ua Laoighaire do b'ainm dó: Ní raibh mórán failte aige roimh bhíl nuaír do éonnaic ré é ag teacáit, agusur ní mó 'ná rín bí aige roimh nuaír d'innír bhíl dó ar an gcairpmhírt do bí roipí é féin agus Taois Ghába.

Dubairt an gába ós le bhíl go raibh eagla air ná béaladh caoi aige ar aon ní do bheanamh le n-a céadta go dtí d'eiríeadh na greadháin. Níor maití leir pilib d'eiteacáit, acht bí rún aige ná béaladh bhíl rárta le feiteamh comh fada rín agusur go mbéaladh ré ag bheireann a céadta leir ar n-airg go dtí Taois nó go dtí gába éigin eile, acht ní raibh aon maití thó ann.

"Fágfaidh-rah annro mo céadta," aifreann pilib, "ná mb' eisgean dom fuipeac leir go ceann coisíodh ó 'ndiuin, agusur níl aon aoidhe béal a fuairtear ó Taois Ghába an lá ro ní baoghal dó go dtí bhíl a ringinn uaimh-re."

"Anoir, a bhíl," aifreann Eoghan, "tá a fhios agat go maití nás bhrúil Taois jú-bhuiitheac dhiom-rah i dtáobh teacáit annro, agusur níl aon acht an fírinne nuaír a d'fheirm go mb'feapri liom go mór ná fágfaidh-rah ceapadhá Taois éun mo céadta-rah."

"Ar an fírinne ír cóbá raibh a bheit," aifreann pilib, "acht d'fheirm leat muna mbéaladh aon gába eile ar ro go catáin Corcaighe ná faijseadh Taois Ua Írioin aon ní le bheanamh uaimh-re."

Bí a meáraíún féin ag Eoghan Ua Laoighaire. Ní raibh do cláinn ag Taois Ghába acht aon ingéan amáin. Ní raibh rí acht 'n-a gseapá-caille ag dul ar ghscoil nuaír do bí Eoghan 'n-a phrintíreac ag a hataír. Bí rí ana-céanamhail ar Eoghan, agusur níor b' aon ionsgnád é. Bhacaill grádáin rúbáilceac do bí ann; níor b'fheadar leir bheit 'meáras' bhacaillí eile mar é féin 'ná bheit i láir rúgata páirteí agusur gheo aca do chuirpeadh allairíodh oírt. Mar gheall air seo ní raibh leanbh 'ra baire gán bheit céanamhail ar an ngába ós, agusur b'fheadar go léirí go han-uaigneas nuaír d'fhs ré Taois Ua Írioin. Ba mór an t-uaigneas do bí ar Neillí b'is a' gába 'ná air aon 'ne eile nuaír d'imteig Eoghan, agusur éadoin rí go fuijseac 'na tíairidh.

O'fáidh Neillí ruair 'n-a cailín dearf shráideamhail. Do cailleadh a maitíair nuaír bí rí reacáit mbliana déag d'aois, agusur ó bár a maitíair 'rí Neillí bí mar bhean-tighe ag Taois, agusur ní mirde a páidh go raibh rí 'n-a mnáoi-tighe maití. Ní raibh air phobal na Tuaité

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feair ba Óeireannach 'ná atáirNeilli, agus ar fion go raibh Taois 'n-a Ghába, agus gan crioiceann ró-ghéal air, ní raibh leine an tráchtairt féin níor gile 'ná a leine ar maidin Dia Domhnaigh.

Ír beag an t-iongnadh nuair tainig Eoghan Ua Laoighaire abhaile go nouðairt ré leir féin go mbéadóNeilli óg mar mnaoi aige, agus ír dóisí liom go raibh ríre ar an aigheanach céadra, aict níor marfín rín do'n tréan-Ghába. Ní raibh aon deabhadh air éun cleamhais do déanamh dá ingsin, mar b' a fhios aige go maic go mbéadó ré an-leatclámaé gan Neilli, aict i n-a aigheanach féin bád maic leir, dá mbéadó fonn pórta uillinn, go mbéad Séamus Tálliúra mar cliamhain aige.

Bí feirim beag talman ag Séamus, aict ba minice é Séamus ag an gceapadhain, a phíop 'n-a béal aige agus é ag féideadh na mbuileadh do'n Ghába, nó a' bualaeth ódó nuair do b' Taois ag earr cíuaird ar fainne nó ag déanamh cíuadh do Éapail, i, ar níor Táidé féin, b' an-tuilleadh aige i ghráitriúdeacht. Bí trí phabailini bó aige agus cíupla colpaí, i iad go léir ar tóisáil ar teacáit na Máirta. Ní raibh philib i bhfad tar éis imteacáta nuair do b' Séamus Tálliúra agus a chrucaill ag doras an Ghába.

“Bhfuil tú ullamh, a Táidé?” apha Séamus.

“Táim i ngiosúrlaéit dó,” apha Taois; “ní'l agam le déanamh aict mo bhróga do éirí oípm. Bhroírtuig oírt, a Neilli; tá an bhrós rín maic go leóri anoir. Cá bhfuil mo Éapabat? Ná bac leir a' fsgádtán. Anoir, a Séamus, táim ullamh.”

“Náe bhfuil turfa a' teacáit linn, a Neilli?”

“Ní'lím, a Séamus, go fóill; b'férdiríp ar ball go raibhinn féim le coir Máire Óróin, agus b'férdir a' t-áirgead againn.”

“Ír feárra duit teacáit linn-ne. Dá olcap mo Éapall, ír feárra é 'ná a phailin Máire.”

“So raibh maic agat, a Séamus. Do gsealltar do Máire ruíreac léi. Déam i n-am go leóri i gCill Áirne; ní'l ruinn le déanamh agam-fa ar an donaé.”

“Beata Óuine a' tóil,” apha Séamus, agus ar riúbal leod.

Nuair a bhoadar tamall beag ar a' mbócháir duitseart Taois le Séamus, “Ar bhuail philib Óg umat?”

“Níor bhuail; cao 'n-a taoibh?”

“Bí ré annró tamall beag ó foin le n-a céadra. Do gsealltar bó, tá reacátmáin ó foin, go mbéinn ullamh Dia Céadraoin'; aict ní b'eadh ré rírtá gan teacáit cíugam ar maidin, agus mé tar éis micil na gClear do leigint abhaile mar gheall ar ná raibh aon gual agam. Bí gac ne reab againn le 'n-a céile go raibhamar aphaon fearsagach. Oírpouig philib a céadra leir, agus ír dóca ná b'fér trád leir go mbuaileadh ré ceapadh Eogainín Uí Laoighaire.”

“Raibh Mícheál na gClear ag an gceapadhain ar maidin inoim?”

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

"Ná é bfuilim, tarp éir a phád leat go mairb é cun fud éigin do théanam le 'n-a céadóda."

"Bíodh geall," aifreann Séamus "Gurab é Mícheál do éuir i gceann pilib teacht éusgat."

"Ár m'anam agus gan dhoicid-ní ár m'anam, go mb'férdirí go bfuil an ceap agat, agur márt mairín atá an ríseal nára fada go bhfagairt Mícheál toradh a théag-oibríleáda. Duibhrt le Mícheál fén na mairb aon fháil agam, agur éusg pilib mairil gualail 'n-a trucaill leir. Gan amhras 'ré Mícheál bun a' tubairte."

"Ni éuprinn tairis é."

"Ír d'oidh liom fén ná beadh ré rártá gan bheit ag théanam miorgairimears comáirfan," aifreann Taois:

"Ír fíor túuit rín. Ár évalaíodh cad dothein ré ár Domhnall Ruadh? Bí Domhnall ag dul le roch go dtí ceaparóca na Ceapairise nuair taimis Mícheál na gCleár fuaig leir, agur é ag dul a dhíarráidh pail móna ó'n bpoistac.

"Cá bfuil tú ag dul?'" aifreann Mícheál:

"Táim ag dul leir leo go dtí an ceaparóca é cun é cipr bláthair beag 'ra bfró. Támadóid ag tréabhadh páipein na gCloch, agus an daon-théacair i tréabhadh le roch atá beagán ar a bfró."

"Cait do roch 'ra trucaill agur tarp iptimeas tú féin. Ír mór an ní anribh na marcaitheacsta."

"Go mairb mairt agat, a Mícheál; agur b'férdirí ó táim leat-lámae go bhfágfa an roch ag an gceaparócain; abair le Tomáir é cipr fíor-beagán 'ra bfró."

"Déanfar é rín agur fáilte," aifreann Mícheál, agur d'iompais Domhnall Ruadh abaile. Acht cad do thein an cleapairde acht a phád leir a' ngsába roch Domhnall do cipr beagán eile ar an bfró, i ruigis go mairb a céadóda go mór níos measa ná bí ré.

"Lá eile bí Mícheál a dhíarráidh ríleagáin tall ar an ngscoil i mbuiríde. Cár ré iptimeas i nuaibh Séamus Maol. Bí Séamus 'n-a furiúde ar dtóil ar aghaidh an doraiar iptimeas ag cipr taobhín ar a bfróis. Ó bí an lá go han-briotállach, agur Séamus ag cipr allair de, do bain ré de fén a pheribh agur ériodh ré ar ciprca é i dtaoisín tiaip do'n doraiar. Do cheart Mícheál a phíor agur bí ré ag ghabáil dá ciont bpreártaitheacsta, mair ba gnáthach leir. Táir éir leat-uair ní mar rín do úruidh ré fíor i n-aice an doraiar. Ó fán ré ag an doraiar tamall beag agur a láim ar an leat-doraiar. Ó fíoc ré ar an gceaparóca, ag leigint aip go mairb náipe aip. 'S aonlair,' aip reifrean, 'do cipr Maire annónn mé fíocáint a bhfagairt iarracht na maird rín (an pheribh) é cun ceapc do cipr agus ann.'

"Bí Séamus Maol ar cheart-bhunle, agur leim ré 'n-a furiúde, acht má leim bí Mícheál imigste. Do cait Séamus a carú leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow."

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"Where are you going," says Mick.

"I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit "in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod."

"Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift."

"Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod."

"I will do that and welcome," says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

áct, i n-ionad Mícil do bhuailas leir an gcearúr, d'aimriodh ré copícan móri b' ari iarracht ag a mnaoi éun ollan do tháctusgád. Ófhlil Eógan ua Laoighaire 'na ceannraithe mait? "

"Cá ófhlil riamh-rá roin," aifreann Tádhs, "ná go ró-milir; "áct ní d'fhoradh liom gurab é feabhar a cheannraitheacast' atá ag tarrhas na ndaoine éiúige; "ré a chuir bláthair meallann iad. B' an teanga so pleamhain mhamh aige. Baod é cuma liom d'fhoradh ré ruair d'fhein ag Ophoicéad na Leamhna nó tiosf ari a Miánúr, áct ní d'fhoradh liom riamh-tóir mór an náipe 'dó teacth ag ceannroca do éiúr ruair éomh atá cumaip uain agusur tá ré 'noir."

CÁIBHÍDIL 11:

Cártair na daoine ari a céile,
Áct ní cártair na cnuic ná na pléistte.

Nuaip do buail an bheirt Cill Áirne b'éigean d'fhoradh doeoche b'fhoradh aca i dtíos Séamusair Uí Óruigín 'ra Spáird Nuaibh, agusur níor b'fhoradh d'fhoradh go raiibh bhráon eile aca i Spáird na gCeapc nuaip caradh orra bheirt nó truiúr eile agusur tapt orra. Ní raiib leat an lae caitte nuaip b' an gába rúgád go leobh.

Ní raiib Neillí i Ófhdair ari a' gráidh gur éonnaic rí a hatair agusur é ari leat-meirge. Ir gairid do b' rí fhein agusur an carlin eile ag déanamh a ngnoíche. Nuaip do b'fhoradh ullamh éun teacth abhaile do d'fhein Neillí a d'fheall a hatair do meallaodh leí, áct ní raiib maitear dh'fhoradh aca i dtíos séamusair ari an gráidh go dtí tuitim na hordóe agusur go mbáthair arión ari meirge ní i ngloimhneach d'fhoradh.

B'fhoradh beag cneasta ag Séamus Tálliúra. B' an b'fhoradh píreidh agusur an orðe Geal, "d'fhoradh an bheirt ríportha leir an méir do b' ólta aca nuaip fágáthair gráidh Cill Áirne b'fhoradh an fágáthair go mait aca, áct ní mbáthair. Nuaip éanagáthair scé Ophoicéad na Leamhna b' doeoche le b'fhoradh aca, "d'fhoradh an b'fhoradh amach ari an dtírcuailt tuit ré ari fleagh a dhromha ari an mbóthair, agusur 'fhoradh am céadna do éiúr riud éigín an capall ari riúbal. Éanair an rot tréadairna láimhe Táidhs. Do fágáthair an feair oíche comhghairid rin gur jút na daoine amach éiúige, agusur nuaip éonnaidháthair é finte ari an mbóthair fáoiléadair go raiib a láimh bhríste, áct ní raiib.

B'a mór ari ní go raiib an dochtúir 'n-a comhnaidh ari taoibh an b'fhoradh ag Ophoicéad na Spiovdóighe; b'fhoradh an baile. Táir éir péacaint ari láimh an gába "ré duibh air an dochtúir, "Ní'l aon éanamh bhríste, áct b'fhoradh tamall go mbóthair fágáthair agusur ari gcearúr, a Táidhs." Do b'fhoradh d'fhoradh; b'fhoradh an gába páisté gan aon níodh do déanamh marj gseall ari a láimh.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad ; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman ?"

"How do I know ?" says Tim, and not sweetly ; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him ; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Lá'p na hárdaí tair éir lae an aonair, agus raoine ag teast go dtí ceártóca Tairbhsí ré buaðairte go leor. Cuir ré rgeala cún gába na Ceapairge bí an-mhainteartha leis i gcomhainde, ag feacaint an gcuimhreaoth ré a mac cuige ari feadh feactmaine cún go mbéað am aige ari fear éigín eile do fórlátar.

'Sé an ghealasra fuair an teastaire go mabhair pós-leat-lámaí ari an gCeapairg, acht b'férdirí i ndeireadh na feactmaine go mbéað an fear ós ábalta ari dul ari fead lae nō thó cún cabhrúsað le Taobh.

"An gheallailpín rúghaig," arra Taobh, nuair a chuala ré eadnubhairt a dhúine mhainteartha, "tá fiúr agam-ra go maic ead tá 'n-a céann; acht b'éid an rgeal go cnuairt oípm-ra nō faróiseadh-ra é." Nuair chuala Eoghan uia laoighaire ead do túit amach ari atairí Neillí níor b'fada go mairbh ré as dorar tige an gába. Ní mairb mórán páinte ag Taobh roimh, acht rír ari fás ré an teinteán bí taobh eile ari a' rgeal.

"If truaig líom," arra Eoghan, "tura beit marí 'tair, i gSan aon'ne agat acht tú féin. An férdirí líom-ra aon níodh do dhéanamh duit?"

"Ní feadhar," arra Taobh; "if d'óca go bhfuil do dhóthair le dhéanamh agat féin, agus b'éid níor mó agat aonair ó táim-re marí a bhfuilim."

"An té bionn fiúr buailtear eor aip,
Agus an té bionn fuair óltair deoc aip."

"Ní b'fír i b'fada fiúr, le congnáim Dé; agus mó lám i'p m'focair duit nac bhfuil aon tráinní oípm-ra obair a bheireadh uait-re. Marí a bhfuil aon gába eile agat fóir cuimhreaoth-ra mo phriantíreac eisgeat gán moill."

"Go mairb maic agat," arra Taobh, ag cur lámh me fílán amach agus ag bheireadh gheimhdingean ari lámh Eogham.

Nuair bí an gába ós ag imteacth riug Neillí ari lámh aip agus arduibhairt "Mile Óeannaist oírt. Fiúr a' cuimhneamh oírt; bí fúil agam leat, acht bí eagla oípm dá dtiocfaidh féinig go mbéað m'atairí pós-góirgeas leat, marí bí fiúr agam go maic ná mairb ré pós-buirdeas dhiot."

"Ní mór i'p férdirí líom a dhéanamh, acht dhéanfar mo dhiceall; agus tá 'r agat-ra, a Neillí, go ndéanfarann mórán ari do fion-ra."

"Táim go han-buirdeas dhiot, a Eogham," arra Neillí, i luirne 'n-a cionnaid.

Cuairt an gába ós abaille 'r níor b'fada tair éir imteacth do go dtáinig Séamus Tálliúra iptimeas. Bí Neillí ag an dorar.

"Cannor tá 'tair, a Neillí?"

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

" Tá 'r agat go mait cannor tá ré, a Séamur. Tá ré 'ná luigé ari a leabaird agur tá eagla oípm go mbéirid ré ann go fóill; bhuail fuair éinigé; táim-re ag dul a d'íarphaird cana uirge ó'n abhairn."

O'fhan Séamur tamall mait agur nuairi b'í ré imcise do ghlaoð-aisg Tábh ari Neillí cun deoc uirge fuair do tábairt do. " Suid ari a' scataoip go fóill, a Neillí, a chuit; tá fud éisín agam le páid leat."

Do fuid Neillí ari an scataoip ag taoibh na leabha, aét gan cuinne aici cad do b'í 'n-a céann.

" Tá eagla oípm go mbéad im' mairtíneac, a Neillí, i n-earrbhall mo faochail; aét baod cuma liom dá bheicpinn turfa agur do teinteán féin agat. Ír doibh dá mbéad go fairsinn-re cùinne uait ann."

" Táim rápta mar a bfuilim," ari Neillí; " agur 'ntaoibh turfa beit id' mairtíneac, ní mar rín a b'ír do r'géal agat, le congnam D'é."

" B'férdirí rín, a Shráid; aét mar rín féin baod mait liom dá bheicinn tú pórta."

" Ní'l aon fonn pórta oípm-ra, á atáisi, agur dá mbéad féin ní aonair an t-am cun beit ag cuimneam ari."

" Táim-re dul i n-aois, aét baod móir an ráramh aigseach oípm é dá mbéiteá-ra i d'áit b'is féin. Tá feirmh beag dear ag Séamur Tálliúra, ní'l cior triom ari, agus nád bfuil carlin eile 'ra phárrdóirde do b'feadar le Séamur a beit mar mnaoi aigse 'ná tú féin."

" Táim an-buirdéac do Séamur. Ní le nearrbaird mna tíse a b'ír ré ag pórta; tuigann a máctaír aipe dorf na buaidh agur leatann a 'deirbhríúr an t-aoileac ari na pháistí. An bean-treabha atá uaird aonair ? "

O'fhsail Tábh a fúile. Ní raibh aon cuinne aige ná b'eadh a insean rápta le Séamur do pórta. Baint a n'osbairt ri an t-anál de agur ní raibh fiúr aige cad do b'feadar do do ráid aét i gceann tamall dubhairt ré—

" Saoilear, a Neillí, go raibh agur Séamur Tálliúra muinteartha go leor le céile."

" Táimí, ari fion nád bfuilim pór-buirdéac de 'ntaoibh oibre an lae inre."

" Go é an leigear a b'í aige ari ? "

" Dá mbéad ré 'ra b'aile ag tábairt aipe dá ghnó féin, 'n-áit ba cóna 'dó beit, tiochrá-ra abhaile liom-ra, agur ní b'írteá mar ataoi inbriú."

" Taoi pór-éruaird ari Séamur bocht, a Neillí. Cítheann tú gur minic a tágann ré cun congnam a tábairt dom-ra nuair a bim

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

ag cur iarrainn ari rochtain nô nuair a b'ionn obair tacom mar fín roimh lám' agam."

"B'fearrafa òd go mór air a chéadairt d'á fhairfhe ñeas talman: náic minic id' ñéal 'An té bionn 'n-a òrochfeirbíreac òd fén, bionn ré 'na feirbíreac mait do na daoiniù eile.'"

"Ír beag a phaoileadh, a Neillí, ná d'éanfará rúd oírm."

"B'ad mait liom rúd a d'éanamh oírt, a dtair; aict mar a mbéid òr ari talam' a' domhain aict é fén amháin ní b'inn mar céile aige Séamus Tálliúra."

Le n-a linn fín d'fág Neillí an reómpa, agur do söl ri go fuigseac ari fead tamall.

Nuair d'fág Séamus teac an gába b'í ré ráfta go leor. Sáoil ré ná riabh aonair le d'éanamh aige aict duil agur an "ráipéar" do bheiret abhaile leir éun Neillí an gába do phóra. B'í ré gan tobac agur éar ré ipteac i riopa Seagáin an leara éun bláthre tobac do ceannach.

"An fíor," arra Seagán an leara, "gur óríg an gába a lám ag teacáit ó Cill Áirne ariú?"

"Ní'l ré fíor agur ní'l ré b'reagasc," arra Séamus. "Ní'l a lám b'ripte, aict tá ri goirtigéche comh mór fín go bfuil easla oírm ná b'eo d'ón mait ann go neid. Tá an feair bocht buathartha go leor, aict 'ré an rúd ír mó cur air aonair, gan Neillí beit pórta."

"B'fearrafa òuit fén i phóra, a Séamus. Ni fuláip nô tá mairle beag ariúid ag Taois, agur tá Neillí 'n-a cailín ciáll-mair."

"B'férdir go b-phórfainn," arra Séamus, agur d'imreis ré air abhairne.

Lá ari na báraí b'í ré leatcta ari fuid na páiríofre go riab cleamhnaí d'eannta roimh Séamus agus inighin an gába.

Ari fead reacáitíne tar éir goirtigéche láimhe Táis do òein Eoghan Ua Laoghaire agur a phrintíreac obair an d'á ceartócan cún go bfuair Táis gába ós o Óbairle an Muilinn. Ír beag laeteuit na reacáitíne ná riab Eoghan tamall ag ceartócan Táis agur tamall beag ag caint le Táis fén agur i'férdir le Neillí.

Nuair taimis an gába eile ó Óbairle an Muilinn d'íarrí Táis ari Eoghan teacáit aonair agur ariú nuair a b'eadh am aige, agur taimis go minic. Nuair b'ioth an bheirt ag duine aca ari gac taobh do'n teine ír mó rúd do b'ioth aca ag cur tré 'na céile, agus inighin a ngosdá fén timcheall na círvineac. Nuair fuair Eoghan rgeala go riab cleamhnaí rocair roimh Neillí agur Séamus Tálliúra b'í iongnaid ari, aict d'ubairt ré leir fén m'a'r mar fín do b'í an rgeal ná riab ré ceapt do-ran a beit comh minic ipteac 'r amach i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

Uachtair na ceártócaí. Táimteig lá nō ód map reo i gcaill tuairí ag Eogain ari an gceártócaí. Árra Taois le Neillí:

“A bheaca tú Eogán inbui nō inbúe?”

“Ní feaca,” árra Neillí.

“Tá rún agam náicé bfuil aon ní aip. Ní raibh re annró ‘mír ó achrusgád’ inbúe; ní feadair ead tá a coimeád.”

“Níl fiúr agam-ra,” atubhairt ríre, acht b' amhrar aici, map éuala rí ríseal an cleamhnaír.

If dóca ná raibh Eogán ró-fácta i n'aigneadh. B' fonn if fait-éar aip. Baodh maití leir tuairí do tábhairt anonn go ceártócaí Tairis, acht map rín féin b' beagán náire aip séilleadh go raibh buadhairt aip. B' ré ag obair go dtían, acht ba éuma ód b' bheit síomhdóin nō gnóthácl, níor b'féríodh leir pórtaidh Neillí do cùir aip a céann.

Tábháinna an tairne lá, nuair do b' deirfeadh le hóbair an lae agur an ceártócaí dúnnta, buail Eogán treagħna na páircceanna, agur b' ré ag cùir de go dtánig ré amach ari an mbóthar i n-aice tighe na ceártócaí. B' Neillí ag an dorair.

“Cannoj tá t'atáir, a Neillí?” árra Eogán.

“Tá ré dul i ḥfeabhar. Tarj ipteac. Níl ré leat-udair ó b' ré ag caint oif. B' ionsgnád aip go raibhair cónm fada gan bualaeth ipteac éuisse.”

“Ní b'ead ag dul ipteac anoir, a Neillí. Tá deabhar oifm.”

“N' é rín Eogán, a Neillí?” árr’ an gába.

“Sé, a atáir.”

“Cao 'n-a tlaobh náicé bfuil ré teacit ipteac?”

“Deir ré go bfuil deabhar aip, a atáir.”

“Abhair leir teacit ipteac. Tá gnó agam de.”

Do buail Eogán ipteac.

Árra an gába, “Cá raibhair le geastóirí? Bior cun ríseala cùir anonn cùsgat feáclaint ead a b' oif.”

“Ó! ní raibh rioc oif, acht go raibar an-gnóthácl, agur guri fiaoleas go mbéad mo lámh bacácl pláin agam ari, agur buitheacar le Dia tá rí dul cun cinn go maití, ní b'ead aon ní ag cùir buad-airca oifinn.”

“Go deimhin, ní cùir buadairca an ríseal agair, acht a malaírt, agur go n-éigisidh b'ur bpróraid lib,” árra Eogán, agur tocht 'n-a epróise.

“Aru go d' é an bpróraid?” árra Taois Sába.

“Náicé bfuil Neillí agur Séamus Tailliuira le bheit pórta i ndiaidh an Cártaisír?”

“Fiafrais do Neillí féin an fiúr é nō b'réas.”

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"
"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldn't put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

. Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

" An fíor é, a Neilli ? "

" Ni'l, agur ni b'éid go neod," aifreann Neilli, agur amach an doilag leis.

Ari feadó tamall níos lathair aon'ne do'n bheirt focal.

" B'fearainn, a Táiné," aifreann Eoghan, " go dtabhairfá Neilli Óamhrá ? "

" Sé ir feairneadh d'úit an ceirt rín a chuir cuici féin."

Agur do chuir, agur ni gábhadh innriant casadh é an gneadhra fuaire ré ó Neilli. Óidí an pharaoine ag magsadh rí Séamus Táinilíupa; acht fuaire ré ritorbhigín beag ó Gleann na gCailleach ná riabh go-óis acht go riabh fíche punt gpríleáid aici.

T A S G A :

ALLARÓIP—deafness.

Rabalinni bó—miserable cows.

Ari tógaíl—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Sac agh a feadó or sac ne feadó—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

Ir gcaimhín = ir gcaimhín = ir gcaimhín—soon, very soon.

Ari m'anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

Paipréamh—dispensation from banns.

Múile beag áirítear—a little lump of money.

Tocht 'na chioróine—a load at his heart.

Seán-gníosha—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

AISTRÍSE AN REACÚRAIS:

A Rígs tā ari neim 'r a cíutais Ádam,
 'S a cíupear cár i bpeasadh an úbdail,
 Och! ríseadairi oif aoi, oif árto,
 O if te do shrára tā mé ag rúil.

Tá mé i n-aoif, a'f do chéion mo bláit,
 If iomád lá mé ag dul amúsg,
 Do chuit mé i bpeasadh aoi, náoi tchráit,
 Ácht tā na shrára ari láim an Uain.

Nuairi b'i mé óig b'olc iad mo tréite,
 Buid mór mo rréir i gceileir 'r i n-eacrainn,
 B'fearrí liom go mór ag imirt 'r ag ól
 Ari maidin Dómhnais ná tríall éum Áifíunn.

Níor b'fearrí liom riurde 'n-aice caitín óis
 Ná le mnáoi bhórtá ag céiliúðeáct tamall,
 Do mhionnaidh móra do b'i mé taibhíte
 Águsif tráinir no roite níor leig mé éarum.

Peasadh an úbdail, mo cíabhadh 'r mo leun!
 If é mill an faoisíl marí shéall ari ńeirt,
 A'f ó'r coiri an cílaof asta míre riur,
 Muna b'fóirfiú lóra ari m'anam' bocht.

If orim, faraori! tā na coimseadha móra,
 Ácht díultócadh d'oih má mairim tamall,
 Daé nit buail anuas ari mo cíolann fóir,
 A Rígs na Slóire, sur tárptais m'anam.

* Literally: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas ! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief ! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

O' éalaíś an lá a'r níor tóis mé an fál,
 No guri iteaoft an bárrí ann ari cùir tūdúil;
 Aict a líordúis an Ceirt, anoir péist mo cár;
 A'r le ríut na ngrára flúic mo fáil:

Ir le do shrára do slán tū Mairé,
 A'r fáor tū Dáibid do minne an aitriúise;
 Do tús tū Maoré plán o'n mbácaó,
 'S tā epróis aitriúise láidir guri fáor tū an gádúrde:

Mari iñ peacaó mé naé nwearnna róir,
 Ná rólár móir do Óia ná Muiré,
 Aict fát mo bhóim tā mo coirpeada rómham,
 Mari feoil mé an fáor ari an téar iñ fuidé:

A Ríg na hÉireann tā lán de shrára,
 'S tū minne beoír a'r fion de'n uirge;
 Le beagán aíain do liap tū an rluas,
 Oe! fhearrdail fóir agus plánais mire:

O a hÓra Chríost a d'fhuilainc an pháir,
 A'r do aðlaéadó, mari do bì tū úmáil,
 Cuirim cuimpió* m'anama ari do rsáit,
 A'r ari uair mo bháir ná taobhair dám cul:

A Íainrioscáin phárricair, mácair a'r maiðdean;
 Sgáctán na ngrára, aingeal a'r naom,
 Cuirim eoraint m'anama ari do láim,
 O tóis mo pháirt, 'r béríó mé fáor.

* "Cuimpió" : Connachtai, i n-áit "comprise," .7. vísionn.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by;
O King of the Right, forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
Who madest wine of the common water,
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter!

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
I place myself in Thy gracious hands
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter score*) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

*Noir tá mé i n-adoir 'r ari bhuadach an báis,
 'S is seárrí an grár go dtéigim i n-áir,
 Aict is feairí go deirfeannas ná go bháist,
 Agur fuastraim páirt ari Rísh na nDál:

If cuaille gan mait me i gcoigrneall fáil.*
 No is coirmíil le bád me a caill a rtiúr,
 Do bhuírfidh ardeac a n-agairí carraig 'ra 'bhráistí!
 'S do bairdeasó dá bádasó 'rna tonntaib fuair'.†

A lóra Cíofort a fuair bár Dia n-Áoine,
 A o'éiris ariú ann do mís gan locht,
 Náe tú tuig an trilíse le aitriúise do déanam,
 'S náe beag an rmuadaineas do minnear opt!

Do típla, ari dtúr, míle 'r oit gceud,
 An fiče go beacáit, i gceann an do-déas,
 Ó'n am tuisling Cíofort do rieub an geataid;
 So dtí an bliadain a n-dearainn Reacnárais an aitriúise:

* Aliter, "If cuaille copí me i n-éadair páit," G.

† = fáirfíse. Aliter, "ari bhuadach na trá."

‡ Aliter, "Bairdeasó 'sá bádasó 'r a caillfeasó a mnáin"; aliter, "reól," aliter, "rúbal"; aict do aitriúise mé an líne le comhfaid do déanam."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou shovest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee ? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLEIR:

(Leir an Reachtúraí.)

Éirigíodh riadar tā 'n cùrra ag teannadh iub,
 Óis óis clóideamh a'r pleas agus iub i bhfaobhar gaeir,
 Ír gaearr uaidh an Cúis, tā 'n dátá caitte,
 Mar ríriodh na hAbhráil na naoimh 'r an cléir;
 Tā an coinneall le múcaidh tuis línteir iarla leir,
 Acht téiríodh aip buri nglúinaiib a'r iarraind atáinse,
 Gairíodh an tUan 'r béríodh an lá ag na Catolcais,
 Tā an Mhúman tipe iarlaidh 'r an Chúis d'á pleir:

Tā 'n dál Chúisge Múnan aip riubal, 'r ni ríataofaito
 So leagtar dóibh deacmáid a'r ciobr dál riéir,
 'S dál dtuigfaiodh dóibh congnamh a'r Éire [do] fíearam
 Óneir' gárrdaidh las a'r gáid bearnna péir.
 Óneir' Sáill aip a g-cúl, a'r gán teact aip air aca,
 Agur 'Orangemen' bhrúigste i gciúinár* gáid baile 'Sáinn
 Óreiteamh a'r Júry† i dtéadáit cùirte ag na Catolcais'
 Sacrafa maribh, 'r an éiríon aip Ghaeitheal.

* Sgírioibh "ingheón" 'ran MS. mar iabhairteadh *g-Connaictaibh é.

† 'Sé "coirte" an t-ainm ceairt coitcinn acht deirí an Reachtúraí "Júry" le "comáistí," no comh-fuaim, do théanadh le "cúl" agur "bhrúigste."

* Literally: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Koosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAPERTY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE" † is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southerns.
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics.
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces ; §
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay." ||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges ;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Úeiro agaínn faoi Chártas pléaráca 'r cura deacata,
 Ól a'r imírt a'r gróirt uá ríeir,
 Úeiro mairge 'súr bláct agur fár ari érannaiib,
 Snuadó 'súr gnáir agur dhrúct ari feur.
 Feicfiró riib fán a'r neamh-árho ari Shacraonais,
 Ári námair le fán agur leagád a'r leap (?) oppa;
 Teinnteaaca cnám ann gacé árho ag na Catolcais,
 'S nac rín i gcan bhabas (?) an Chúir t'á pléiro:

Íf ionmha feair bheádhs faoi an trácht ro teilgthe*
 O Chorpca go h-innir 'r go Daire Roircré,
 Agur buaċċallirde bána le fán ag imteact
 O fŕáid Chille-Chainnis go "Bantji Úaé."
 Aċet ionpróċċarò an cárva 'r úeiro lám mait agaínn-ne
 Searrfaid an mād ari cláir na h-imírtle,
 Úa bfeicfinn-re an pára o phojetláiřse go biorra 'rra
 Sheinnfinn go deimín an Chúir t'á pléiro.

* Labairtēar an focal ro mar "tlicē." Íf focal coitcioneon ġonnacétaiib é, íf ionnann "bi ré teilgħe" agur "Chuaid bhejteebna na cūjite 'na aġxarō."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll show them at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*
Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,
Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining
From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying
From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
It is I who shall lilt for you the Cúis dá plé.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the Cúis dá plé.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Eirítear riamh, a'r gluairíde uile,
 Téiríde ari an gcnoc agus glaicis buri ngleuir,
 Ag Dia tá na ghlára a'r déið ré 'n buri gcurdeasta,
 Óróid agair meirneac, i'r bheag an rgeul é.
 Gníomhach ríb an lá ann gacáilis do Shacranais*,
 Óraítear an clár 'r déið na cártaid teacht eisgeib,
 Óraíde ar láimh, aonair, ríláinte Raifteiriú,
 'S é cuitheas Óaoibh daill ari an gChúir 'd'á pléirí.

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay ;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREADH SÍOS:

(Leir an Reacstúriac.)

Ir fada ó cuireas ríor go dtiucfaidh ré 'fan traoisal

So nuaoraithe fuil 'r go ndeunfaidh pléucta,

Do réir mar rírioib na náomh i mbliantain an Naoi* tā 'n
badoisal

Má gheillimio dho'n rímuortúir náomha:

An balla òeuntarí fuair ni fionann ré a bhfaidh fuair,

Sgiophrainn ré ó'n dhois-“ foundation,”

Aict an áit a ndeaicid an t-aol ni éoráscaid cloch ar éorás,

Tá an cárthais faoi 'na riuithe náic bpleuirísear.

Ir ríoraithe fean an Chúirt do faoileadh éabairt anuas

Aict 'ré meagairt-re gur níodh náic féidir,

Tá náomh peadar le n-a bhuadach agus Críost [do] ceur an ríuas
A'f congsúdcaidh riad na h-uaidin le céile.

Athairtear 'r dhrúir do tóraig an rísear ari dtúir,

Agus náonnraoi an t-Océt do tóraig a céile,

Aict tioigaltar iub' a'f riad ari “Orangenmen” go luat
Náic bhuairi ariamh an “congratulation.”

* Ir coimhíl go náib an trean-cárrairingíreacáit seo i g-cuidhne ag an Reacstúriac.

Nuair éailleoir an Leóman a neart

'S an fóchanán bheac a bhríg,

Seinnfidh an cláirfeadh go binn binn

Toirb' a h-oct agus a náoi.

Ir coimhíl go meargáinn re an ríniobtúir agus fean-cárrairingíreacáta le
céile! Labhairtear “baogál” mar “baorígeal” ann ro, aict “náomha” mar
“náemha.” Dá bhróirfeadh ré t'á nann òeunfaidh “baogál” ve “baogál”
agus “náomha” ve “náemha”!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated:—

“ When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,

And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,

Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,

Between the Eight and the Nine.”

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport ;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation ;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally : "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally* : It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Ag éilige ñaois 'r ag luirne, rmuadánach ñíor ari an tis;
 Do cnuasairg ari fad an cine ñaonna,
 Ir iondha coir 'fan ngeaoit, aet ni ua 'na 'fan traoighe;
 'Sur ir beag an ñaoi le' ñfuisimír pérdeas;
 Irbeal do ñaoi an eaglair cabairt ñaoi ñlige
 Ag cuij anaigair an ñeacan naomha,
 Ta ri i ngéibionn ñíor a'r Lúiteir le n-a ñaois;
 'S ioc go cnuasairg ñaoi an "reformation." *

A Ñia, nae mór an tróirt an ñream do ñaoi ari nusgád
 So mbuio éigín ñoib a ñota do ñeunaib,
 A'r William do tiongáin gleo a'r do cuij na Ñaeóni u'd
 ñtreoir
 Ni feicfir ñiat níor mó é gleurta:
 Ñainfeair clois 'fan Róim, bérth teinnta cnám a'r ceol,
 Ann 'r gac beag agur [gac] mór tré Eirinn,
 O tainig Seoilear i g-cróin tá Órlaigemen ñaoi ñlón;
 A'r gan neart aca a ríon do ñeiread.

A ñora ñearta i gceann na feuc ari lár an ñream
 Nár ñiol an ñean d'oile tu ari aon coir,
 Aet Lúiteir 'r a ñlige cam 'r an bunaib cneidear ann
 Nae olc an seart go ñfuisigír gceilleadó.
 Már ñíor do Órlaigemen ní'l maist do'n cléir i gcaint
 'Sa cnuasairg ari rú le lraigead ag Eirinn
 Ñuri euiscóir fióngair 'r feall agur clíreas clainne Ñall
 Ñiomparais an ñiobla anonn 'fan mbéarla:

* Tá ñaib mór ag an Reachtúraí, mar éitíomh, ann gna foclaisib árho-éclóraíca gallta ro ériúnsaigeas i n-“action” (= “Eirinn”). Na ceuo filíor de na ñaoibh ñíor i mbéarla ngeanach na focla ro aitseas ann 'r gac man, beag-nae!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (i.e., Elizabeth), who thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast ;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, we never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

* Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the Jot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

† O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualairidh mè, munab bheus, go dtiucfaidh ré gan traeisí

Seo g-cuirfeadh mairistír leisim ann gacán cùinne,

Ni bhfuil 'r gan gcair aict ríseim* ag meallaodh uainn an tréid
Asgur díultasigír do gnochtasigibh luitéir.

Craicidír do'n cleir 'r ná téidír ari malairt feir,

No caillipróth ríb Mac Dóe 'r a cùmhaidh,

'S an long ro chuaidh a leis (?) má éireann ríb ann de leim
lompocháidh rí a'r bhéid ríb fuité.

Ailtasigír le Dia, tá an t-aistír Úaitílínír fíar,

'S consbhócháidh ré ari na caoránach gárra,

An ríocáit i g-cáit ná i ngluat nári thíol an pháip ariamh

Asgur gearffairidh ré anaigaidh Úigearáis a'r Dálair.

Tá Clanna Íall 'n ari ndiaig mar bheirdeach madra allá ari ríab

Bheiridh ag iarrfaiodh an t-uam do hoidh ó'n mactair.

Aict [r] O Ceallaig òeunfaidh a bhríadach san cù san eac san
rúan

Le toil a'f cùmacht nísh na n-Íarla.

Ní'l físeandóirí láun na bhléireach ná ghléarfaoi aonáig a lae

Náid mbionn ag riocáid bheus ari ngsdair,

A mbioibhla ari bárr a mear, ag dearfhuigaidh 'r gan éiteas,

Aict iocfaidh ríad i ndeirfe cùire.

Fearr san ríabhairc san leigean a minisear òaois an ríseul,

Raifteiridh o'éirt le ari' duibhlaibh,

[TS] Audeir go fhlaitheas Dóe náid ríadair nead go n-eus

Bheirdear ag plé le teabharlaibh luitéir.

* = An focal béalra "scheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

* The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

† Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

MALLUGAÐ AN ÓDEIR AR SACSANAIDH

(Leir an "nGéagán Star.")

Δ Óia gur goimhre
An uair 'r an lá
Δ bheicfimhre Sacfana
leasta ari láir!

Δ Óia gur goimhre
An lá 'gur an uair;
Δ bheicfimhre i
A'g a croidhe-re go fuair.

Go fuair a'r go cíarca;
'S i cíaróidte san bhíos;
San cois ann a láimh
San cois ann a croidhe;

Bainríosdáin b'i innici;
Bainríosdáin san bhrón;
Acht bainfimhre thí-re
Go róill a cíodún:

Óeird an bainríosdáin áluinn
Go cíaróidte a'r go túnadh;
Óir geobaird ri cíctiuigáð
An lá rín, a'r luac;

Luac na folá
Do thóirig ri 'na rrut;
Fuil na bfeair bán
Aghur ful na bfeair tuis;

Luac na gceoilte rín
Do bhríg ri go tuis;
Croidhe b'i bán
Aghur croidhe b'i tuis;

Luac na gcnáim
Tá o'á mbánuigáð anois;
Cnáma na mBán
Aghur cnáma na nDubs;

Luac an oscailair
Cuirí ri ari bonn,
Luac na bfeabhras
Sgaoil ri te fionn;

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY.)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintrealaed
 O'fág rí gan fír,
 Luac na ngairgeáed
 Cuirí rí ari bior.

Luac na noidleacta
 O'fág rí fá érlaibh,
 Luac na noidbritead
 Caití rí ari fán.

Luac na n-Indianach
 (Tlumach a gceár),
 Luac na n-Áiríiceach
 Cuirí rí cum báis:

Luac na n-Eireannach
 Ceáir rí ari chroír,
 Luac gáe cinnid
 O'á ndearntaibh rí fáisíor:

Luac na milliún
 Do lúb rí 'r do bhrú;
 Luac na milliún
 Fá ocrúr aonair:

A Tísearphna go dtuitíodh
 Ári mullaet a cinn
 Mallact na n Daoine
 Do tuit le n-a linne

Mallaet na ghuairiac
 A'f mallaet na mbeag,
 Mallaet na n-anbháinn,
 A'f mallaet na lag.

M eirteann an Tísearphna
 Le mallaet na móir,
 Acht eirtfir Sé corcde
 Le oifne faoi ñeoíri.

Eirtfir Sé corcde
 Le caoineadó na mbocht,
 'S tá caointe na míltib
 O'á rgaoleadó aonach.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong.
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éiríodcaidh na caointe
 Só Nia, tá fuaif,
Ní fada go rriofrith
 Sac mallaist a cluair.

Néid cùmhaist, an lá rii
 Ag sac uile ñeoir
Long-cosair do báistí
 'S an ñraiprisge móil:

Aghur cuitfir, mar mallaist,
 Só triom ari an luach
Ó'fág Alfric 'na fáras
 A'g ñórlaisg so bocht.

CUMA CROÍDE CAILÍN:

Donnchaidh ua Daraigín n'aistíri, i' tadhg ua Donnchadhao do chuir ríor.

A Ñóimhnaill Óis, má téidíri tar éis fairsingse
 Neiri mé féin leat, i'p na d'éin do ñealmaid,
I'p néid agat féinín lá aonairg i'p marraigair,
 I'p inisean Rioch Ñíreisge mar céile leapta agat.

Má téidíri-re anonn tá comartá agam oírt;
Tá cùl rionn agur thá fúil ghlára agat
Óa cocán deas i'p cùl buithe bacallac,
 Mar ñealbheal-na-bhó nô ríor i ngearraithe:

I'p d'éideanaidh ariéir do labhair an gádhair oírt;
Do labhair an naoraidh 'rá' círraiéis doimhín oírt;
I'p tu i'p "caogaide aonair" ari fud na scoilte;
'S go labhair gán céile go hírat do ñraigair me:

Do gheallair ñamh-rá, agur ó'innri ríreás ñam;
Só mbeiteáil riomh-rá ag cíob na gcaoraid;
Do leigear fead agur trí céad glaobhadh cussat,
'S ní ñfuair an acht uan a' méilidh.

Do gheallair ñamh-rá, ní ba ñeascair ñuit,
Loingeas diri fá cíann-geoil airtisidh;
Óa ñaile ñeasg do ñailtibh marraigair;
I'p cúnicht ñreádach aoláda coir taoibh na fairsingse.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1907.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it ; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you ; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods ; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked ; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast ; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dám-ra, ní nár b'fhéidir,
 So dtiubhréad láimhinn do chroicean éirig dám;
 So dtiubhréad bhródha do chroicean éan dám;
 Ír cuiltear do'n tríoda ba údoríre i nÉirinn.

A Domhnail Óig, b'fearrí óuit mire agat
 Ná bean uafar, uaiubhréad iomaircach;
 Do chruadhfaidh bó agus r do gheanainn cuigean óuit;
 Ír, tá mbaodh chruaist é, do buailfínn buille leat.

Oé, oédon, agus ní le nosraif,
 Uairearba bíodh, thíse, ná coitlata,
 Fá ndearrí óamhra thaitéanairde tuiscealda;
 Acht ghláth fír óig ír é bheoirí go follur me!

Ír mo ch air maidin do chonnac-ra an t-óisféar
 Áir tuin éapailí ag gábháil an bódair;
 Níor ómuriadh r é liom ír níor éuir r é ghrádó oírim;
 'S ait mo éagaird abhairle óam' r eaóth do ghealtear mo bódair:

Nuaipr téirdim-re féin go Tobar an Uaisnír,
 Suiridim ríor ag déanamh buadairte,
 Nuaipr cím an raoisgal ír ná feicim mo buadair;
 So ríabhsáil an ómaipr i mbairr a ghuadáin,

Síúd é an Domhnac do tuisgeart ghláth óuit,
 An Domhnac síreád riomh Domhnac Cárga;
 Ír mire ari mo ghlúinibh a' leiséalaí na páirfe,
 'S eaóth bí mo óá fíil a ríor-éabairt an ghlád' óuit:

Ó! aithé, a máláirín, taibhír mé féin do,
 Ír taibhír a bhfuil agat do'n traoisgal go leir do;
 Éirig féin ag iarrfáidh déirice,
 Agus ná gáibh ríar ná amair im' éileamh:

Dubairt mo máláirín liom gáin labhairt leat
 Inniu ná i mbáirfeadh ná Dia Domhnais,
 Ír oile an t-áráid do tuis rí rogha dám,
 'S é "dúnaidh an doiríre é tar éir na foistla."

Tá mo chriodh-re comh dusb le hainne,
 Níl le gual dusb a bheadh i gceártuáin,
 Níl le bonn bhróise bheadh ari halláibh bána;
 'S gur deimír lionn dusb óiom op ciorn mó fíláinte:

Dó bainír riorth óiom, ír do bainír riorth óiom,
 Do bainír riomh, ír do bainír im' óílair óiom,
 Do bainír Gealaí, ír do bainír Grian óiom,
 'S ír níos-mór m'eadla gur bainír Dia óiom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or tomorrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

BÁN-CNOIC ÉIREANN OS:

(Le Dónncaidh Mac Conmara.)

Deirí beannacht óm' ériodh go tír na h-Éireann;
 Bán-cnoic Éireann ós!
 Cum a mairpeann de fiolraí iñ a' r Éibhlír,
 Ari bán-cnoic Éireann ós.
 An áit úd 'nár b'aolbinn binn-súc éan,
 Mar fáim-éruait caoin ag caoineadh Sáoráil;
 'Sé mo cár a bhíte mile mile i gceín,
 O bán-cnoic Éireann ós.

Diréann bárra bog rílim ari caoin-cnoic Éireann;
 Bán-cnoic Éireann ós!
 'S ír feadra ná 'n tír ro thír gac pleibhe ann;
 Bán-cnoic Éireann ós!
 Dob éir a coillte 'r ba díreac péist,
 'S a mbliat mair aol ari maoilinn geus;
 Tá ghlád ag mo ériodh i m'intinn péin
 Do bán-cnoic Éireann ós:

Tá gárra liomhá i dtír na h-Éireann,
 Bán-cnoic Éireann ós!
 A' r feadaráidh ghoirdhe ná claoíofreasó ceurta
 Ari bán-cnoic Éireann ós!
 M' faduairír ériodh 'r mo cuijmne rgeul,
 Isd ag Gallaróis riord fá gheim, mo leun!
 'S a mbailte d'á poinn fá ciort go daor,
 Bán-cnoic Éireann ós!

Iñ fairsing 'r ír mór iad cnuasa na h-Éireann;
 Bán-cnoic Éireann ós!
 A gcuirte meala 'sur uacáir a' gluaireasct 'na rlaora;
 Ari bán-cnoic Éireann ós.
 Raclaró mé ari cuairt no ír luac mo fadóir,
 Do'n talamh beag fuaire rin ír dual do Sáoráil!
 'S go mb'feadará liom 'ná dualair dá uairleasct e
 Béit ari bán-cnoic Éireann ós.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(BY DONCADH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air : "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land !
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O .

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
 The love of my heart !—O my very soul's delight !
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
 Fair Hills of Erié O !
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
 The Fair Hills of Erié O !

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O !
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O !

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Aeneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Seairpeann an dhuine ari ghearr fíear ann,
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann ós;
 Agur taiscorth rím uibla cumhra ari ghearsaibh ann;
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann ós.
 Úisí ar agur ramha i ngleannntaibh ceo
 'S na ríota' rím tráthra a' labhairt ari neoir;
 A'r uirge na Siúilte a' bhrúct 'na ríóis,
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann ós.

If orgailete páinteas an áit rím Éire,
 Bán-énoic Éireann ós!
 Agur toradh na ríáin te a mbárr na téirfe;
 A mbán-énoic Éireann ós.
 Ba binne 'ná meuria ari téadraibh ceoil,
 Seinnm 'gur gheimreadh a laos' 'r a mbó,
 Agur taiscneamh na ghléine oifte aorua 'r ós
 Ári Bán-énoic Éireann ós.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADHNA:

(Coif na teineadó: Péig, Nóra, Slobhnaidh, Sile Beag, Cáit ní Ó hUaodhalla).

Nóra: A Péig, innír rgeul d'úinn:

Péig. B'ait liom rín! Innír féin rgeul:

Slobh. Ni'l aon mairt inní, a Péig; b'feadarri linn do rgeul-fa:

Sile. Dénim, a Péig; beirfimid ana-roscair.

Péig. Ná mairt nár fanaír roscair ariéir, 'nuairi b' "Maithla na n-Oict gCór" agam dá innírint!

Sile. Marí rín ní rtaorfað Cáit ní Ó hUaodhalla ac am' phriocadh:

Cáit. Thugair d'éiteadó! Ní raibh ar-fa aod' phriocadh, a caillteán!

Slobh. Ná bac i féin, a Cáit; ní raibh aoinne' dá phriocadh ac i d'á leisint uiribh.

Sile. Do b'í, airtíon; agur tuma mbeirdeadh go raibh, ní liuiseáil.

Nóra. Abair le Péig ná liuiseáil anoir, a Shile, ag innéadharadh ri rgeul d'úinn.

Sile. Ní liuiseáil, a Péig, ré tuid imteocaird oírmh.

Péig. Már ead, ruisg annró am' aice, i dtreo ná feudharadh aoinne' éan phriocadh gan fiosr dom.

Cáit. Buidheadh geall go bpríocaird an cat i. A choice b'is, buidheadh rgeul bpeasg agairn, tuma mbeirdeadh tú féin ag do chuid liuiseáilse.

Slobh. Eirt, a Cháit, no cuipearrí ag gual i, ag beirfimid gan rgeul: Má cuiprearr feairg ari Péig, ní innéadharadh ri aon ;geul anoir; Seadhna anoir, a Péig, tá gac aoinne' cuiuin, ag bhrat ari rgeul uait.

Péig. B'í feair ann fad ó, ag é ainn do b'í aip, Seadhna; ag shpeurairde b'ead é; b'í tis bpeasg dear clútmair aige, ag bun cuiuc, ari taoibh na foitine; b'í cataoirí fúgsán aige do thíos r'f éin do féin, ag ba gnáit leir fuithe inní um tráchtóna, 'nuairi buidheadh obair an lae chlúioenúigthe; ag 'nuairi fuitheadh r'f inní, buidheadh r'f ari a fártacht. B'í mealbhós mine aige, ari criocheadh i n-áise na teineadó; ag anoiri ari cuiprearr r'f a láim inní, ag tógaadh r'f láin a tháinig de'n min, ag buidheadh d'á cogaint ari a fuaimeanear. B'í chéann uball ag fáir ari an taoibh amuic de bhorúr aige, ag 'nuairi buidheadh taist aip, ó bheit ag cogaint na mine, cuiprearr r'f láin 'fá chéann fion, ag tógaadh r'f ceann de 'rna h-uibhláib, ag t'íceadh r'f é—

Sile. O a Thiarnais! a Péig, nár théar é!

Péig. Cíaco, an cataoirí, nó an min, nó an t-uball, ba théar?

Sile. An t-uball, gan amhrur!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

**(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)**

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling “The dog with the eight legs.”

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

Gob.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

Gob.—Whist! Kafé, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. B'fearr liom-rá an min; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-oíchear de Ódine.

Σοβ. οὐκέτι ιιον-τα ἀν σαταοιρ; η ειρηφιν ρεσ 1 η-α ριιθε
ιιητι, αις ιιηριητη να ριιευτ.

Þeſ. If maiſt cūm plāmair tū, a ſobnuit.

Sob. Ir feapp cum na rseut turfa, a phes. Cionnur d'imiris te Seanda?

Pes. Lá d' aibh ré ag déanamh bhrós, tuis re fé ndeara ná
aibh a tuille leatáir aige, ná a tuille gnáite, ná a tuille céimeas.
Bí an taoibhín déirdeanaí fuaor, ag an gneim déirdeanaí cuita; ag
niorb fúiláip do uil ag aibh do fóiláip rul a bfeudfaoi ré a
tuille bhrós do déanamh.

Do ghluaír sé ar maidin, agus b'fhéidir é n-a phósca, agus ní raibh sé aict mille ó'n dtig 'nuair b'fuair duine bocht uime, agus iarrfaidh sé aige. "Tábhair óomh déiric ar fion an tSlánuis Ceoip, agus le h-anmannaibh do mór, agus tápi céann do fhláinte," aifir an duine bocht. Thusg Seadhna rbbing do, agus annraír ní raibh aige aict óa rbbing. Duibhírt sé leir féin go mbféidir sé go nteanfaradh an óa rbbing a gnó.

Ní baibh ré acht mile eile ó baile 'nuairí bhuail bean bocht uime, ḡ i cor-nochtuitigéete. "Taibhír òom consnáth éigin," aip ríri, "aip ron an tSlánuisceora, ḡ le h-anmannaiḃ do mhaibh, ḡ tap céann do fhláinte." Do ghlac truaighe vī é, ḡ tuisg ré fhillings vī, ḡ d'iomáin ré leir, a bhí aon fhillings amháin ann roin aige, acht do chuirfeadh aip a cumur a gnó a théanamh. Niopb fada gur capaibh aip leanbh ḡ é agus gur le ruácht ḡ le h-oípar. "Aip ron an tSlánuisceora," aipr an leanbh, "taibhír òom juid éigin le n-íte." Bhitis órta i ngar dóibh, ḡ do chuaradh Seadhna iarrteach ann, ḡ céannuiseadh ré bhríc aipáin ḡ tuisg ré cum an leanbh é. 'Nuairí ruairí an leanbh an t-áitriúis a théalbh; d'fhar ré ruairí i n-áitriúis, ḡ do lár rolar iongantae 'n-a fúilidh ḡ 'n-a céanaċaibh, i dtíeo go dtáiniceadh annaibh aip Sheadhna.

Sile. Tia linn! a Þeß, if vóða suni tuit Seðna boðt i luigé.

Peig. Níor éuit; aét mór eadó, ba dícheall do. Chom luat agur d'feud ré labairt, dubairt ré: "Cao é an rathar duine éura?" Agur ír é freagairt fuaipi ré: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia buirdéac Óiot. Aingeal ireasó mire. Ír mé an tríomhaid n-aingeal gur éusair déifeic do aonuair ari ron an tSlánuigtheora, gan aonair tá trí gúirde agat le fágáil ó Dia na glóipe. Iarrap ari Dia aon trí gúirde ír toil leat, agus é seo bair iad; aét tá aon comaire pleamáin agamfa le tabairt duit,—ná dea-mhuid an Tróscáire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna give him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“ Agur an ndeirír liom go Úrfaisead mo ghiúdhe ? ” aírra Seadna. “ Deirim, gan amhrar,” aírr’ an t-aingeal. “ Tá go mait,” aírra Seadna, “ tá cataoip beag dear fúgsán agam ’ra baile, é an uile Óailtín a tagann ar teac, ní fuláip leir furiúdhe innte. An ceud duine eile a furiúdhe innte, aict mé féin, go sceanglaird ré innte ! ” “ Faire, faire ! a Sheadna,” aírr’ an t-aingeal; “ rin ghiúdhe bheas imtigthe gan taipé. Tá óa ceann eile agat, é ná Óeapáinid an Trócaire.” “ Tá,” aírra Seadna, “ mealbóisín mine agam ’ra baile, é an uile Óailtín a tagann ar teac, ní fuláip leir a dorún a phácaidh innte. An ceud duine eile a chuirfidh láim ’ra mealbóis réin, aict mé féin, go sceanglaird ré innte,—fucú ! ” “ O a Sheadna, a Sheadna, níl fars agat ! ” aírr’ an t-aingeal. “ Níl agat aonair aict aon ghiúdhe amáin eile. Is aírr Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “ O, ír riúit úuit,” aírra Seadna, “ ba óbairt dom é Óeapáinid. Tá éann beag uball agam i leat-taoibh mo doruair, é an uile Óailtín a tagann an tréo, ní fuláip leir a láim do éirí i n-áiríde é uball do ríataidh é do bheirt leir. An ceud duine eile aict mé féin, a chuirfidh a láim ’ra éann roin, go sceanglaird ré ann—O ! a Óaime ! ” aírr reifearan, agus rísalteadh aírr gáidhle, “ nád agam a bheidh an ríordh oírra ! ”

“ Nuair tainig ré ar na trítheidiúibh, d’fheuc ré ruair éibh an t-aingeal imtigthe. Óein ré a máetnam aír féin aír feadó tamall mait, llré Óeipeadach riapí tall, dubairt ré leir féin: “ Feuc aonair, níl aon amadán i n-Éirinn ír mó ioná mé ! Tá mbeirdeadh tríne ceangailte agam um an dtaca ro, duine ’ra’ cataoip, duine ’ra’ mealbóis, é duine ’ra’ éann, caid é an mait do Óeánfar ran domra é mé i bprad ó baile, gan biaid, gan deoc, gan aig sead ? ” Ní túirge éibh an méid rin cainte pároide aige ná tu, ré fe neapá ór a cónmaír amach, ’ran áit a riab é an t-aingeal-feapí fada caol duibh, é ag glinneamhaint aír, é teine círeaga ag teast aír a óa fúil ’n-a rípreacáidh nimhe. Éibh óa aðairc aír mar beirdeadh aír pocán ghabair, é meigioll fada liat-sorom gairb aír, eirboll mar beirdeadh aír madaidh riab, é crub aír coir leir mar crub tairb. Do leat a buil é a óa fúil aír Sheadna, é do ríad a caint. I gceann tamall do labhair an feapí duibh. “ A Sheadna,” aírr reifearan, “ ní gád úuit aon eagla do bheit opt ríomh-amhrá; nílim aír tí do Óioigbála. Ba mian liom taipé éigin do Óeánamh úuit, óa nglacta mo cónmaíre. Do cloífeap t’u, aonair beag, óa riad go labhair gan biaid, gan deoc, gan aigsead. Tíubh-páinn-re aigsead do óróchain úuit aír aon coinighioll beag amáin.” “ Agur ghearradh tré lári do rísalte ! ” aírra Seadna, é tainig a caint do; “ ná feudrá an méid rin do riad gan duine do milleadh leó’ curo glinneamhna, pé n-é tú féin ? ” “ Ír cuma úuit cia n-é mé, aict beurffad an oípead aigisidh úuit aonair agur ceannócasadh

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oifreao leatáir agus é coimeádófarai ó ag obair tús go ceann trí mblianaidin ndeas, ar an gcoingisíoll ro-gó dtiobearai liom an uairiín?"

" Agus mór mór píotrigim leat, cá maigheoiri an uairiín?" " Cá beag duit an ceirt rín do chur, 'nuairí beir ó an leatair iorúste ñ beiróniú ag gcuairtearéad?" " Táirí gseupcúireac—biond agat, feic-eam an t-airgead." " Táirí-re gseupcúireac, feuc!" Do churí an fearr duib a láim 'n-a phóca, ñ tarrainng ré amach gráfarán mór, ñ ar an gráfarán do leis ré amach ar a bairí capn beag d'óir bheagdhuiríde.

" Feuc!" ar reirean; ñ rín ré a láim ñ churí ré an capn de phiorainb gleioríte gléineamhla fé fúilis Sheadna bhioc. Do rín Seadna a thá láim, ñ do leataudair a thá laighair cùm an óir. " So píotró!" aifír' an fearr duib, ag tarrainngt an óir chuirge airtéad; " níl an margaod déanta fóir." " Biond 'n-a margaod!" aifír Seadna.

" San teip?" aifír' an fearr duib. " San teip," aifíra Seadna. " Dári bhris na mionn?" aifír' an fearr duib. " Dári bhris na mionn," aifíra Seadna.

[An oirdéan na thiais rín.]

Nóra. Sead!—a phes—támaoiri annro—ápir—tá raochar oírt—bior ag nit—ní eadla oírt—go mbeirdead ón rdeul ar riubhal riomham, ñ go mbeirdead cuij de caille te agam.

Pes. Am' bhríatáir go bpranfamaoir leat, a Nóra, a laois: níl 1 bhrad ó láimis gobhuit.

Gob. Mar rín do bí cuigíon agam thá óeunam, ñ b'éigín domhíra duil riap leir an im go bheul an Shearla, ñ 'nuairí bior ag teacáit a baile an comháir, do tuit an oirdéan oírt, ñ seallaim duit gur bainead pheab aram. Bior ag cuimhniusadh ar Seadna ñ ar an óir ñ ari an bhearp nduib, ñ ari na gráfaránach bí ag teacáit ar a fúilis, ñ mé ag nit ful a mbeirdeann déitheanaid, 'nuair tógaí mo cheann ñ cas do cípinn aict an ríod 'n-a pháram ar m' agairiú amach

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "You are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again. There's a *saothar* on me. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Tóllán! ëri an gceud aithris dá dtuigear air, do thiubhainn an leabhar go mairt aithris air!

Πόρα. Α διαμαίρε, α Σοβνιτ, είρτ νο θευτ, γ νά δι τάρ μποδ-
ραδ λεω' Σολλάναις γ λεω' αθαρισαις. Αθαρισαις αρι αν ηΣολλάν!
φευς αιρητιν!

Σοβ. Β' είσιν, τὰ μειότεα φέν δην, συρι βεας αν ρον μαγαιδ
το νειότεαθ οφτ.

Sile. Peuc' anoir ! cia atá as cors an rgeil ? b'érdirí go
Gcuimpeadaí Cáit Ni Ó Nuadalla oírmha é.

Cáit. Ní énigfis, a Sile. Táirg aod' éailín maitiú aonach, agus tá
an-áeson agam oifig. Mo spáis i rin! Mo spáis am' eipioide
iarras i!

Sile. Σαδ όσο τίμεας! παν όσο μπεισ φεατς ορτ! η υ'εισιρη να
δεαπά “ Μο σχάδι i ριν ! ”

Uigra. Seo, reo! r̄tadair, a éailíníde. Míre γ mo gollán fa
nneáir an obair reo. Cait uait an r̄toca roin, a ðeis, γ r̄gaoil
éuðainn an r̄geul. An ńfuaip Seaðna an r̄raráin? Ir iomða
duine b̄i i mióet r̄raráin o'ragáil γ naé ńfuaip.

Peig. Cóm luat ḫ duibhait Seadhna an focal, “dár bhíodh na mionn!” do támuis achrúisadh ghné aip an bhearach nuaibh. Do nocht ré a fiacla fíor ḫ truaif, ḫ i� iad do bhrí go dtúinte aip a céile. Táinig róirid eprónáin aip a bheul, ḫ do cheir aip Seadhna a ñeunaíam amach cia ’eo ag gáilíorthé bhrí ré ní ag tóráintuiseadh. Aict ‘nuairí d’fheic ré tuairiú an dá fhuil air, ba ñdóibh go dtiucraidh an ríghannaíocht ceudna air a támuis air i dtorac. Do érisg ré go maic na cí ag gáilíorthé bhrí an violínúineadaí. Ní feacaith ré riathair poimé rin aon dá fhuil ba meara ’ná iad, aon feacaint ba mall-uirgeadh ’ná an feacaint do bhrí aco, aon cláir euidain cóm dár, cóm troscaidíseanta leir an gcláir euidain do bhrí ór a gcionn. Niop labhair ré, ḫ do n’r’ ré a thíosa i gcan a leigint air gur érisg ré pídearla an tóráintuiseadh. Le n-a linn rin, do leig an fear duibh an t-óir amach aipis aip a bheir, ḫ do cónmaíriúim.

"Seo!" aip reifearan, "a Sheadna. Sin céad punt agat aip an sceud resilius tuigair uait indiu. An bfuilis volta?"

"Ír móí an Óreir i!" appa Seána. "Bao éoir go bhfuilim."

“ Σοὶ νό ευερδίη,” αἱρ’ ἀν τεαρ τοῦ, “ ἀν ὑψιλήν τίοτα; ”
τὸ δευτερικόν τὸ ὑπορθούσιν αἱ ἀν ηραντυσάδ.

"Ó! táim violta, táim violta!" apha Seánna, "so páis mait agat-raf."

"Seo ! má 'readó," ari reifearan. "Sin céad eile agat ari an
dára rífilling tuiscair uait inbui."

"Sin i an r̄gillings t̄ugář do'n m̄naoi a b̄í corf-noctuigče."²²

"Sin i an r̄gillings t̄usair do'n mnaoi uafail ceudana."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan!* On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan!* Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank *you!*"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

"Má ba bean uafal i, cao do bheir coif-nochtuitse i, agus cao do bheir tó mo gillinge do bheis uaim-re, agus gan agam acht gillinge eile i n-a thiaró?"

"Má ba bean uafal i! Dá mbeirdeadh a fhios agat! Sin i an bean uafal do mill mire!"

Le linn na bfoical fain do phád ó, do táinig cmit eor agus láim air, do phád an dhranntán, do lúis a ceann riapair ari a mhíneál, d'fheic ré rúar inír a' tréip, táinig dhuisce bair air agus clodh cuirpp air a ceannacháin.

'Nuair sonnáic Seadna an iomráil lí rím, táinig iongradaí a chroíde air:

"Ní fuláir," ari eirgean, go neamhghairdeach, "nó ní hē seo an céad uair agat ag ailleachtain teadct éalairí riúid:

Do léim an feair duib. Do buail ré buille dá érlaib ari an dtalamh, i dtreo guri émit an fóid do b'f éoir Seadna.

"Cionnphád oifte!" ari eirgean. "Éift do bheul no bairfear é!"

"Ghabaim páirtaún agat, a dhúine uafail!" ari Seadna, go mordamhail, "ceapar go mb' éidír guri bhráon beag do b'f ólta agat, a' phád 'r guri éisgair céad punt mar malairt ari gillinge dham."

"Cionnpháinn—ag feadct gcead dá dtiocfaidh liom baint ó'n dtairbhe do rím' an gillinge céadona, acht 'nuair éisgair uait i ari son an tSlánuigtheoirí, ní féidir a tarbhe do lot éiríte."

"Agur," ari Seadna, "cao i fágáin an mait do lot? Ná fuil ré comh mait agad tarbhe na gillinge úd d'fágáin mar tá ré?"

"Tá an iomad cainte agat—an iomad ari faid. Duibhfeart leat do bheul d' éiríteacht. Seo! rím é an gprában ari faid agat," ari' an feair duib.

"Ní héríodh, a dhúine uafail," ari Seadna, "ná berdeadh daorainn na haimrithe ann. Iar iomáda lá i dtírí bláthanaibh déag. Iar iomáda bhrós berdeadh deanta ag dhúine i gcaitheamh an méri rím aimpriú, agus iar iomáda cuma i n-a n-oifreath gillinge do."

"Ná biodh ceirt oifte," ari' an feair duib, ag curi gmuta gáilpe air. "Cionnpháinn ari comh gseup i n-éirinn agus iar mait leat é. Beirbh ré comh teann an lá déirídeanaíoch agus iar rím amach." Ní bhíodh gnotha agat de ari fain amach."

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ver."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR DIA A ÓUIDEACAS.”

“Do tairisigh Diaimhíod a óuiridín ónnn ar a phoca, agus é do fín eisise i, agus iméidigh agus do chuaidh reifearan annaigh go meastálaíodh teineadh do bhrí ariú dhaill na trágha, beirfeadhar ar mheastán airgead agus róna, róna eile i go tréan tuisceachtaidh; acht ná tréine aonál agus é do tuisceachtaidh, ní raibh maithe do ann; róna eile ariú agus eile níor tréine, níor tuisceachtaidh, níor teafuridh ná ceana, acht do bhrí a ghnó ‘n-a fáradh ariú, mar do bhrí an teafur ion éad agus an rppréis. Beirfeadhar ar rppréis eile agus róna eile go feairgadh fuinneamhail píoscmáir, agus a fúnile ariú òearglaíodh, agus róna eile aonál comhstairgthe rinne go mbádair i measc a bpléartha: ‘Dob’ fánaid do a róna eile amháin. Beirfeadhar ar an rppréis agus caittear isteach i gcoimhleathan an chuidin i, agus róna, “‘So róna mór aonál amháin agus é do tónfadaidh na mairbh ar a n-uaigisibh. Éiríigidh uile—ar mór a’r náidh ariú i n-a gearramh tóibh—agus tagairt i n-a tíméioll, agus lúbaílnais le leathan-gáilte agus róna eile agus róna eile, agus mar roinnt doibh riaport róna go neartball tíméioll, an bheag agus an móir, agus t-éis agus t-aorfa; agus róna agus róna eile iad, ar an éanáin agus nádúill, agus tóna le teinidh agus róna do chuir ariú i níos déanaí, agus é riaport oifig, do bhris gur riaport teoibh ariú i gmeascáidh tóibh beag náid o lúib laethair.

“Atá teine im’ rppréis-re,” arra neacáil éiginn.

“Séiro leat a buacaill!” arra Domhnall. “Cá bhfuil tú?—róna leat go dtagairt éigint.”

“Do líom ré de lúit-phreis agus taimic i n-a aice—“Séiro! róna, agus diaibail!” ar feirion, “agus ná leis an gmeascáidh ion eus—róna!—ar do bhrí róna!”

“Do líos ag buacaill róna eile agus tóibh de’i tréideadh:

“Tairbeáin oifig, agus diaibail!” ar feirion.

“Do líos ag buacaill ar bhríid gáilte; beirfeadhar róna ar an rppréis, le amplaodh agus éan gáil, tónfadar a órróis agus caittear ar rppréis uadó tairbeáint. Luit ri ariú an mbáin; níos déanaí ri amháist. Cuipeadhar a órróis i n-a béal le cois na piopa.

“Tairisigh! tairisigh aonair!” arra áillteoirí éiginn i n-a mearsc:

“Do bhrí ré ariú buile,—beirfeadhar ar an rppréis le n-a láimh clé,

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

γέιδεαρ σοῦν ηαιρτίννεας ροιν ἵ την πρηέας τί. Σέιδεαρ αρίρ γειτιαρ πμεαδάτο τούν τεαριγ-λαραιρ ιπτεας 1 η-α υέτ, μαρι το βίν δυριλλας α λεαταθ, γε οδόςαρ ε λαίτρεας. Το σον-
ζαΐθ ρέ δηρειν αρι αν πρηέις άμ, γε θηνόςαρ αν λαραιρ τιορ 1 πθέατ
ηα πιορα γε ταρραιγεαρ, ταρραιγεαρ, ταρραιγεαρ, αρι ζυμα σην
ζεάρη δο ραιθ τεατας ας έηιησε δο δορη σλόρημαρ η-α πλαμαιρ
ειριθ ορι ειονν α ζίν.

Ανηραν το βίν ρέ αρι α τοιτ: Το ζηιτο να θαοινε δο λειρ ας
θηριτηνιγδαθ αρι αν πηρι ας λυαργαθ ορι α γεόμαιρ, γε ε ας τεαέτ
ιπτεας δο μεαρι. Το βίν Τομηναλι ας ζηιτοαθ α πιορα γε ζαν αον
θυινε ας ευρι εηιησε να υαιρ. Νιορ θ' ξαρα σην έηιησ πταιτο τα
πιορα δηλαέτ, το ταρραιτ ρέ 1 θαρη πνοίσ αρι ζηάμ α ζιέτι, αέτ
νιορ θ' ξιν θηιτ πευέαιτ αρι αν ηγαλ θεας θάιρ το βίν ας τεαέτ
αμας αιρτι. Ανηραν το ευρι ρέ πηιρυγαλ αρι φέιν, ιρ ηοιθεας
να'ρι ζελαγαιτ α θεαλ ιοέταιρ θά θεαλ ιαέταιρ τε τοιτ ταρραιγετε
αέτ νι ραιθ θηνός 1 η-α ζηνο.

“**Ραγδαθ ζηινε εηιησιν πειτεοιρι θομ—αρι ρον Θέ ραγδαθ!**” αρι
τειριον, γε το ληις ρέ νιορ θηιτηνιγδε αρι αν ταρραις; 1 η-αγαιθ
θειτ ας θαιτ αν τραλαέαρι αρ ποιι να πιορα, ιρ αηλαιθ βίν ρέ ας
α ζαιγητηνιγδαθ ανη—ζαν κοινε λειρ ζαν αιηρεαρ. Ραοι ζειρ-
ιού, θηαιρ το ηυαιρ ρέ αν ηεαν πηαρτα λε η-α ηαοταρ, γε δο ραιθ
ας θηλ θε, θά ζηέπει ληις ρέ εηιησε, το τόσ ρέ αν ζηιτο αρ α
θεαλ, γε δο ζλαιοιθ δο ηαιρτίννεας αρ θηινε εηιησιν, πειτεοιρι θ' ηαγ-
δαιλ το. Ζηιτησ τηιηηρ νό θεαέραρ τε θηασαιιηιθ δο ηηις
ράηιης το βίν λαν τε ζηάιτηνιηιθ, αέτ το βίν ρέ πτεανης θαιτ ηαιθ-
ραη. Ζ' ηαν τειριον ας ηειτιοη ορηα δο ηηιοφαιτοιρ ζαρ η-αιρ,
ανοιρ ας ευρι να πιορα ιον α θεαλ, γε αρίρ ας α θαιτ αρ, γε αρίρ
ειτε ας ηαταθ α ληιτοη αιρ πά ζεανν θαμαι—ηυαιρ ρέ ηροθ ειηθεαρας
ηεαμαιρ, γε το ηαταιης 1 ζερο να πιορα ε δο ταραιθ. Ανηραν ζηη
ρέ πηηα ηαοι η-α ταρραις, αέτ ζ' ηαν αν ηροθ θαιρ α βίν, γε ηι ζορρ-
θεαθ αρ α ληηηραέαιθ. Το ζηέαιι ηέ αη αθ-ηαιρ, αέτ θ' έ αν
ηηεαλ ζεαθηα ε. 1 ηηειριοη πτηατα θο, θηηη αν τραίτην δο
θαιηηε αιρ, ιητησ 1 ζερο να πιορα. Το λειμ ρέ 1 η-α ζαοιρ θηιτε
ζαρ ζηοιθε, ηι ραιθ ηηας (=ηηαλας) να ποιηνε αιηε, γε το ζαιτ
αν ζηιτο ηαο α ηηέαηι αμας ανηραν ηηηη ηοηη. Ηι ραιθ ηεαη
αρ αοννεας λε ηεαηα θηηηηη, μαρι το βίν τοζα αν εολαιρ ααα δο
λειρ αρ Τομηναλ, γε ηαο ε αν πηηαρ θ' έαθ ε, θηαιρ το θειθεαθ
ρέ αμηηης λειρ φέιν. Ζ' ηαν να θαοινε δο λειρ 1 η-α ηηηηη δο.

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

“Let someone get a ‘cleaner’ for me—for God’s sake, let him!” says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a ‘cleaner.’ Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broko *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann gearlait, agus ari an bhealaeth ro bhí an túir ag tóiruidim leis an dtíráidigh go bog ríte. Táinig aon tonn amhlaidh, i ndeireadh oíche na ndála, do lion an cuan ruairí go baic le túní agus fadó deaip. Do phreab Domhnall i n-a choilse-feargáin agus é caité é féin ari a ghrúga annaír ari éagán do'n túir agus é a réitíos le fhuinne, ‘nuairí reo iarrteas tónn eile, do éanáid lea'rtuair te agus tuil ro fheirdhriúin cuimhneamh ari aon-níos (aict ari an túní) do gcuab ari leí amach é iarrí fuit fealaeth. Do bhí agus é a ghréasadh ar an tairbher deaibh ari aonan’—níos nár b'iongnáodh—náil bhríuntar a chailleáin eigin do fadaorat:

“Cuirimír iarrhai ari téirdh ruairí go tig Óiarnuaidh Léit,” aifreann Ríarai phaoir.

“Úuitheasáir re báitche tuil a ghróiseáidh leatfhlíse ruairí,” aifreann Ríarai phaoir.

“Cuirí an phaicín amach agus b'feudo go ngréamhócadh rí e,” aifreann Mícheál óg.

Le n-a linn rinne do linnis an báitcheasán agus do ghlaoiúch i n-áiríte a cinn ‘ra ghnáth a iarrhai cásair, agus pád, “Ari ron Dé agus raoir mé! raoir mé! a Óaoinne, raoir mé! ó a Óia, táim báitche! raoir mé, raoir mé órá!”. Níor gcaobh rí do bhítear ag callainiocht marí rinne, marí do bhi uachtarach marí aige.

“Raigeadh agus gnáthar ari amach éinig,” aifreann Óiarnuaidh Mac Amhlaidh.

“Ná teisíniú,” aifreann na Óaoinne go leir i n-aon bhéal.

“Raigeadh,” ari reiřion. “Ní úuitheasáir a chuireadh ag feudaithe ari an níos mó amuisí, agus fágáil báitir ari a gcomáir.”

Rug Mícheál Meata ruairí ari bhróillach a leáineadh agus tuisdiúirt, “Maire, go deimhní ní raigeadh, i fada ruairí go gcuimhneóidh ari tú niosgáint amach éinig.”

“Bog viom,” aifreann Óiarnuaidh, “bog do ghléim viom.”

“Ní bogfaidh,” aifreann Mícheál Meata, “ní beag a bhríil cailleáin agus ríteas.” Víreac donn do bhítear Domhnall do chaoilghrean amuisí. “Níl aonan’ cailleáin fóir,” aifreann Óiarnuaidh. “Bog viom, a deiríom leat, bog viom;” aict ní bogfaidh. Do gcaobh reiřion é féin uadó agus do caitte de a chuid éadaig agus do leim iarrteas ‘ran túní agus ‘ran túní; do fhadáin amach éinig Domhnall do bhi beag nádach tadhartach agus do gcaobh iarrteas leis é ari éuma éigin go dtí an tíráidigh. Cuit Domhnall i laige ‘mar ari go dtáinig ari an dtalamh tírom agus ‘fan inniú go ceann i bhrí. Nuairí táinig rí éinig féin, tuisdiúirt tuisne éigin leis gur ceart do báitcheasáir do báitit le Óia agus tacaibh nár báitcheasáir é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“ Ná bí im ீoðrað,” aip reifion; “ mā tāim rāðalca, ní aip ୰ia a buiðeacar, mar ní móir do bí ré im cúram; ୦’fágfað aonnran amuisg mé go mbeidinn báitte, mūcta, ୨ if beag an geannraðusac do cùrrfead ré aip aileir, geallam-re ୰uit; aét veiðeao buiðeac do ୰iafmaðo MacAmhlaoibh, an feap slan g’lanta, cuaid i n-eineac a éaille te cun mé ୰aorad. A! a ୰uine, mā tāim rāðalca,

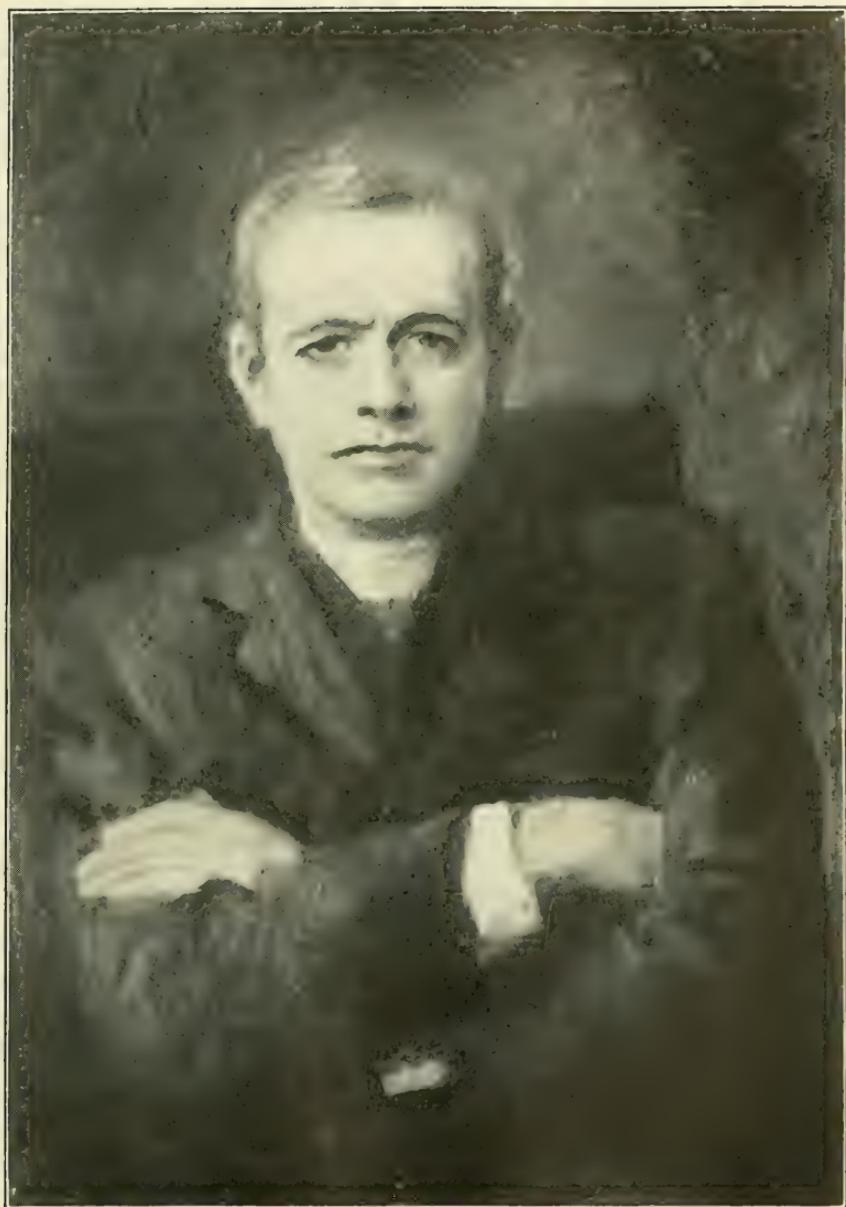
Ní aip ୰ia a buiðeacar ! ”

SEATRUN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Aðair O ୰uinnin.]

Níl aon uisðar do minne an oiread le Céitinn cùm léigeanann if litriðeacét do congðaíl beo i meairg na nuaioneac, go mórmóir daoinne leata Moða. Nior ୯’eað sunr rcpios Seatrun reancar ró-veacét, ró-cinnte, aét sunr cùip ré le céile i n-aon ୰ols amáin na tuairifgsidhe do bí le fagðaíl aip Éirinn inf na rean-leabhrat. Nið raið tuairifgs eile le fagðaíl com dearf, com fuinntre if do leat ré aip fuaro na tíre. Nið raið aoinne ’n-a rcoláipe foðanta ná raið eolar aige aip rtáir Céitinn, if nið raið críochnuðað déanta aip rcoláipe i rcol ñgo mbealð macramail déanta aige do’n “ ୰forur feara.” I meairg na ୰tuatæc rim-piðe ni leomþat aoinne amhras do cùp aip an scunntar tuigann Céitinn aip ୮abáil na héiréann le þaptolan, if leir an scuio eile do’n tréiv rin tar leap. Ni leomþat aoinne réðanað sunr créimeadað ୮aedeal ୮lar le natár nime, if sunr cneafusig Maor a cnead ’ran Éisípt le feartait Dë. ୮iðar na daoinne fealbuiðste ୦’fíminne na rgéal rain, if bí a n-ur-móir ’n-a mbeal aca, if nið raið ୧án ná laorð san tagairt éisín dor na móri-ðairgsidib aip aip tñáct Céitinn. If doris linn muna mbealð sunr rsgíosbad an “ ୰forur feara” ná veat cuminne na rean-laimripe, ná ainnmeaca na rean-flait, ná éacsta na leomhan leat com abair i n-aigneac ná nuaioneac if ୮iðar leit-ééad bilaðan ó foin.

If fios, go deimín, go raið na neicé feo i leabhrat eile aip aip tñós Seatrun iad, aét níl ur-móir dor na leabhrat feo le fagðaíl i ndui. Do éailleamair iad, if tá an “ ୰forur feara” ’n-ap meairg, san focal, san litir ag teartabáil uair. Tamall ó foin if aip éisín do bí ୰uine uafal i ୮cúigeadað ୮umhan ná raið a macramail do’n “ ୰forur feara” go ceanamail i gcoiméad aige. Bi



THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN

return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré ag na daoineibh bocsta éomh mait leir na huairíliú. Ír cuimhne linn férin físeadóirí bocst do mair i nlaethair Ciarraíte, nár tháinig i dtéannnta dóchain na hoidhche do b' n-a feilid, do éairbeáin dom a macramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, carta i linn-éadaí, ír gach dul ag páirtíte bheic aip, ná díogbáil aip b'nt do théanamh d'ob. Ba shéall le leabhar naomha é aip a mearr, ír níos díomháoin do b' an leabhar rain, marí ír blasta cnuinn do b' tuairírt aip gac leathanach de i gceann an físeadóiria, agur ba théacsair lítheamh aip go mb' focal aict fírinne 'ran méid do ríspioth Céitinn aip fenniúr feaparad, aip Íarthorlán, ír an chuid eile aca. Tá cuimhne Céitinn fóir i mearrs daoineadó nár léig, ír ná feacairí riám a chuid raocháir. Ír dóisg leir a lán go mb' drafadórácht éigin aip an nduine, nár gur ó neamh do taimis ré cum cunnatáir aip fean do éabhairt d'úinn. Ní móir an t-iongnas gur chneid na daoine nár dhuine daonna Seathrún. Do chereib Gallta do b'eadh é, aict 'n-a dhairfín b' ré iordí Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis. Catoiliceas ó chroídealaí, Sagart, Doctúir Díadáctica do b'eadh é. Feap léigeannta i Lairdin ír i leabhrainb na n-Altíreas do b'eadh é, ír caidh ré a lán d'á raoisgal 'ran b'fhrainc. Aict 'nuair d'fhill ré a baile tug ré é férin ruar aip fad o'obair na hÉaglaise le díoghnair iongantais gur cuireadh riaghairt peata aip, ír gur b'éigean d'ob dul i bpolaí i gcumadhbhail i nGleann Eacaplae. Ír é an riad ír iongantaisge i mbealtairí Shéadhsúin go bhuair ré uain ír caoi aip na leabhair do cheartuis uairí i gcoíris a feancáir, do b'ailiúsgaibh an fáid do b' fán ír riaghairt aip. Do riubail ré go Connaictaibh ír go Doire, aict ní móir do mearr do b' ag feapairí Ullad ná ag Connaictaibh aip. I gcionn trí nár ceatáir do bliantaibh b' an "Fórum Feara" go leir cuita i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do ríspioth ré fóir d'á leabhar diaid, "Bhodair Sgiat an Áifíunn," agur "Trí Bhor-Saoi te an Óair."

Dála an "Fórum Feara," torpnuigéann ré ó'n Óriortóraí, ír tagann aonuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-piannaibh i n-a mbailis-teap ainnmeáca na dtíreabhd do taimis go hÉirinn, ír i n-a gcuimhneoir le céile na héacta do bain leo. Tá a bhuil i bpóróir de, leir, aonrho ír annróid móbta le ainnmeácaibh taorpeas ír pláit ír a gceapadóid ginearálac. Níos ceap Seathrún aon níod ó n-a meabhair férin; gac a dtugann ré d'úinn—na rísealta, na heactharaíde, na ghabáiltair, na héacta aip tuisir ír aip tír—fuair ré iad go leir i feanleabhrainb do b' fá mearr ag ollamhnaibh ír fáidibh. Ní minne ré aict iad do éup le céile ír d'aontusúgaibh. Dá mbealtair ré ag ait-riúspiothaibh na neiteas fín i ndiu, agur a aigheanad lán do léigeannta na haimprise seo, níl deapmád ná go gcuimhfeas ré a lán diob i leat-taoibh, do b'fis ná baineann riad le fír-feancáir. Aict do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

rephioth ré an “ Fórumh Feara ” tá geall le torthú céad bliadán ó roin, agus ní hiomgnaidh ná raiibh an oireadach rain amhrain i dtaoisigh fírinne na n-éacth ro an trácht rain. Agus ír moí an gceádúna atá an rgeal ag tiocfaidh eile: Tá a lán éacth ír eacraí i gfeanáar na Rómá do chreid na Románaig go hiomlán i n-aimhríp Óirgusúir Oíbhid—ná fuil ionnta aict úirí rgeálta na bfilead. Áir an nór gceádúna ní hSeilleann aon rgholáire aonair d'éacthái hengirt ír Nollaig agus tá leitheadhái d'eactháidí i gfeanáar na bpreataine;

Aict ’n-a thiarth rín, ní ceart a théarmad go mbionn bunaðar fírinne inír na rgeáltaibh reo do gnáit. Niop cum na filide rgeal ari dtúir san deallíamh éigin do bheit air—nec fingunt omnia Cretæ—cioth go gcuimteap leir i mheánaidh na mbliadán, i dtreor ná haitheoċairde é fá dhéirleab. B'olc an bail ari tig ná bheid úirí rgeálta do'n trácht rain cuimhneadh ír meargsta tríd a cuiro gfeanáair. Ba comártas é ná raiib file ná fáid le rinneadaraidh í mears a daoineadh, ír nár mór aca a cail ná a glóir.

Ír álainn an tions-þrollaċ a cuipreann Seachtain le n-a “ Fórumh Feara.” O teacth an dара Nenpi anall cuigainn, ír pojme, niop sħab tor ná ruammeaṛ na huġdair Saġġannaig aict ag cuip rior draeata ir rgeálta aitixx ari ari noudċar. Siġġorit de Varra, Stanislaus, Camden, Nanmer, ír an tħieabħ rain uile—ná raiib uatħa aict rinn do cuip fá ċoix ari dtúir, ír ó ċeir rín orefa, rinn do marluġað i għażiex fallja. Agus tari eir ari bprearrann do baint vinn, ba bħeġi u ġejja, ba tħarċiñiż īr ba tħarċiñiż do biontar ’ná jidam. Do ċuġġ Seachtain fūtka ’ran tions-þrollaċ le fuinnejha ír le feiřs. Do rtoxiż ré ari a cilex an pām ġej marluġċeas do cuip an Varraċ ‘n-a leabda, niop fägħiġi puinn do Stanislaus san ġeabda, ír tħom ē tuppriex a lāmha ari Camden ír ari Spenzer. Hox deimini ír geall le għajnejha mōr ēigin é—le Com Ċulainn no Aċiell—a cuiro aixx għleaqta ’n-a lām, ēdhaċ plāta o mullaxx cinn go tħoġiġ ājx, ír ē agħażżejjil le dioġħiż ir le tħan-ħeġiżx ari na daoiniib beaga ro do ideoxhiżx ēiċċeas i għoġġi kien a dūċċar, ír do marluġiż a muuṁneap. Ta’ mbeada ré ari maixtean i nōxi, taħbiex-fað ré fadobba bata dor na gfeanċċairib atá aonair fá mōriġ-ħeġar, ari f'roude ír ari Mac Amlaοiħ, ír ari Nume.

Aħnejx ré ’n-a tions-þrollaċ :—

“ N'iż-ġtaixiż idher ta’ rgsiobdha ari ħiġi nac ag iarrha idh luċċa agus ttoiħeime do tħabbiż idher fean-ġallaiħ agus do ġaebdealiż bix; bixx a fiaðnuiż rín ari an teiġi do bheit Cambrensis, Spenzer, Stanislaus, Nanmer, Camden, Varri, Morison, Dabu, Campion, agus għad-piex nus-ġall eile ta’ rgsiobdha u jippe”

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanhurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanhurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

fion amach, ionnuig gurabé nór beagnac an phriúmpolláin uo ghnio
as ríspíobad ar Éireannachaib if é do ghnio chomar
ar bhealaib fo-thaoineadh agus carraige mbeag n-úir-i-reas ar
dtabhairt mait-gníomh na n-uafal i ndearpmad, agus an méid a
baineas pír na pean-Gaeðealaib do bhi aghairtus an oileán reo
ma ngsabáltais na pean-Gaill," tc.

If minic a goiptear an Herodotus ar Seachtain, agus if deimhní gur mór a bhfuil do comhaileact eatoisca agraon. Tá caint Seachtain deas, rimpliðe, milis-brisneach, mar caint "Achar an tSeancair." Séanard agraon baocht-focail, neamh-brisneach, neamh-fairdmeamhla, acht 'n-a n-ionad atá fuinneamh if tatac i ngsac linn dá rtáirgeadh. Cuiridh agraon irt easc na húir-rgéalta baineas ié n-a dtír, gan amhras do chup ar a bhíonn. D'é Herodotus an céad rtáirgeadh do cuipe reanásar na nGhéiseas; n-eagair if i gceannas, agus ciad gur b'fada 'n-a diaidh do ríspíob ré, d'é Ceitinn an céad reanásair d'órruig is do ceartuis i gclact, if i n-eagair reanásar na nGaeðeal. Do bain na filide—na Gnéis is na Románais—a lán ar rtáirgeadh Herodotus, agus 'ran gcuuma gceadra tuig Ceitinn innbeas a ndóchain dor na filidib Gaeðealaib, d'Aodhagán Ua Rataille, do Seagán Clápac Mac Domhnaill, if d'eo gan Ruad. Acht ní feicimíod vioigialair i dtaoib na fírinne, ná fealsing cum namair a tíre ar an nGhéasas. Bionn ré ciuin, rocair, réim i gcomhuriúde i mears rtápa if úir-rgéil, et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis, acht ní léigfead an Gaeðealaib guainne do ceart ná do cail a tíre le n-a deasig namair.

Obair leigseanta, doimhní if ead "Tír Óir-Gaoithe an Óair," lán do rímuaintib diaibh if do maectnamh fairdmeamh i ar an beataid daonna, if ar a chroic. If iongantac ar tóis ré ar reanúsdaibh if ar oibreacáib na naomh, agus if blárta tá an obair ar fad pojante i leabhráib agus i n-altaib. Acht if chom, Láordin-eamail an caint atá ann ó túir go deireadh, biond go bhfuil ri lárta ruar annro if annró le ríseal beag gheannmhar mar an eacraí rain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obair an-leigseanta i nuaidhreach is i nórannaib na hÉigsealair if ead "Eocair Sgiat an Áirfinn." Ni leipí díunn aon usdáir eile cuipeas ar oibread rain do chuaighis ar neitib baineas leis an Áirfinn, com beact, com cinnte rin i leabhar dá méid. Acht n-a-teannta rain, tá an caint com rimpliðe, com gheannnta, com binn, com brioigmar rain, gan baocht-focailib ná páistib capta gur fúrlaistte d'aoinneac é leigsead gur i níos.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó amhráin Céitinn anuas níor rghníosadh a lán do phróir buna-daraí. Do cuipeadó áthúar eacnamaíodh le céile agus rghéalta ar ghníomharthaibh achaí, agus ní mór 'n-a steannta rian. Do luigeadar na húsgaír Gaeoilealaíca ar panna do mheascailt, i fbaillír, doibhinn a gcuirtear dán i fathair.

Scoil nō fiar i fheadair an baile—An Cneamhláire.

(Le n-Úna ni Faoicheallairis.)

Ní raibh an minicéadraíocht i bhfeadair ar riubal nuair fleadhnuig an Cneamhláire amach uata a gcan-fíor d'oidh.

Suar an ceathair leir ag déanamh ar taoibh na n-ainiltearach do'n oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raibh ré ar bárr na tulcha. Do rtáidh ré annraín. Sé gur tréan láidir an feair é, do b'í an aoir ag teannadh go daingean air, agus níor mífde ódó a rígítear leigeann.

Bhí an gsealaíc go háirt 'ra rpéir, agus do b'féríodh an t-oileán agus an fárrghe d'feargair go glan roiléir.

Do b'aluinn ciúin an t-amharc do b'í of a comhaír amach, acht iarrtis i gceoilte an tréan-fíri do b'í anfaidh ar riubal. B'aithláidh náir airiusg ré a comhdear i fheadair go fáiltear ag an domhan i n-a thíomáill. Ní raibh a fíor acht ag Dia amáin caid do b'í 'gá fuaclach.

Chuirtear ré a láimhe of cionn a cinn, agus arduibhírt of ár :

"Liom féin i fheadair é ! Liam-ra amáin ! Ní fuil éan-údaint ag duine air b'í eile leir. O'iocar go maic air — go vian-mair ! "

Ari agairidh leir airis ag riubal agus ag ríp-riubal, thíreac i fheadair 'n-a aighealadh rtoíorm a chuirtear do laghdúchadh ar an nór roin.

Níor b'fada ódó ag imteacht marí rín go dtí go raibh ré i ngearr do na hailtítearachaidh.

Annpoin do rtáidh ré go nobann, marí ba ódóis leir go gcuialairidh ré guth duine éigin. Chuirtear ré cluas le héirteacht air féin, agus do b'aithláidh d'éir agadó d'amhráin go raibh ré cinnle 'n-a taoibh. Guth mná ag caoi do b'eadh é, gán sé.

Ari mbhealtuighadh ódó air an áit ari a dtáinig an fuaim, ba leir ódó, rghatáin beag uaithe, duine éigean leagtha leir an gclaradh:

Oírpuidh ré leir an áit, agus d'airiusg ré gán moill gur b'i tháipe bhán do b'í ann foimé.

Ní raibh a fíor aici duine ná daoncharaíodh do b'eaic i n-a haice, agus do phreadb rí le neart rghéónin nuair do leas ré a láimhe ar a ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NI FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“ Ná coirpuit, a leanait. Ná bioadh faitheas ar, cos ag bith ! ”

Ní duibhseart Máire focal, agus réo ar aghaidh é le n-a chuir cainte.

“ Ni ceapt duit, a Máire, a rtóir, beirt amuis i n-aonraicé ag an oirdéice atá ann. Tá an comhluadair ag fuilreacht leat 'ra gairdin.”

Ní mearrfaid éinneac gur ú'é an Cneamhais do bith ag caint:

“ Uc ! a Shéamair ! an turas atá ann ? Ná bac liom ! Caitriodh mé leigint dom' chuir bhrón. Déan níor fearr tá bárr i gceann tamaill.”

“ Acht duibhseart liom, a Máire, gur tú féin ar cionntaile leir an turas ag an airdear réo. Tuige nád bhrá ag do mactair 'ra mbaile ag peadar fada ! ”

“ Tuige, a n-eas ? tá fáid go leor leir, tuig, acht cia an mait beirt ag caint aonair ? ” Ár an toirt, do fil na deora leicti ag éisim rí ar gúl ariú.

Níor cuigr an Cneamhais i ríteas uirri an fáid do lean rí ar bheit ag caoi, acht nuair d'éiríis rí níor ciúine ar ball d'fíarbhais ré bith cia an fáid bith beirt ag imteach ar Éireann.

“ Ná ceil oípm éim-ceo do'n fírinne ” aipr' reifrean fa òeoirid: “ Cao faoi nuaeara go bhrúil tú ag imteach uainn ? ”

“ Do bhíodh go bhrúil earrbaird aigisio oípm ” aipr' an carlin bocht:

“ An t-airgead ! an t-airgead ! ” aipr' an Cneamhais go neamh-fhoisneach, “ 'S é an ríseal céadna é i gcomhainde; acht bioadh 'fíor agat, a carlin, go bhrúil a lán nuaí 'ra domhan níor fearr i bhrad 'ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní tuig Máire fheagras aip bith aip, do bith an oiread roin iongantair uirri.

“ Nád bhrúil peadar agat ! ” aipr' reifrean “ agus nád leor duit é rin ? ”

“ Tá—peadar—agam; i fíor duit é, “ aipra Máire i nuaeara do na dalaic, “ acht—ní tuigim tú. Nád bhrúil duil agat féin 'ran airgead ? Sábhaim pároinn agat, a Shéamair ; ní 'sá carad leat atáim, cos ag bith.”

“ Ní fuil focal bhréigse ann, a inísean ó. Is mórf i mo dhúil 'ran airgead le leac-céad blianta, acht ní raibh an ríseal mar rín agam muamh. Bhí lá eile agam. Bhí mé ós ag bior i níshráid comh maite leat-ja, ag b'fíordóir níor doimhne 'ná mar atáir-re. Bhíor bocht, ag b'fíordóir. D'fágadh mo céad rílan aici ag do bairil-gear liom go h-áimeiríocá le capnán airgead do éir ag muin a céile ag le bean uafar do déanam dom' ríseir-bean. D'imtrísear liom riap gur fíorúisear laistíar na Stáit n-aontuisíte. Chaitear roinnt blianta ann ag d'éiríis an faoisail liom go seal. Is

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! *Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upbraiding you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world thrrove with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annamh a gheibhinn leitirí ó Éirinn aét amáin cùpla focal aonair agus uaití-pean 'sá nád go raibh rí go maic, agus a leictéarí rín.

"Aon uaití amáin éuairí bliaodain éapáinn agus focal agam uaití. Níor b'férdirí liom a fulang beit san tuairisg uirliri, agus éapála an t-am rín go raibh roinnt maic aifigíod i dtairgead agam, tuig mé agairí ari an mbaile ari. Och? mo léan géar i fóin meataid uaití! ní raibh roinnt aét a huair. 'San uaití céadna cuireadáin na comhphrait uilis nach móir, bliaodain na gortá. Saitsead i gceile iad i n-éan-pholl amáin.

"Ó a Óma na ngrártá! i agh faighdail báir leis an ocras ari taoibh an bódair agus i bhfad uaití agus rmeárois eolais agam ari a cár! Siúr san rúd le cup i n-a béal aici agus tall i n-dimeiriocá, mo phoca láin go béal d'aifigead."

To fámhais éadaí an tréan-fír go mílteas fa folaír na ghealairge. 'Oiompruis rí uaití beagán agus rí ari amairc amach tar éis b'fáispris ó tuairí:

Ún a fíor agh Máire go raibh rí agh déanamh maranta ari uaití mór bliaodáin na gortan éuair i gContae Mhuigheod agus leis rí focal ari láir. I n-a leabairí rín, i fiafach ari amairc amach tar éis. D'aipiúis rí fuair san bhris san fuinneamh i:

Ún an carlin agh baillcónit aét ní fuacht na hoirdé fa ndearaí é. Níor b'í an Cneamháire do bhi or a comhair aét taróire d'éigis éuici ari laeteantait a Óige.

"A Shéamair boicte! a Shéamair boicte!" aipr' riú or ireal. Níor éiní an fean-féar éan-táirim inni, aét d'fan rí agh amairc amach do taoibh an Óma Óheinn Óeag san comhlaighe ari.

Úniodair mar rín ari feadh tamall maic amairle.

"B'férdirí gurab é an fáid go bfuil d'uil agam 'fan aifigead," aipr' an Cneamháire fa Óigeadaid, "Gur iocar com daorí rín agus bionn an t-aifigead mar fuil or comhair mo thá fúil—go dears, go dears i gcomhainde. Is mar rín a cím-re é."

To érom Máire a ceann fíor agus rí a láim. D'aipiúis Séamair deoir agh tuaitim léití.

Úniodair agraon i n-a dtuigt go ceann tamall.

"Ní imteógsaí ari an oileán, com ari bít," aipr' Máire go haibid.

"Ní imteógsa tú, an n-eadó? An é rín a n-abhrann tú? Aét an dtuigeanntu tú 'n-a ceart meadú na bochtanaísta a béal ag gcuill-eadó ort annfeo, má fanaí?"

"Ní fuil duine 'ra doimh a chuirgeann níor fearr 'na mire com triom agus a bionn an gannatar agus an bochtanaísta ag gábhail do muinntir Ábhrann—áct 'n-a diaid rín fén fánfad 'ra mbaile i gcaimhne Dhe."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.



The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“ Tá go maic,” aipr’ an Cneamhain.

* * * * *

Aip maroim lá aip n-a bárasc cuathair tuinntear an oileán i ndiaid a céile roip go dtí an fánán. Ónai na curaí a gceáir é um na scailíní do bì le dul tar leabhar do bheist aip bhoru an long-saile.

“ Tuigé go bhfuil turba ag caoineadh ? ” aipr’ Peadarí fada nuair t’árhois Mairé Ónáin a guth comh maic le cás. “ Is muine a héar ag caoineadh in do diaid.”

“ Táim ag caoineadh i ndiaid na scailíní atá aip tí imteast, uaiinn,” aipr’ Mairé.

“ An tá pípib atá tú, a Mháire ? ’Aip nód,’ ní ceapt’ duit bheist ag fomhaid fum indiu ḡualac aip mo ériodh.”

“ Ní ag déanam fomhaid’ fút atáim, tuif. Tá m’inniann rocair agam aip fanaist leat, cibé bocht raiðbír tú, nō cibé an fáid a caitífimid bheist ag feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní ériu feadadh Peadarí a cluasra féin.

“ Is ag magadh fum atá tú, tá mé ag ceapadh.”

“ Ní headh go deimin ! Ní déanfainn a leitíodh oírt aip an domhan.”

“ Céirdim tú aonair, tuif. Aict ní tuigim an fseal corp aip bít. Cad a tuis oírt an t-ácláiríusach inniann, seo ? ”

“ Aipling a bì agam aipéir, a Peadarí, nō bhriongáisíodh, mar aodéartha. Shaorilear go raibh turba id’ fean-fearr ériofra gan fuinneadh i do gheasaib ná grád t’éinne’ i do ériodh. Ónai tú id’ iargairé comroictamail annro. Ónai míre t’éis aimeiricá, clóca riota oírt ḡhata gléartha go dearr le riabini agur a leitíodh eile, aipgeadh mo bódaití im’ grápan agam ḡe aile cíneál maoim’ im’ feilb. Ónior-ra ag gábháilt ruair an bóiéigin i n-aice na poilis’ ḡe mé ag teast a báile. Cadach ónam annrin tú, aict níor aitín tú mé, corp aip bít.”

“ Míre Mairé Ónáin, aduibhar leat.

“ Ní tú,’ aipr’ turba go feargadh ; ‘ ní tú go deimin. Ónai Mairé—mo Mháire je—i n-a car n ós riachtáir, agur cad mar gheall oírt-ra ? Sean-bean portaitheil ghránda tú atá cónaigthe mear fheascóig i ngiosoblácaib gráil. Ní turba Mairé go deimin.’

“ Ó’feadar riór i bpolli uirge a bì taoib liom ḡe do b’ é rin an céad uair t’áriúisear mé féin aorfa ghránda ; bì an ceapt’ agat.

“ ’Is míre Mairé Ónáin, aduibhar aipír.

“ Ó’feadar tú oírt annrin idir an tá fúil ḡe an fad a b’ ior maron leat níor tóis’ tú do fúile óiom.

“ ’Is amharcaid aodair tú,’ aipr’ turba, ‘ aict ní céirdim tú—ní turba an Mháire a dtugtar grád v’ fad ó. Thior’ ran poilis’ úd b’feapp

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

Uom i 'beit 'ná beit mar tur a anoir. Ni aicníosim tú eor ari bít.' Agur 'sá rásd rín, ar go bráid leat. Bhíor páistí im' aonarán go brónaí. Sin i an bhionglóid a bí agam. Nac airtead é?"

"Ni fuil tú id' fean-bean fór, a rúin! Do b'ágmáras an bhionglóid daomh-rá i, cibé rgeal é. Agur, an n-abhrann tú, a mhaípe, gurí bhionglóid a chug oifí fanaet 'ra mbaithe?"

Níor mear Máire gurí ceaptí dí rgeal an Chneamháire o'innriunt san cead aici uair. Mar rín adubairt rí:

"É rín agur riordai eile."

"Buirdeasair móir do Dhia," aifí Peadar.

* * * * *

"Nac móir an t-iongantair nac mbéiteád ag bráid le do thiol mná 'faighéil?' adubairt acaipí Pheadair leis cúpla lá i n-a thiald rín. "Nac dear daethaíil an caillín i Máire Chatae, in-isean na baintreabhairc tiaip i gCionn an Dhaile?"

Chuirí Peadar cluair le héirtéacáit aip féin. Dá mba gur tuig an Spáinn anuas ar an tréip ní cùrpreath ré níor mó iongantair aipí.

Ní raibh ré i n-inniúl oibreaoi le focal do rásd.

"Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, pfeirfin, cupr fúintí i n-áit dí féin. Ni raibh deirtear mágairtcheáir le céile i n-éin-teac aithní. Cao é do mear ari Mhac Uí Dhonncaidh. Ni fuil fóid taithíne aige, aict marí rín féin, 'ar ndó', ir bheag lárúip an buachaill é. Daoine macánta a b'ead iad a feacáit rinnriúr poimé."

Níor féad Peadar focal do cupr ar, agur níor tuig ré rtaidí na ceirte cuige 'ná ari éan-eor. So deimhn, níor tuig acht an oibreaoi le ceap bróime, mar aitheartá, acht dá mbioíd ré do lárúip 'ra feomhra beag taoibh tiaip do'n círdin ríseáin beag i n-a thiald rín iŋ doéa go dtuisfeadh ré an t-ionfhlán go diannmáit. Ir fean-focal é, agur iŋ riop, go dtairbeáinann tráictín tréob na gaoithe.

Ari ball nuair do bí an t-aor ós chior ar an Muirthead, reo é an Cneamháire i'rteac cum acaipí Pheadair agur mala aige i n-a láimh.

Seo é ag tarrainns láin a ghlaice do phíoraibh óir amach ar an mala, agur ag aipeamh trí fíréid punnt ar an gcláir of a comair, agur reo é fór 'sá rásd, agur é ag feacain go glinn géar ar an bhear eile:

"Ni cùppfid Tomáir Sheagáin Ruaidhri bárr a méripe ralaighe ar mo chuid aipisid go neod. Dáir fiadh, ni cùppfid. Ir do'n ghnáth agur do'n óige atáim 'sá cabhairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a ruin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AON UATHA.

Siota ar an "nGIOBLACÁN."

(Gírrgeal le tomář O h-Aoibh).

Óisír ag féadaint timcheall oírm an fáid do b'ré ag caint, ag bhealtnuasadh aip an gaeomra agus an éaoi 'n-a phair ré cuimhne le céile agus 'sá fiabhrúise im' aigheanadh féin cá bhuail ré na rúgáin ar fad nuair duibhsearft ré :

"Tá tú ag deanaam iongantair dem' teaglaí agus dem' aicill-ribeast. Nád dearf-lámaí an duine me ?"

"Seadh, aip m' focal; acht cá bhuailair na rúgáin go leir ? Agus m'aír uaim atá annro, aip nódig ní phair éin-éal leir an mbotán ro i n-éan-cóir."

"Inneofraithe mire Óuit aip ball; acht an mb'ait leat an uathá ar fad d'feirfeint ?"

"Ó'ait liom," aipra mire, "acht tá ré níluat fóir an éor do euri fum."

"Ní'l, pioc," aip reifrean, "comh fada ír tá ré reo agat," agus tóig ré marde chuireofre ó'n gcuinne agus fín ré cuigiam é.

"Ragamadóir amach go foill go bheicfiodh tú mo piogact-ra aip fad," aip ré.

"Acht eá bhuailair an marde chuireofre ?" aipra mire leir:

"Cuirtear le céile í an fáid do b'í tú ro' eordlaibh. Isab i leit annro anoir agus tabhair aithe do'n éoir."

Tóig ré an trullreán o'n mbóir agus d'orgail ré dothar beag taoibh leir an teallaí agus éuadair atraon iptimeac. Ní faca mé a leitceáid te pháirc ó'n lá phugadh me go dtí fín agus ní faca mé pháirc mar é ó foin. Bí an gaeomra beag déanta go bheideach glan aip an gcaoi céadraí i phair an ceann eile, acht do b'í ré lionta ruair go dtí an dothar le hairmairiú de gac cineál, agus b'iosadh go leir comh glan agus comh foillreac foin ír gur baineadar an pháirc dhiom, nád móibh, nuair do éuadair iptimeac aip dtúir. Biadair aip chrocaid aige ór cionn a céile aip na ballaibh éaptí timcheall an tréomhra comh fada ír d'fheirfeart leir rúise d'fágail d'oidh—gúnnai gearrfa agus piortail go leör, agus a lán de clairíomhais agus de bhaingneaitibh—agus bí curio eile aca cruaecta i ngrónsáinibh aip an úrlíar. Bí úrlíneir beag, inneón agus úrlíri rúinéara i gcuinne eile. Bí an fear agus an áit ag éiríse níos airtíse gac éan-nobimint.

"Ir nódig liom go bhuilim fá thraoirídeac," aipra mire, nuair do tóigair lán mo fhl de'n tréomhra.

"Ní'l, marfe, i n-éan-cóir," aipra an "Gioblacán."

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(*i.e.*, Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said :

" You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man ? "

" You are, on my word ; but where did you get all the hay-ropes ? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

" I'll tell you by-and-by ; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely ? "

" I would, indeed," I said, " but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

" Not a bit," he replied, " while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

" We shall go out awhile," he said, " until you see my entire kingdom."

" But where did you get the crutch ? " I said to him.

" I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

" I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

" You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do tóis ré tuar ceann de na gúnnaití agus do éimil ré é go cineálta le n-a láim.

"Béas," ar reirean, "náic dearf an uirlis i rin. Táinig ri o Amhericá agus do chuirfeadh ri pileáir tré Óuirne náic mór mile ó baile; aict cífimíodh an eile eise aca aifir. Isab i leic anro."

Oíforasair ré dofar eile agus báisair ré amach oírm. Níor féadair mo láim d'feircint bí ré comh dofar foin. Níor éiminiúsear go rathamair in i an uaim agus nuair d'fheadar amach duibhrar.

"Uc, náic dofar i an oírde!"

Leig an "Sioblaicán" rímtuit gáire an aif:

"Náic dofar i an oírde," arra guth taoibh amuigh díom: "Há! há!" arra guth eile. Annroin do lathair beirt nō truiúr eile i n-einfealct níor fuide amach, "Uc! náic dofar"—"há! há!"—"an oírde"—"há! há! há!"—"náic"—"náic dofar"—"há! há! há!"—"an oírde"—"há! há! há!"—agus mar rin leibh ag rísiúleacád agus ag déanamh magair fum go raibh an áit lan tuar de gúnnaití. Biodair thíos fum, tuar of mo ciorn, ar m'aigaird amach agus ar gáid taoibh díom. D'imreiseardar uaim i ndoibrí a céile agus d'íriúseardar fá dhéirfeadh ar nár na raibh ionnta aict riogairnach ag creidíodh i gcuinnibh na huama.

Deir mire guri bain ré pheab aifam. Táinig ríannraistí oírm ar dtúir agus 'na díaiodh rin táinig iongantair agus uatháir an traois-sail oírm, ar nár náic féadair corrúise aif an áit 'n-a rathar im feirfim ar feadh cúnig nóminte. Do báisair an "Sioblaicán" ipteací oírm.

"Mac-allá," arra mire, nuair bí an dofar d'ionnta aige:

"Sead," ar ré, "náic bheag é?"

"Níor aithísear riamh riomhe reo éan-rua mar é aict éan-uair amáin; aict ní raibh teacht tuar ar bith leir reo aige. Tá an uaim do han-mór i' d'óráda."

"Bí cinnite d'e rin. Táir id' feirfim anoir ar bhrúas gáda uatháir aitheaghsé agus má tá éan-órtolaí amáin ann, tá ré of ciorn mille tróis i ndoimhnealct. Ná téigír ió-fada amach nuair a bhead ag taifbeant na huama Óuirne, nō b'férdirí go bhrúiscteá d'úrán id' éeann; coinnis taoibh thíos díom-ra agus ní beirbhdaoisair ar bith oírt."

Tóis ré ríufeóis gúimairte agus éiur ré rísoilt bheag 'na héatain le tuaig. Annroin fuair ré róp bárraig agus ríocraigs ré ipteací 'ran rísoilt é agus éar ré an bárraig i mbácaill mar bhealbh meáraibh ar bárrí ná ríufeóise. Nuair bí ré ríocraigsé go d'ainsean aige, túm ré an ríufeóis agus an bárraig i bprota ola agus d'fás ré ann iad go raibh an ola ríuseadh ipteací go maic ionnta. Tá an ríufeóis go ríseárla lom-láitcheasach go raibh ré ag déanamh thíos éin ná huama do taifbeant d'am.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

"Tiuibhaird re feo folair-ápi niodhcaint d'úinn anoir," aip re, agur cùir rē teine leis. Cuadمارا amac go bhuas na gága aip. Sac cois do chuireamair d'inn do cùir an mac-all a freagair tap air eusgáinn. O' Árdouis an "Gioblaicán" an tóirre ór a cionn aip nór go bhuiginn riadair mairt aip an uaimh, agur do fear rē go dána amac aip bhuas an phuill. Ni déanfarann fén é da bhuiginn mile punt; aict, aip niodh, mar aideir an fean-focal—"Neatn na taicíse méaduigeanann rē an tapcúirne."

Cé go dtuig an tóirre folair bheag uairiù nior fheadar iud aip bid o' feircint aict amáin riannnt beag de'n capraig ór mo cionn agur aip gád taoibh d'iom. Amac uainn ní riab ann aict doirceadar triong tiug agur iñ d'oidh liom fén nári ñeim an tóirre aict é. Ño méaduigad. Bí re comh tiug rom sun fachileas go mb' férdiriù liom é gearradh le fsgin, no mám de tóigaint im' láim. Bior ag piarbhuijge d'iom fén, an fáid do bior ag fheadaint amac, cad do b' foluigéte taoibh tiar de'n doirceadar, agur do b' re comh diaimair spáineamail rin sun cùir rē uathár im ériodh.

"Ni'l iomairca le feircint amac uainn no taoibh tuar d'inn," aip' an "Gioblaicán," "aict taibhdeanfaradh mé òuit anoir doimhneadh an phuill." Cuaird rē aip a ghluimibh.

"Luis rior agur tapraing amac go bhuas na carraighe," aip reirean, "táim cùn an tóirre do caidreamh rior."

Luisear rior mar o' Órduis rē agur óruidear amac go haitreadh go riab mo ceann tap bhuas na gága. Do ñeim re fén an iud céadna. Cait rē an tóirre amac uairiù agur rior agur rior leir trid an doirceadar. Bior ag bhat sac éan-noidimint go mbuailfead rē an tón aict nior buail; agur nior cairbeán re éan-iud d'úinn. Bior ag fhiuile aip go dtí ná riab ann aict grinnéad. Táinig pian im' fáilibh agur d'údán im' ceann ó ñeit ag fheadaint aip, agur do chruicear go rmiop. Fá ñeiread do cailleamair riadair aip aip fad.

"Anoir, c'ad veisp tú," aip' an "Gioblaicán" ipteac im' cluairiun aip b' an tóirre imtigisté ar riadair.

"Leis dám go foill," aipra mire, "go scuirriù mé leiscead na carraighe iorl me fén agur an poil uathárasc úd." Agur do cluairiun ag lapaodail ipteac ran mbotán. Ni leisfeadh an eagla dám éisge im' fearam go riadair iptis, agur bior mar òume do ñeard i n-áirde aip luargán. Táinig an "Gioblaicán" ipteac im' òmioch agur òuin rē an doirceadar.

"Ir aifdeas agur iñ millteac an ait i reo," aipra mire, "agur c'ad gheim im' ériodh le huathár."

"Bior fén mar rin aip dtúr," aip' an "Gioblaicán," "agur iñphad nior meara na tā tuar anoir, mar iñ beag nári cuitear ipteac aip mullach njo cinn ran gád an tapna huairi do tóngar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro; Acht táitíse agam air aonair agur ní éuirim riut ari bít ann."

Táis ré anuar bósa agur raißead do bì aige ran mbotán as d. ná

"Tairbeánpaird mé le:tead na gága duit aonair."

Fuairi ré mám bárrais agur éar ré ari biori na raißde é agur dein ré tóiríre ñe mar do dein ré de'n trilireoidis riomé rin. Nuair bì a bódait ola rúigte ag an mbárraé, do éuir ré teine leir agur d'orgail ré an doriar. "Féac amach aonair," ari ré agur ríaoil ré uairé é tríd an dorcadair leir an mbósa. Cúard an traißead agur an róp bárrais ari larad go roillreac aonair, b'férdirí céad ríat, gan an taobh éall do bualaod; agur annroin do cláonuis ré ríor i ndiaid a céile agur cuit ré mar do cuit an tóiríre, agur i gceann tamall do raißead i ndoimhneáct na gága é gan éan-pud do tairbeánt dínn. Ní mirtse a rád gur méaduise ré reo an méad iongantair do bì im' ériodh ceana:

Éuir ré rtól taobh amuis de'n doriar. "Suid ríor annro go bón," ari reirean, "go scuireáid tú atáne ari an scuireasctain a bionn annro agam go minic."

An Mac Alla:

Rug ré ari éeann de na gúnnaib agur éuir ré rileir ann: Sul a riab a fiúr agam ead do bì sá déanam aige d'árdúis ré an gunna agur éait ré uircéar ari.

"Comraíse Dé éusdáinn," arra mire, agur do phreabair im fhearram leir an ngeit do bain ré ariam. Saoilear go riab an ríab ag tuitim iptimeac opainn. D'éigis an mac alla mar bladom tóirníse, agur bì an fuaim comh huatbáraé róin guri mórtuisear an éaprais ag críchead fum. D'imcís ré uain agur támis ré ari ari ari agur ari eile, ari nór guri b'éisín dám mo mearaíca do éur im' cluairíb éun an "muaille buaille" do éongbáilt aonair. Ari dtúr bì ré comh borth bárántaé leir an tóirní; annroin bì ré go gairb glinzaraé fa mar béal fuaim na fáiríse ag bhríead go triom ari élocári tráisá; agur n-a ñiaidh rin bì ré an-córamail leir an bfuaim do tmeacraod ó clárde ag tuitim, no ó truiucailib do béal ag fábháil tarb bódtaí gairb; agur tríd an bhoícheom agur an truiftear go léir támis éusdáinn fuaim mar pléarfaod gúnnaí mór i bhfad uainn. Cait an "Gioblacán" a dó nó a trí d'uircearaib eile agur bì fonn ari leanamaint do'n gnó, acht d'íarras ari a tabhairt ruair. Bì an mac alla go han-bhréas ari fad acht bì mo bódtaí agam de an uairi rin go háiríte. Acht ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

"I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now."

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

"Look out now," said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

"Sit down here awhile," said he, "until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here."

THE ECHO.

FROM "AN GIOBLACHÁN," BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

"The protection of God to us!" said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

raibh an "Sioblaicán" ráfta fóir. Táis ré anuas fíoril bì ari
cruacha, de'n balla, agus éuir ré i gceoirí i.

"An taitneann ceol leat?" ari reifearan.

"Taitneann go maic," ari a mífé, "tá rpéir móri agam ann i
gcomhúidé."

"Má'r marí rín atá an rseal," ari ré, "Seo bhair tú ceol anoir
nó riám."

"Má tá ré marí an céol do chúis an mac alla uair ó cianaith
ná bac leir."

"Éirt," ari reifearan, ag leigint gáipe ar, "agus tabhair do
bheirt nuair taim criochnaingté."

Tornuis ré ag reinn, agus rádhaínn ag caint go ceann rpéact-
maine ní féadfaínn tuarafsgáil céart do tabhairt ari an
gceimfeinm d'éirísh ran uaimh. Óláunn an bheirdeasóir an
"Sioblaicán" agus bì ré 'n-a cumaí, "ó neart na taitise," if
dóca, ceol do buaint ari an mac alla éomh maic leir an bhríofil.
Dá mbeadh gac éin-gléas ceol i n-éiríinn bailiscte iirteasá i n-éan-
halla amáin agus iad go léir ari riubal i n-éinfeacht, ní féadfaidh
riad ceol níos dinne ná níos áilne ná níos taitneamhaisce do
tabhairt uata ná an ceol do chúis an fíoril agus an mac alla óúinn
an oirdéé úd. Táis ré an chroide agus an t-anam ariam. Níos
móruisgear pian ná turpse ná eagla ná éinniú eile acht amáin
doibhnear agus ráramh aigniú an fáid do bì an "Sioblaicán" ag
reinn agus d'fhanfaínn annróim ag éirteasá leir ari fead lae
agus oirdéé gan beit turpseas òe.

Nuair bì ré ráfta éuir ré uair an fíoril agus tornuis ré ag
caint ari céol na hÉireann agus bì cup riorth móri agamháil
aip. Cainteoír óláunn doib' ead an "Sioblaicán" agus b'ait
leat beic ag éirteasá leir. Ba liomha agus ba leigeannta na
rmaointe do bì aige agus do chuit an Slaedailg ó n-a Óéal comh-
blartha le céol. Ní raibh ré dail ari éinniú. Do bhior ag rmaoin-
eann, anoir agus aipir, an fáid do bì ré ag caint, ari an gcaoi 'na
raibh ré ag caiteamh a choda aimsire agus ag riabhrúisce díom fén
cad é an fáid bì leir. Bior deimhneas go raibh ré leat-eadtoram
agus gur b'in é an chiall go raibh ré ag imteasá, mar a déarfa, le
náer an traoisail agus ag cup a muineál i gcontaibhairt; acht ní
raibh fior agam an uair rín ari an méid ari éuaird ré tríd.

Níos leig ré óam dul po-fada leir na rmaointibh seo mar
tarraingis ré éuirge feadógs agus tornuis ré ag reinn uíppi. Dá
feabhar an ceol do buain ré ari an bhríofil, b'feappti ná rín rpéact
n-uaire an ceol do buain ré ari an bfeadóig. Do ránuis ré ari
gac uile níod d'airisgear ruar go dtí rín. Ní éiuibhád éanlaist na
cpuinne dá mbeiridh go léir 'ran uaimh ag cantaín le céile ceol

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "an I pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblaichán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblaichán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblaichán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamh-thá ná níor aoiúnne uathá. Do éusg an feadóis an mac alla amach i bhfar níor feapar agus níor binne ná éan-phuad eile.

“Caoi teirí tú leir rím?” aipr’ an “Sioblaicán” nuair gúm sé ré tā feinneamhaint.

“Ní feadári fóir,” aipr’ míre, “ná fuilim fá óraoiðeáct. Ód mbeinn ag caint ari fead lae agus bliaodhna, ní feadfaidh a innriant duit an méad aoiúnir agus taithním agus rásramh ériodh do éusg an ceol úd òam. Níl éin-teacáit ruar leat.”

“Ná bac leir an bpláimáir anoir,” aipr’ an “Sioblaicán.”

“Nílum ag pláimáir i n-éan-corp,” aipr’ míre, “aict b’férdirí gur cíerte òam a phá ná fuil éin teacáit ruar le dearfáimact an “fír i n-dáirthe.”

“Tá tú ag caint go ciallmári anoir,” ari reifrean, ag cur gúmte ari.

“B’férdirí é,” aipr’ míre, “aict b’fíor éun a phá nuair b’fíor ag éirteacáit leat—”

“Agus leir an mac alla,” ari reifrean.

“Agus leir an mac alla, ari eagla an pláimáir—do éuirig ré i n-umail òam an tuarafáil do léigear agus do éualar go minic i dtaoibh ceoil na n-ainseal i n-páistír.”

“Nílum criochnaingté i n-éan-corp fóir,” ari reifrean, agus r’eirisg ré ’n-a fearam.

Tórnusig ré ag amhrán. Bí guth bheagáis fonnáimí ceolmári ag an “n-Sioblaicán” agus níor éantí re éanphuad i dtaoibh beirt iarrtis rán uaimh. Ní feadári fén cia aca do b’feapar éun an mac alla do tathairt amach—an fíoril, an feadóis nó guth an “Sioblaicán”—nó cia aca a pháibh an bhearr aige i gceónímhfeinm; aict i n-dáibh liom gur fáisiseas an guth oifha go léiri. Éualar tuis céad daoinne ag gábháil amhrán i n-éinreacáit éan-uair amáin i halla móri i mbaire-ácta-cliat; aict cé go pháibh an ceol agus an éinreinm go han-bheagáis ari fad, ní pháibh éin-teacáit ruar aige le ceol an “Sioblaicán” nuair éusg ré uair “An Raibh tú ag an gCaprais,” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dóbh do éuirig ré ruar, rán uaimh ag curdeacáin leirí.

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASAD AN TSUSSAIN.

DRAMA AON-ÉNSIM.

NATHAOINE:—

TOMÁS O H-ANNRACÁIN, file Connachtach atá ari gealán.
MÁIRE NI RIOGÁIN, bean an tigé.
ÚNA, insean Máire:
SEAMUS O H-LAPAINN, atá luaróte le Úna.
SÍGIL, comairfa do Máire.
Piobaire, comairfa agus nathaoine eile.

ÁIT:—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Mumhan céad bliadán ó roin. Tá ríp agus mná ag dul tríd a céile in ran tigé, no 'na peapam coir na mballa, amail agus dá mbeidt dámra criochnuithe asa. Tá Tomáir O h-Annracáin ag caint le Úna i bhfios-chorach na gceáid. Tá an piobaire ag fárgadh a piobaird air, le toruighéad ari fheinm ari, acht do bheir Séamus O h-Lapainn deoc éinse, agus ríradann ré. Tagann peap ós go h-Úna le n-a tabhairt amach ari an uirláir éum dámra, acht riúltann rí bho.

ÚNA.—Ná b' i m'boordhusadh aonair: Nád b'feiceann tú go bfuil mē ag éirteacht le n-a bfuil feirgean d'a phád liom. [Leir an h-Annracáin]: Lean i eat, cao é rín do b' i tu 'phád ari ball?

TOMÁS O H-ANNRACÁIN.—Cao é do b' i an bodaír rín d'a lappaird oírt?

ÚNA.—Ais iarráidh dámra oírt, do b' i ré, acht ní thíubhainn do é.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Ir cinnte nád dtiubhrtá. Ir d'oirg, ní meafann tú go leigfinne-re do dhúine ari b'ic dámra leat, comh fad agus tá mire ann ro. A! a Úna, ní phuis ríolair ná rócamail agam le fada go dtáinig mé ann ro aonach agus go b'facaír mē turfa!

ÚNA.—Cao é an ríolair duit mire?

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Nuairí atá marde leat-d'oirgthe in ran teime, nád b'fágann ré ríolair nuairí d'oirtear uirge air?

ÚNA.—Ir d'oirg, ní'l turfa leat-d'oirgthe.

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Tá mē, agus tá trí ceathramha de mo chroide, d'oirgthe agus loifigte agus caitte, ag troid leir an raoisai, agus an raoisai ag troid liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní féadann tú comh dona rín!

MÁC UI H-ANN.—Uc! a Úna ni Riogáin, ní'l aon eolais agad-ra ari beata an báistí b'oiét, atá gan teac gan téagasci gan tios-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now; don't you see I'm listening to what he **is** saying. [To HANRAHAN] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

Naír, aict é ag imteacáit agus ag riord-imteacáit le fán ari fud-an traoisail móir, gan duine ari bít leir aict é féin. Níl maidin in ran traeacáim nuaír éigisim ruair naé n-abhrain liom féin go mb'feárrí Óam an uairg 'ná an reacáin. Níl aon rudo ag reacáim Óam aict an bponntanur do ruair mé ó Óia—mo éuit aibhrán. Nuaír tóraigisim oifia rín, imteigean mo bprón agus mo bnaidhreacóim, agus ní éuimnísím níor mó ari mo ghearr-éarrád agus ari mo m-i-ád. Agus anoir, ó connait me é cura, a Úna, éim go bfuil rudo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-aibhráin féin!

Úna.—Ír iongantac an bponntanur ó Óia an bárdousiúiseacáit. Comh fada agus tá rín csgaod naé bfuil tú níor fadóbhé na luéit fhuic agus rtóir, luéit bó agus eal aig.

Máe Uí h-Ann.—A! a Úna, iñ móri an bdeannacáit aict iñ móri an mallaic, leir, do duine é do bheit 'ná bárv. Feuc mire! bfuil capair agam ari an traoisal ro? Bfuil feair b.o ari mait leir mé? Bfuil grád ag duine ari bít oírm? Bim ag imteacáit, mo éadair bocht aonraíanaé, ari fud an traoisail, mar Oírin aonraías na Féinne. Bionn fuat ag h-uile duine oírm, níl fuat agad-ra oírm, a Úna?

Úna.—Ná h-abairi rudo mar rín, ní féidiril go bfuil fuat ag duine ari bít oírt-r.

Máe Uí h-Ann.—Táil liom agus ruiófimí i gcuinne an tigé le céile, agus deáraíodh mé óuit an t-aibhrán do júnne mé óuit. Ír oírt-ra júnnear é.

[Imteigean ríad go dtí an coimpneall iñ fadóe ón rtáir, agus ríordéann ríad anaice le céile.]

[Tig Sígle arteac.]

Sígle.—Táinig mé éusgadh éomh luat agus o'feudo mé.

Máire.—Céad fáilte rómád.

Sígle.—Cád tá ari riúbal ag o anoir?

Máire.—Ag toruigas atáinuro. Bí aon poirt amáin agatinn, agus anoir tá an piobaire ag ól tigé. Torócaíodh an daingha ariú nuair bérdear an piobaire péir.

Sígle.—Tá na daone ag bairiuigas arteac go maic, bérdeamha bheagás agatinn.

Máire.—Bérde a Sígle, aict tá feair aca ann agus b'feárrí liom amuig ná artag é! Feuc é.

Sígle.—Ír ari an bfeair fada donn atá tú ag caint, naé ead? An feair rín atá ag cónáradh comh dhlúth rín le Úna in ran gcoimpneall anoir. Cáir b'arf é, no cia h-é féin?

Máire.—Sín é an rírialte iñ mó táinig i n-Éirinn ariamh, Tomáir O h-Annraíscáin éusgann ríad ari, aict Tomáir Róisairí buss cibír do baileacáit aip, i gceart. Óra! naé raiú an m-i-ád oírm, é do ceadac arteac éusgatinn, cop ari bít, anocet!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLE.—Cia'n rónt duine é? Nac feapí deanta abhrán ar Connachtach é? Cualaird mé caint air, ceana, agur deipri riad nac b'fuir d'amaibh eile i n-Eirinn comh maist leir: buidh maist liom a feicint ag d'amaibh.

MÁIRE.—Bháim go deo ari an mbiteamhnaí! Tá'r agam-ra go níodh maist cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar b'fuir capctanair iorúil é féin, agur an céad-feapí do b'fuir agam-ra, agur ír minic cualaird mé ó Ólaoi Murphy bocht (go ndéanair Dia trócaire aip!) cia 'n rónt duine b'fuir ann. B'fuir ré 'na máigírtíp r'fóile, fior i gConnachtach, acht b'fuir n-huile cleap aige buidh meara ná a céí e. Ag riordóeanamh abhrán do b'fuir ré, agur ag b'fuir uifge beata, agur ag cup impiar ari b'fuir amearg na gcomáraíonn le n-a chuid cainte. Deipri riad nac b'fuir bean in r'na cùis cùisibh nac meallfach ré. Ir meara é ná Dómhnall na hÉireann fad ó. Acht buidh é deirfeadh an r'fóile guri fuaidis n'ragairt amach ari an bpráirpháirté e ari fad. Fuair ré áit eile ann r'ín, acht lean ré do na cleapannaibh ceathra, guri fuaidsead amach aipír é, agur aipír eile, leir. Agur aonair ní'l áit ná teac ná d'adaird aige acht é b'fuir ag gabail na tíre, ag déanamh abhrán agur ag fágair lónírtin na n-hoidhce ó na daoimíb. Ni thíultócaidh duine ari b'fuir é, mar t'á fáitcior oppa joimé. Ir mór an file é, agur b'fuir go ndéanfar ré fann oírt do ghearrmádach go deo b'fuir, tá scuirfead feapí aip.

SÍGLE.—Go b'fóirid Dia oppainn. Acht cipeadh do tuig aisteas anocht é?

MÁIRE.—B'fuir ré ag taistíteal na tíre, agur cualaird ré go riab d'amaibh le b'fuir ann ro, agur táinig ré aisteas, mar b'fuir eolais aige oppainn,—b'fuir ré mór go leor le mo céad-feapí. Ir iongantach mar t'á ré ag déanamh amach a phluighe-beata, c'osí ari b'fuir, agur gur aige acht a chuid abhrán. Deipri riad nac b'fuir áit a ghearrd ré nac dtugann na mná bhád, agur nac dtugann na fíri fuat ó.

SÍGLE [ag b'fuir ari gualainn Máire].—Tompuis do ceann, a Máire, feuch é aonair; é féin agur 'd' ingean-ra, agur an da iloingionn dualte ari céile. Tá ré tarp eir abhrán do déanamh ó, agur t'á múnach b'fuir ag cosgruiseadh in a cluair. Oírla, an b'iteamhnaí! b'fuir ré ag cup a chuid pírtíreodh ari Úna aonair

MÁIRE.—Oc ón! go deo! Nac mi-d'adairí táinig ré! Tá ré ag caint le linn n-huile móimíod ó táinig ré aisteas, t'í uaire ó foin. Rinne mé mo dhicíoll le n-a r'fóileadh ó céile, acht téip ré oírla. Tá Úna bocht tugta do n-huile fórt rean-abhrán agur rean-ráiméir de r'fóileach, agur ír binn leir an ghearrtúig b'fuir ag eirteact leir; mar t'á b'fuir aige r'ín do b'fuir ari an rmóilach de'n éanair. Tá'r agam go b'fuir an pórach péinte feorlúigthe

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever inaking songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with 'nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching Maurya by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him The marriage is settled between herself and

íodh úna agus Séamus O h-Lapáinn ann rín, náitce ó'n lá intiú. Feuc Séamus docht ag an dorúr agus é ag fairsing oírra. Tá bprón agus ceannfaoi aip. Ír fúirse a feicint go mbuadh mait le Séamus an rsgairte rín do éacáid an móimhre seo. Tá fairsing móri oírr go mbéid an ceann iompairighe aip úna le n-a chuid bladairgeach. Cóm cinnte a'r tá mé beo, tiucfaidh olc ar an oíche seo.

SÍGLE.—Agus náic bhféadfaidh a chuir amach?

MÁIRE.—Ó bhéadfaidh; ní'l duine ann ro do curideáidh leir, muna mbeidh bean no do. Aict ír file móri é, agus tá mallaeth aige do rsgairtpeadh na crainn agus do péabhradh na clochá. Deir riad go lobtann an riol in ran talamh, agus go n-imigeann a scuioi dainne ó na bac nuair tuggann file mar Érin a mallaeth doibh, má fuairgeann duine ar an teac é. Aict dá mbeidh ré amuis, mire mo bannuaidh náic leisginn ar teach aipis é.

SÍGLE.—Dá pacáidh ré féin amach go toileamhail. Ní beidh aon bhris in a chuid mallaeth ann rín?

MÁIRE.—Ní beidh. Aict ní pacáidh ré amach go toileamhail, agus ní tig liom-ra a phagadh amach ar eagla a mallaeth.

SÍGLE.—Feuc Séamus docht. Tá ré dul anonn go h-Úna.

[Eimigseann Séamus ag tairdeann ré go h-Úna.]

SÉAMUS.—An nuaimhreáidh tú an ril reo liom-ra, a Úna, nuairi bhéarðear an píobaire pérí.

MAC UI H-ANN [as eisge].—Ír mire Tomáir O h-Annraéidín, agus tá mé ag labhairt le Úna Ni Riogáin anoir, agus címh fad agus bhéarðear fonn uirge-re beidh ag caint liom-ra ní leisgíodh mé d'aon duine eile do teacht eadraínn.

SÉAMUS [san airge ar Mac Ui h-Annraéidín].—Náic nuaimhreáidh tú liom, a Úna?

MAC UI H-ANN [go fiocáin].—Nár thubairt mé leat anoiriù gur liom-ra do bhr Úna Ni Riogáin ag caint? Imtig leat ar an móimhre, a bodaigh, agus ná tóig clámpair ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A Úna—

MAC UI H-ANN [as béisil].—Fág rín!

[Imtigseann Séamus agus tig ré go dtí an bheirt fean-mhaorí.]

SÉAMUS.—A Máire Ni Riogáin, tá mé ag iarráidh cead oírt-ra an rsgairte mi-ádhamaid meirgeamhail rín do éacéamh amach ar an tig. Má leigheann tú Úamh, cuipfirid mire agus mo bheirt bhrácaí amach é, agus nuairi bhéarðear ré amuis roghnóidh mire leir.

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her.
[SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*)—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona—

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O ! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá faitéar oírt roimhe
Tá mallact aige rín do rusoileadó na círainn, deirí ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Ír cuma liom má tá mallact aige do leasfach ná
tréartha. Ír oírt-ra tuitfiridh ré, agur cuijum mo dúnchráin faoi.
Údá marbhócadh ré mé ar an módúmio ní leigfidh mé úd a chuid pír-
tneosg do éurí ar Úna. A Máire, tabhair 'm cead.

SÍSLE.—Ná déan rín, a Séamair, tá cónairle níor feadar 'ná
rín agam-ra.

SÉAMAS.—Cia an cónairle i rín ?

SÍSLE.—Tá rúise in mo céann agam le n-a éurí amach. Ma
leanann rív-re mo cónairle-re jaċaridh re fénim amach comh rocasir
le uan, o'á tóil fénim, agur nuair għeoħbarid rív amuis ē, buailiż
an dojur aip, agur ná leigid axtieac aipir go bpràt ē.

MÁIRE.—Raet ó Óis oírt, agur inniñi tam cao e tá in do céann:

SÍSLE.—Déanfarmaido ē comh dearf agur comh rimpri ñe agur
connaisic tū ariam. Cuijfimmo ē aq-sarad ruġdāin go bixiġimmo
amuis ē, agur buailiżimmo an dojur aip ann rín.

MÁIRE.—Ír foju a jado, aċċet ní foju a déanam. Déanfarid
re leat “déan ruġdān, tū fénim.”

SÍSLE.—Déanfarmaido, ann rín, naċċ bixiġi tħalli ari
ro ruġdān fél-ariam, naċċ bixiġi tħalli ari bixiġ an ran tiġi ari férdir
lej-żeppi ceann aċċa déanam.

SÉAMAS.—Aċċet an għnejt-fidh ré luu marí rín—naċċ bixiġi
ruġdān jidam ?

SÍSLE.—An għnejt-fidh ré, an ead? Ħnejt-fidh ré luu ari bixi,
cnejt-fidead ré go jaist ré fénim 'na riġi ari ħiġi nuajji at-ċċa
olta aige, marí at-ċċa anoi.

SÉAMAS.—Aċċ cao e an cpoiceann ċu ġejfiear rinn ari an
mħreibis leo,—go bixiġi ruġdān fél-aqiegħi u uain?

MÁIRE.—Smuaín ari ċpoicionni do éurí aip rín, a Séamair.

SÉAMAS.—Déanfarid mé go bixi an għad-żaox aq-eru is-Siġġ
bixi cūm-tħadha i-n-tiġe o'á r-ġuabba lej-żeppi, agur go
xejt-ċemex ruġdān ċarrxiex aip.

MÁIRE.—Aċċ má eirteann ré aq-aw dojur bixi fior aige naċċ
druri għad-dan ná rto, m-ann. Smuaín ari ċpoicionni eile, a Séamair.

SÍSLE.—Noiř, tá an cónairle ċearġi agam-ra: Abdaip go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

Úfuis cónrte leasta ag bun an énuic, agus go úfuis ríad ag iarrthair rúisán leir an gcoirte do leasúgadh. Ni feicfidh ré comhphára rín ó'n dorúr, agus ni bhíodh fíor aige nach fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sín é an rúéal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamus, gáibhimearás na ndaoine agus leig an rún l ó. Inniú dóibh ead aca te phá—nach úfascáidh duine ari b éan tisín seo rúisán féin ríam—agus cuipe chroicíonn mait ari an mbhéig, tú féin.

[Imníseann Séamus ó dhúine go dhúine ag cosgrumaísc leó. Tóraíseann cura aca ag gáipe. Tagann an piobaire agus téarúiseann ré ag reinn. Eíriúseann trí no ceathair de cíplacáib, agus téarúiseann ríad ag daimh. Imníseann Séamus amach.]

MAC UI N-ANN. [Ag éiríse tap éir a beit ag féacaint oppa ari fead cíplá móimid.]—Pruit! Rtopasaird! An dtugann ríbh daimh ari an rúrápaireacht rín! Tá ríb ag bualaibh an upláir mar beit an oiread rín d'eallac. Tá ríb comhthom le bullán, agus comh ciotaibh le arail. Go dtacátar mo piobán dá mb'feapar liom beit ag féacaint oppaibh 'ná ari an oiread rín laicim bacac, ag leimníng ari leat-éoir ari fud an tise! Fágaird an t-upláir fa Úna Ni Riogáin agus rúm-ra.

FÉAR [atá doul ag daimh].—Agus ead fáit a bháisfhamaoir an t-upláir fút-ra?

MAC UI N-ANN.—Tá an eala ari bhuasach na toinne, tá an Phoénice Riochá, tá péapla an bpolairg báin, tá an Bénur amearás na mban, tá Úna Ni Riogáin ag rearbamh ruar liom-ra, agus áit ari bít a n-éiríseann ríre ruar úmluiríseann an ghealac agus an grian fén vi, agus úmlócaridh ríb-pe. Tá ri ní áluinn agus ní rréipeamail le h-aon bean eile do beit 'na h-aice. Aict fan go fón, rul tairbeánaim daibh mar gníðeann an buachaill bheag Connacátaí mince, déarfaidh mé an t-abhrán daibh do minne mé do Reult Cáige Mumhan—d'Úna Ni Riogáin. Eíris, a grian na mban, agus déarffhamaoir an t-abhrán le céile, gac le déarfa, agus ann rín mánfimíodh dóibh ead é ír mince fíreannac ann.

[Eíriúseann ríad ag gáibhaid aibhrán.]

MAC UI N-ANN.

'Si Úna báin, na ghráidhse buirde,
An cíulfiónn 'éiríodh in mo lápi mo ériordhe,
Ír ipe mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ír cuma liom ériordhe bean aict i.

ÚNA.

A báirdh na fáile dhúibh, ír tó
Fuaipí buaird in ran raoisai a'f clá,
Goiúim do béal, a'f molaim tú féin,
Do éinigír mo ériordhe in mo cléib amuig.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.]

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phœnix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

Capað an trusáin.

MAC UI N-ANN:

'Si Úna báin ná ghruaighe óir,
Mo fheadh, mo cumann, mo ghláð, mo gceann,
Raibh aon rí féin le n-a báid i gceim;
Do loit rí a chroide in a cléib go mór:

ÚNA:

Níor bhíadha oirdéan liom, ná lám,
Ag éirteadct le do cónráidh bheag:
Ír binne do béal ná feinm na n-ean;
Óm' chroide in mo cléib do fuairim ghláð!

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do fiúbail mé féin an domhan ionlán;
Sacrafa, Eipe, an Fhainc 'r an Spáin,
Ní facaird mé féin i mbaille ná gceim
Aon ainnír fa'n ngreáin mar Úna báin:

ÚNA:

Do chualaird mire an cláirpreacáinn
San tráthair rín Coirceas, ag feinm linn;
Ír binne go mór liom féin do ghlór;
Ír binne go mór do béal 'ná rín.

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do bhi mé féin mo cháchan docht, trácht,
Níor léirí Óam oirdéan tair an lám,
So bhífacaird mé i, do ghois mo chroide;
A'r do thíbhir thíom mo bhrón 'r mo ghláð:

ÚNA:

Do bhi mé féin ari marom inmheá
Ag riúbal coir coille le fáinne an lám,
Bhí eun ann rín ag feinm go binn,
"Mo ghláð-fa an ghláð, a'r aic áluinn é!"

[Glaod agus toíann agus b. aillcann Séamus O h-Uarainn an dorúr ar teacáil.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oc ón i ó, go deo! Tá an cónraite mór leagtha ag bun an chnuic. Tá an mala a bhfuil litrieadca na tíre ann pleargála, agus níl ríseang ná téad ná riorda ná daidair aca le na ceangailt ariú. Tá riad ag glaothaird amach anoir ari rúsgáin féilear do déanamh doibh—cibé rórt riuit é rín—agus deiri riad go mbéiread ná litrieadca é an cónraite caillte ari. Ó buidh rúsgáin féilear le n-a gceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bi 's ari mbochrusgád! Tá ari n-aibhrán páirtde agairinn, agus anoir támaoitoi oul ag daingin. Ni tagann an cónraite an bealaic rín ari aon coir.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(*A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in.*)

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tágann ré an bealað rín anoið—áct ír dóisí sur trupainréar éura, agur náð ӯfuit eolair agad air. Náð tágann an cónerte éar an gencoc anoið a cónmárranna?

1AD UILE.—Tágann, tágann go cinnte.

MAC UI H-ANN.—Ír cuma liom, a teacét no gan a teacét. Áct b'feappi liom fíde cónerte ӯbeit ӯpíte air an mbóthar ná go scuirfeá Réamhrá an ӯpollais báin ó Óamhrá dúinn. Abair ier an gcoirteoiriù rópa do éapad óró féin.

SÉAMUS.—O tuigdeir, ní tís leir, tá an oiread rín de, fúinneamh agur de ceap agur de rríreacatò agur de lúc in rna caplainb aigeanta rín go gcaitíodh mo cónerteoiriù bocht ӯpíte air a scinn. Ír air éigin-báir ír féidir leir a gceapad ná a gcongáin. Tá fáitcior a snam' air go n-eireodcaidh riad in a mullac, agur go n-imteobcaidh riad uairde de muais. Tá gád uile feithreac air, ní fácaidh tú miám a leitcérdo de caplainb fiaotháine!

MAC UI H-ANN.—Má tá, tá daoine eile inr an gcoirte a déanfar rópa má'r éigin do'n cónerteoiriù ӯbeit ag ceann na Scapall: fág rín agur leis dúinn Óamhrá.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá tríúr eile ann, áct maidir le ceann aca, tá ré air leat-láim, agur feap eile aca,—tá ré ag críte agur ag críte leir an ríannrað fuairiù ré, ní tís leir feapom air a Óa coip leir an eagla atá air; agur maidir leir an tríomhað feap ní'l duine air bit rín tír do leigfeadh an focal rín "rópa" air a buil in a fiabónuire, mar nád le rópa do críocadh a atairiù féin anupparais, mar gheall air éasairis do hsoí.

MAC UI H-ANN.—Capad feap agairiù féin rugán óró, mar rín, agur fágairiù an t-uplár fúinn-ne. [Le Úna] 'Noir, a péilte na mbán taibheán dóisí mar imciseann lúnó imeargs na ndéite, no Helen fá'n ríomharað an Tír. Dap mo láim, ó 'éag Déiridhe, fá'n cuipeadh Óaoire mac Uírmhísc éum báir, ní'l a hoirdhe i nÉirinn inbriú áct tu féin. Torócamaoiro.

SÉAMUS.—Ná toraið, go mbéidh an rugán agair. Ní tís linn-ne rugán éapad. Ní'l duine air bit ann ro air féidir leir rópa do déanam!

MAC UI H-ANN.—Ní'l duine air bit ann ro air féidir leir rópa déanam!

1AD UILE.—ní'l.

SÍGLE.—Agur ír fíor Óaoiù rín. Ní Óaoirnaiù duine air bit inr an tír seo rugán féir ariamh, ní meafaim go ӯfuit duine in ran tís seo do connaic ceann aca, féin, áct mire. Ír maist cuiimnígim-re, nuairiù nád raið ionnam áct gírfeadh ӯead go ӯfacair mé ceann aca air hÓaoir do rús mo fíean-aclair leir air Connac-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; its not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [To OONA] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. Óisod na daoine uile ag piád, "Ara! cia 'n róire riuit e rin cop air bít?" agus tuibhaitr reifearan sunr rugán do bíonn, agus go gniodh na daoine a leictéirin sunr fíor i Connachtach. Tuibhaitr ré go piacað feair aca ag consgáil an féir agus feair eile d'a capað. Consghócaidh mire an féair anoir, mà céideann turfa d'a capað.

SÉAMUS.—Óearrfaiò mire glac féirí airtseas:

[Imteigeannean ré amach.]

MAC UI H-ANNU [ag gaothail].—

Oéanfaraith mé cáineadh cùige Mumhan;
Ní fágann riad an t-úrláir fáinn;
Ní'l ionnta capað rugán, féin!
Cùige Mumhan gan rnaor gan reun!

Íspain go deo air cùige Mumhan,
Nac ófágann riad an t-úrláir fáinn;
Cùige Mumhan na mbailleoidír mbhéan;
Nac dtig leó capað rugán, féin!

SÉAMUS [air aif].—Seo an féair anoir.

MAC UI H-ANNU.—Tábhair 'm ann ro é. Tairbeánpaiò mire òdoiò cad oéanfar an Connachtach deaghs-mhínte deapláimé, an Connachtach coidh clipite ciailímar, a bhfuil iút agus lán-rtuaim aige in a láimh, agus ciail in a cheann, agus copláirte in a chroíde, acht sunr fíol mi-ádh agus mórbhuaidhreabhdh an traoisgail e amearg leibidhinni cùige Mumhan, atá gan doiríde gan uaire, atá gan eolair air an eala tar éan láeann, no air an óir tar éan órráir, no air an uile tar éan órréanán, no air neult na mbán ós, agus air péarla an bpolairg báin, tar éan scuioille agus giobad féin. Tábhair 'm cipín!

[Sineann feair maiore òb, cuipeann ré rop féirí timéioll aif; torfaigeannean ré d'a capað, agus Sígle ag tábhaitr amach an féirí òb.]

MAC UI H-ANNU [ag gaothail].—

Tá péarla mná 'tábhaitr foluinf dáinn;
Ír i mo Íspád, ír i mo rún,
'S i Úna báin, an mhs-bean cíuin,
'S ní éigíodh na Muimhniach leat a rtuaim:

Atá na Muimhniach seo dallta ag Dia,
Ní aitnísigh eala tar lacha liat,
Acht tiucfaidh ri liom-ra, mo Nélen bheag
Mar a molfar a peairra 't a rgéim go bhráit.

Ara! muire! muire! muire! Nac é seo an baile bheag lágáid, nac é seo an baile tar báis, an baile a mbionn an oibreaoi rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster :
They do not leave the floor to us,
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun ;
The province of Munster without nicety, without
prosperity.
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
That they do not leave us the floor ;
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
They cannot even twist a sugaun !

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us ;
She is my love ; she is my desire ;
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
These Munstermen are blinded by God.
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

riodairie criocta ann na c mbionn aon earrbuiò róra ari na daoiniò, leir an mead róra goideann riad ó'n gceoicair. Cráitíteacáin atá ionnta. Tá na róraiò aca agur ní tuisann riad uatá isd—áct go scuireann riad an Connachtach bocht ag carað rúgáin d'osib! Níor éar riad rúgán féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agur an mead rúgán cnáibe atá aca de bárr an crioicair!

Gnídeann Connachtach ciallmáir
Róra ód féin,
Áct goideann an Muimneac
Ó'n gceoicair é!
Go bfeicidó mé róra
Bheádach cnáibe go fóill
D'a fárdaò ari rúgáin
Sád doinne ann ro!

Mai gheall ari aon mnaoi amáin d'imirgeadair na Tréagair, agur níor ríoradair agur níor mó-b-cóimpiúiseadair no guri ríomhrafadair an. Cíarai, agur mai gheall ari aon mnaoi amáin bérí an baile reo damanta go neod na ndeoir agur go bhuinne an bhráta, le Dia na ngráir, go ríoríruidhe rúgáin, nuair náir tuisgeadair guri ab i Úna ní Riocháin an daラa Helen do rúgáin in a meairc, agur go rúg rí bárr áille ari Helen agur ari Bénur, ari a dtáinig riompré agur ari dtiucfáir 'na diaig.

Áct tiucfáidh rí liom mo réarla mná
Go círge Connacht na ndaoine bheádach;
Geobairidh rí réarla ríon a'f feoil,
Rinnceanna árda, rórt a'f ceol.

O! muire! muire! náir éimigíò an trían ari an mbaile reo, agur náir láraild réalta air, agur náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuisig tar éan doimh. Éimigéann na ríp uile agur dúnaití é d'aon rúgáis amáin air. Tuisann Úna leim éum an doimh, áct béalúd na mná uirbhí. Téidéann Séamus anonn éuci.]

ÚNA.—O! O! O! ná cuimigíde amach é. Leig ari air é. Sin Tomáir O h-Annracháin, ír file é, ír bárd é, ír feair iongantach é: O leig ari air é, ná d'éan rín air!

SÉAMUS.—A Úna bán, agur a cuimle vileaf, leig d'os. Tá ré imrigte aonair agur a cuioth rírtreógs leir. Béríd ré imrigte ar do céann amáras, agur béríd turfa imrigte ar a céann-ran. Nácaidh ríor agat go maic go mb'fealbh liom tu 'ná céad mile. D'éiríore, agur guri turfa m'aon réarla mná amáin d'a bhuil in ran doimh.

MAC UI H-ANN [amuisig, ag bualaò ari an doimh].—Forasail! forasail! forasail! leigidh airtéad me. O mo feacht gcead mile mallacht oppraitib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself ;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman ;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here !

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy ; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned ; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlasting, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her !

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music !

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that—. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan ; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in ! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you ! The curse of the priests on you

[**Θυαιλεανή ρέ από τορυφή ασυρή αμήρ ειλει]**

Mallaċt na las oppraitb' ħr na lātōri,
 Mallaċt na ragaġit aġsur na mbrātar,
 Mallaċt na n-ċarball aġsur an ḫāra,
 Mallaċt na mbaintreħdaċ ħr na nġajlaċ:
Foġsail! foġsail! foġsail!

SÉAMUS.—Tā mē buriħeas tib' a cōmarranna, aġsur b'eid UNA
 buriħeas tib' amariċ. Θυαι� leat, a rixxalite! Dēan do unctiona
 leat f'ejn amuiġ ann ħin, anoir! Ni unctioni tuk ġie teħad ann ro!
 Oħra, a cōmarranna nac b'reaġ ē, duine do b'eit aġ-żejt teħad lej,
 an rtoġġim taob amuiġ, aġsur ē f'ejn go fuċċaji rārta comiex na tein-
 ead: Θυαι� leat! unction leat. Cá 'u il-Connacħt anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [He beats at the door again and again.]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?



TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN

**EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.**

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duard MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

"In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,'" which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the "History of Ireland,"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathè ;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

" Some boon," she cried, " thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave :
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

" Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
" A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

" But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is hull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "Anthologia Hibernica" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archaeological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere " Samhain"³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The " Lion " protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goat descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chances,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruise-town, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip ! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise !" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the Herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Ru-mold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniae." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maoiconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by C'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

" SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brIghtest and whItest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERÈ sligh for the Queen."

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic épopées, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior; another is called Ossian's madness; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the Odyssean type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic épopées, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian.

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "De rebus in Hibernia gestis" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "Descriptio Hiberniae," which is to be found in "Holinshed's Chronicle," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "De Vita S. Patricii" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "Hebdomada Mariana" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "Hebdomada Eucharistica" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Ussorio" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "The Principles of the Catholic Religion"; "The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work ; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleanig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griothá, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchall Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuligheacht Chírige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhín." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Mill-street and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

GLOSSARY.

- A BOCHAL (*A bhuachaill*) Boy, my boy.
 ABOO, ABÚ! To victory ! Hurrah !
 A CHARA, A CHORRA Friend, my friend.
 A COOLIN BAWN (*a chuilin ban*) her fair-colored flowing hair.
 ACUSHLA (*a chuisle*) vein—ACUSHLA MACHREE Pulse of my heart.
 A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (*a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe*) O pulse and treasure of my heart !
 A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (*a chuisle geal mo chroidhe*) O bright pulse of my heart.
 AGRA,AGRADH (*a ghradh*) Love, my love.
 A-HAGUR (*a theagair*) O dear friend ! Comforter.
 AILEEN AROON (*Eibhlin a ruin*) Ellen, dear.
 ALANNA (*a leinbh*) child.
 ALAUN a lout.
 ALPEEN (*alpin*) a stick.
 AN CHAITEOG The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
 ANCHUIL-FHIONN (*an chuileann*) the white or fair-haired maiden.
 ANGASHORE (*aindiseoir*) a stingy person, a miser.
 AN SMACHTAOIN CRON the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
 AN SPAILPIN FANACH wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
 A'RA GAL (*a ghradh geal*) O bright love !
 AROON (*a ruin*) O secret love ! beloved, sweet-heart.
 ARRAH (*ar' eadh*) (literally, Was it ?) Indeed !
 ARTH-LOOGHRA (*arc luachra* or *arc-sleibhe*) .. a lizard.
 ASTHORE (*a stoir*) Treasure.
 A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (*a stoir mo chroidhe*) .. Treasure of my heart.
 ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (*a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe*) Treasure, bright love of my heart.
 A SUILISH MACHREE (*a sholais mo chroidhe*) Light of my heart.
 A THAISGE Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
 AULAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
 AVIC (*a mhic*) Son, my son.
 AVOURNEEN (*a mhuirnin*) Darling.
 BAITHERSHIN (*b'fheidir sin*) That is possible ! Likely, indeed ! Perhaps.
 BALLYRAGGIN scolding, defaming.
 BAN-A-T'GEE (*bean-an-tighe*) woman of the house.
 BANSHEE (*bean-sidhe*) (literally, fairy-woman) the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

BANSHEE (<i>bean sidhe</i>)	fairy woman.
BAUMASH, <i>raimeis</i>	nonsense.
BAWN (<i>ban</i>)	fair, white, bright, a park.
BAWN, BADHUN	cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (<i>beal an atha buidhe</i>)	Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
BEAN AN FIR RUAIÐH	the red-haired man's wife.
BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (<i>beanacht De le anam</i>)	The blessing of God on your soul !
BEAN SHEE (<i>bean sidhe</i>). See BANSHEE.	
BEINNSIN LAUCHRA	little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
B'EDER SIN (<i>B'fheidir sin</i>). See BAITHERSHIN.	
BIREDH (<i>baireadh</i>)	a cap.
BLADDHERANG — BLATHERING (from <i>blad-aire</i>)	flattering.
BLASTHOGUE (<i>blastog</i>)	persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
BOCCAGH (<i>bacach</i>)	a cripple, a beggar.
BOCCATY (<i>bacaide</i>)	anything lame.
BODACH (<i>bodagh</i>)	a churl; also a well-to-do man.
BOLIAUN BWEE (<i>buachallan bhuidhe</i>)	ragwort.
BOLIAUN DHAS (<i>buachallan deas</i>)	the ox-eye daisy.
BOLLHOUS	rumpus.
BONNOCHT (<i>buanadh</i>)	a billeted soldier.
BOREEN (<i>boithrin</i>)	a little road, a lane (a diminutive of <i>bothar</i> , a road).
BOSTHOON (<i>bastamhan</i>)	a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
BOTHERED (<i>bodhar</i>)	deaf, bothered.
BOUCHAL (<i>buachaill</i>)	a boy.
BOUCHELLEEN BAWN (<i>buachaillin ban</i>)	white (haired) little boy.
BREHONS (<i>breitheamhain</i>)	the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (<i>brighidin ban mo stor</i>)	White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
BRISHE (<i>brisheadh</i>)	breaking; a battle.
BROCHANS (<i>brochan</i>)	gruel, porridge.
BROGUE (<i>brog</i>)	a shoe.
BRUGAID (<i>brughaidh</i>)	a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
BRUIGHLEAN	a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
BRUSHNA (<i>brosna</i>)	broken sticks for firewood.
BUNNAUN (<i>buinnean</i>)	a stick, a sapling.
CAILIN DEAS	a pretty girl.
CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (<i>cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo</i>)	the pretty milkmaid.
CAILIN OG	a young girl.
CAILIN RUADH	a red (haired) girl.
CAIRDERGA (<i>cuoire dearga</i>)	a red berry, the rowan berry.
CAISH (<i>ceis</i>)	a young female pig.
CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA	Castlekerke.
CALLIAGH (<i>cailleach</i>)	a hag, a witch.
CANATS	a term of supreme contempt.
CANAWAUN (<i>ceanna-bhan</i>)	bog cotton.
CAOCH	blind, blind of one eye.
CAOINE (<i>caoineadh</i>)	a keen, a wail, a lament.

CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (<i>caipin dearg</i>)	a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN	the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (<i>caibin</i>)	a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of <i>caib</i> , a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE	A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBhan (<i>ceanna-bhan</i>)	bog cotton. See <i>Cannawaun</i> .
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (<i>acheann dubh dhilis</i>)	Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH	harp.
CLEAVE (<i>cliabh</i>)	a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (<i>clochan</i>)	a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (<i>cota mor</i>)	a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH	The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (<i>coileainin</i>)	a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (<i>cailleach cos-mor</i>)	a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (<i>cailin ban</i>)	a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS (<i>cailin deas</i>)	pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOTHA NABO (<i>cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo</i>)	the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOHN	a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of <i>donn</i> , brown.
COLLEEN RUE (<i>cailin ruadh</i>)	a red-haired girl.
COLLIOCH (<i>cailleach</i>)	an old hag, a witch.
COLLOGUE	collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN	talking together, colloquy.
COLUIM CUIL (<i>St. Columbcille</i>)	St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (<i>comether</i>)	Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA	Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (<i>cuilin</i>)	flowing tresses, or back hair. From <i>cul</i> , back.
COOM (<i>cum</i>)	hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.	
COULAAUN (<i>cuileann</i>)	a head of hair.
CREEPIE	a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEEVEN (<i>Chraobhín aoibhinn</i>)	Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (<i>croimbheal</i>)	a mustache.
CRONAN	the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN	whispering.
CROPPIES	the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (<i>crosan</i>)	gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (<i>crub</i>)	a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH	a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE	Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL	Dabhill's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

CRUISKEEN (<i>cruiscin</i>)	a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
CRUINSTIN	throwing.
CRUIT	a harp.
CUBRETON (<i>cu-Breatan</i>)	a man's name, the hero of Britain.
CUR CODDOIGH	comfortable.
CURP AN DUOUL (<i>corp o'n diabhal</i>)	Body to the devil!
CUSHLA MACHREE (<i>a chuisle mo chroidhe</i>)	Pulse of my heart.
CUSSAMUCK (<i>cusamuc</i>)	leavings, rubbish, remains.
DALTHEEN (<i>dailtin</i>)	a foster child ; also a puppy.
DAR-A-CHREESTH (<i>Dar Criost</i>)	By Christ !
DAUNY (<i>dona</i>)	puny, weak.
DAWNSHEE (from <i>damhainsi</i>)	acuteness.
DEESHY	small, delicate.
DEOCH AN DORAIIS	the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RIOGH	Health to the King !
DHUDEEN (<i>duidin</i>)	a short pipe, what the French call <i>brûle-gueule</i> .
DHURAGH (<i>duthracht</i>)	a generous spirit, something extra.
DILSK, DULSE (<i>duileasc</i>)	sea-grass, dulse.
DINA MAGH (<i>Daoine maithe</i>)	the good people, the fairies.
DOONY. See DAUNY.	
DRAHERIN O MACHREE (<i>Dreadhraithrin o' mo chroidhe</i>)	O little brother of my heart.
DRIMIN DON DILIS (<i>Dhruimeann donn dhi-leas</i>)	Dear brown cow.
DRIMMIN (<i>dhruimeann</i>)	a white-backed cow.
DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland)	name of a famous Irish air.
DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (<i>Dhruimeann dubh dhileas</i>)	white-back cow.
DRINAUN DHUNN (<i>droighnean donn</i>)	brown blackthorn.
DROOLEEN (<i>dreoilin</i>)	the wren.
DROOTH	thirst (cf. "drought").
EIBHLIN A RUIN	Dear Ellen.
EIBHUL (<i>vibeal</i>)	clew.
ERENACH (<i>airchinneach</i>)	a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
ERIC (<i>eiric</i>)	a compensation or fine, a ransom.
ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (<i>Eire Sláinte geal go brath</i>)	Erin, a bright health forever.
FADH (<i>fada</i>)	tall, long.
FAG-A-BEALACH (<i>Fag an Bealach</i>)	Clear the way ! Sometimes <i>Faugh a Ballagh !</i>
FAUGHED	despised.
FAYSH (<i>feis</i>)	a festival.
FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM	I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
FEASCOR (<i>feascar</i>)	evening.
FEURGORTACH (<i>fear gortach</i>)	hungry-grass : a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
FLAUGHOLOCH (<i>flaitheamhlach</i>)	princely, liberal.

FOOSTHER.....	fumbling.
FOOTY.....	small, mean, insignificant.
FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....	Open the Door (name of Irish air).
FRECHANS (<i>fraochan</i>).....	a mountain berry; huckleberries.
FUILLELUAH (<i>fuil a liugh</i>).....	an exclamation.
FUIRSEOIR	a juggler, buffoon.

GAD.....	withe, etc., for attaching cows.
GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.	
GARNAVILLA (<i>Gardha an bhile</i>).....	The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
GARRAN MORE (<i>gearran mor</i>).....	<i>Garran</i> , a hack horse, a gelding; <i>more</i> , "big."
GARRON (<i>gearan</i>).....	hack or gelding, a horse.
GEALL	a pledge, a hostage.
GEAN-CANACH	a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
GEASA.....	an obligation, vow, bond.
GEERSHA (<i>girseach</i>).....	a little girl.
GEOCACH	a glutinous stroller.
GILLY (<i>giolla</i>).....	servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (<i>Giolla-Chriosda</i> , servant of Christ; <i>giolla-Phaidrig</i> , servant of Patrick, etc.).
GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.	
GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (<i>Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan</i>).....	May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
GO LEOR.....	plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
GOLLAM (<i>Golamh</i>).....	a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
GOMERAL.....	a fool, an oaf.
GOMMOCH (<i>gamach</i>).....	a stupid fellow.
GOMSH.....	otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
GORSOON, GOSSOON (<i>garsun</i>).....	a boy; an attendant (cf. French <i>garçon</i>).
GOSTHER (<i>gastuir</i>).....	prate, foolish talk.
GOULOQUE (<i>gabhalog</i>).....	a forked stick.
GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....	Young Gracie of my heart.
GRAH (<i>gradh</i>)	love.
GRAMACHREE (<i>gradh mo chroidhe</i>)	Love of my heart.
GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (<i>gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir</i>).....	Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (<i>gradh mo chroidhe, etc.</i>).....	Love of my heart my little jug.
GRAWLS.....	children.
GREENAN (<i>grianan</i>).....	a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.
GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.	

HULLAGONE (<i>Uaill a chan</i>)	an Irish wail, grief, woe.
IAR CONNAUGHT	Western Connaught.
INAGH (<i>An-eadh</i>) Is it? Indeed.
INCH (<i>inse</i>) an island.
IRISHIAN	(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
JACKEEN	a fop, a cad, a trickster.
KATHALEEN BAWN (<i>Caitlin ban</i>)	Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILLE FAULTE (<i>cead mile failte</i>)	A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE	the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOO	Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENS	sly tricks.
KINKORA (<i>Cionn Coradh</i>)	"The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN (<i>cipin</i>)	a bit of a stick.
KISH (<i>ceis</i>)	a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE (<i>cuisseog</i>)	a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHEN	anything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE (<i>ciotog</i>)	the left hand.
KNOCKAWN (<i>cnocan</i>)	a hillock.
KNOCK CUHTHE (<i>cnoc coise</i>)	the mountain-like foot.
LAN	full.
LANNA	i.e. <i>alanna</i> , child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH (<i>Lan an Mhala</i>)	the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHE	Fairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNA	a platform or deck.
LENAUN (<i>leanan</i>)	a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUN	a mischievous elf or fairy. ¹
LONNEYS	expression of surprise.
ULLALAO (<i>Liuigh liuigh leo</i>)	Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES (<i>lus mor</i>)	a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
MA BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>)	My boy.
MACHREE (<i>mo chroidhe</i>)	My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO	"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH (<i>amach go bragh</i>)	out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL (<i>Mo chorp on deabhal</i>)	My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUE	to trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN (<i>Mo mhuiirnin</i>)	My darling.
MERIN (<i>meirin</i>)	a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDHER (<i>mile murder</i>)	A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTHER	A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHRON	My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHLIN BUIDHE	My yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL (<i>Mo bhuachaill</i>)	My boy.
MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (<i>Mo chraobhain eno</i>)	My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

MO CROIDHE (<i>Mo chroidhe</i>)	My heart.
MOIDHERED	same as "bothered."
MO LEUN (<i>Mo lean</i>)	My sorrow.
MO MHUIRNIN	My darling.
MONADAUN (<i>monadan</i>)	a bog berry.
MONONIA (MUNSTER)	Latinized form of Irish <i>Mumhan</i> , pronounced "Moo-an."
MOREEN (<i>morrin</i>)	the diminutive of <i>Mor</i> , a woman's name, now obsolete.
	Grandmother.
MORYAH (<i>mar 'dh eadh</i>)	but for.
MOY MELL (<i>Magh meall</i>)	The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
MULVATHERED	worried.
MUSHA (<i>Ma is eadh</i>)	well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!
NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO	(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
NEIL DHUV (<i>Niall Dubh</i>)	black-haired Neil.
NHARROUGH (<i>narrach</i>)	cross, ill-tempered.
NIGI (<i>naoi</i>)	nine.
NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS	I shall not be deceived again.
NORA CREINA (<i>Nora chriona</i>)	Wise Norah (an Irish air).
OCH HONE	exclamation expressing grief.
OCHONE MACHREE (<i>Ochon mo chroidhe</i>)	Alas, my heart!
OGE (<i>og</i>)	young.
OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (<i>O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhín croidhe thu!</i>)	O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
OLLAVES (<i>ollamh</i>)	a doctor of learning, professor.
OMADHAUN (<i>amadan</i>)	a fool, a simpleton.
ORO	an exclamation.
OWNA BWEE (<i>Amain bhuidhe</i>)	Yellow river.
OWNY NA COPPAL (<i>Eoghan na capall</i>)	Owen of the horses.
PADHEREENS (<i>paidrin</i> , from <i>paidir</i> , the pater)	the Rosary beads.
PASTHEEN FINN (<i>paistin fiann</i>)	little fair-haired child.
PATTERN	(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.	
PAUGH	flutter, panting.
PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN	Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
PHAIRDRIG NA PIB (<i>Padraig na bpíop</i>)	Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
PHILLALEW (<i>fuil el-luadh</i>)	a ruction, hullabaloo.
PINCIN. See PINKEEN.	
PINKEEN (<i>pincin</i>)	a very small fish, a stickleback.
PLANXTY (<i>plaingstigh</i>)	Irish dance measure.
POGUE (<i>pog</i>)	a kiss.
POLSHEE	diminutive of Polly.
POLTHOGE (<i>palltag</i>)	a thump or blow.
POREENS (<i>poirin</i> , a small stone)	small, applied to small potatoes.

POTEEN (<i>poitin</i>)	(literally, a little pot) a still ; hence illicit whisky.
RANN	a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
RATH	a circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ire- land, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
REE SHAMUS (<i>Righ Seamus</i>)	King James.
RHUA (<i>ruadh</i>)	red or red-haired.
ROISIN DUBH	Black Little Rose.
ROSE GALB (<i>Roise Geal</i>)	Fair Rose.
RORY OGE (<i>Ruaidhri og</i>)	young Rory.
SALACHS (<i>salach</i>)	dirty, untidy people.
SALLIES (<i>sailleog</i>)	a willow, willows.
SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (<i>Samhuirnin dhilis</i>)	And my faithful darling.
SCALPEEN (from <i>scalp</i>)	a fissure, a cleft.
SCUT (<i>scud</i>)	a thing of little worth.
SEAN VON VOCHT (<i>sean bhean bhocht</i>)	poor old woman.
SHAMOUS (<i>Seamus</i>)	James.
SHAN DHU	dark John.
SHAN MORE	big John.
SHANE RUADH	red-haired John.
SHAN VAN VOGH (<i>an Tsean Bhean Bhocht</i>)	Poor Old Woman.
SHAROOSE (<i>Searbhás</i>)	bitterness.
SHEBEEN (<i>sibin</i>)	a place for sale of liquor, gen- erally illicit.
SHEEIN	young pollack, or of any fish.
SHEELAH (<i>Sighle</i>)	Celia.
SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (<i>Si Molly mo stor</i>)	It's Molly is my treasure.
SHEILA NI GARA (<i>Sighle ni Ghadhra</i>)	Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
SHEMUS RUA (<i>Seamus Ruadh</i>)	red (haired) James.
SHILLALY, SHILLELAH	an oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
SHILLOO	a shout.
SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (<i>Seoithin seoidh</i>)	Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
SHOOLING	strolling, wandering. From the word <i>siubhal</i> , tramping.
SHOUGH (<i>seach</i>)	a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
SHUGUDHEIN (<i>'Seadh go deimhin</i>)	Yes, indeed !
SHULE AGRA (<i>Siubhail a ghradh</i>)	Walk, love ; i.e. Come, my love.
SHULERS (<i>siubhaloir</i> , a walker)	tramps.
SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM	Up with me and down with me.
SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN	Bright health, my darling.
SLAINTE GO BRAGH (<i>Slainte go bhrath</i>)	Health forever !
SLAN LEAT !	Adieu ! Farewell !
SLEEVEEN	a sly, cunning fellow. From <i>sliebh</i> , sly.
SLEWSTHERING	flattering.
SLIABH NA M-BAN	The Mountain of the Women.
SMADDHER	to break. From <i>smiot</i> , a frag- ment.
SMIDDHEREENS	small fragments. Probably from <i>smiot</i> , as above.

SMULLUCK (<i>smullog</i>)	a fillip.
SOGGARTH AROON (<i>Shagairt a ruin</i>)	Dear Priest !
SONSY	happy, pleasant. Probably from <i>sonas</i> , happiness.
SOOTHER	to wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINS	soul.
SPAEMAN	fortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (<i>spailpin</i>)	a common laborer ; also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.
SPARTH (<i>spairt</i>)	wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (<i>spideog</i>)	a puny thing or person.
SPRAHAUNS (<i>spreasan</i>)	an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (<i>straoileadh</i>)	a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (<i>stuacan</i>)	a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAIGING	rambling.
STRONSHUCK (<i>stroinse</i>)	a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHE	a sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (<i>tsugan</i>)	a rope of hay or straw.
TARBH	bull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (<i>D'anam do Dhia</i>)	My soul to God !
THE CRUISEEN LAWN (<i>Cruisgin lan</i>)	Full little flask or jar.
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (<i>traithnin</i>)	a little; a trifle ; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (<i>tuicin</i>)	an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (<i>tulach</i>)	small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (<i>Tir fa Tonn</i>)	Land under the wave--Holland.
TIR-NA-MBOO (<i>Tir na m-beo</i>)	Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (<i>Tir nan og</i>)	Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (<i>troman</i>)	a reel on a spindle.
TUG	the middleband of a flail.
UCHLUAIM	the breast or front hem of a sail.
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.	
ULLAGONE (<i>ullagon</i>). See HULLAGONE.	
USHA. See MUSHA (<i>mhuisse</i>).	
VO	Alas ! Oine, ay de mi !
WEENOCK (' <i>mhaoineach</i>)	O treasure.
WEESHEE (<i>weeshy</i>)	little. From <i>wee</i> .
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.	
WHAT <i>Holly</i> IS ON YOU?	What are you about ?
WIRRASTHRUE (<i>O Mhuire is truagh</i>)	O Mary, it is sad ! (an ejaculation to the Virgin).
WIRRASTRUE (' <i>Mhuire is truagh</i>)	Mary ! 't is a pity !
WISHA. See MUSHA.	
WOMMASIN	strolling.
WURRA (<i>A Mhuire</i>)	O Mary ! (i.e. the Blessed Virgin).
YEOS	(English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

THE FOLLOWING SHOWS THE TYPOGRAPHICAL PLAN:

Author's name — ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.

Title of story, essay, poem, etc. — *Adieu*.

Source of story, essay, poem, etc. — 'Father Connell.'

First line of poetry — Am I the slave they say?

First line and title of poem the same — 'Four Ducks on a Farm.'

Subject — Agriculture.

A.	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
A. E. G. W. RUSSELL.				
▲ babe was sleeping...LOVER ... 6	2086		▲ whisper of spring's in	1698
▲ cabin on the moun- tain-side RUSSELL .. 8	3001		the air WYNNE 9	3649
'A constant tree is the yew to me' (Irish Rann)	10	3837	▲ Wood, Anthony, the historian	7
▲ <i>Cushla Gal Mo Chree</i> (half-tone engraving).DOHENY ... 3	864		— Thomas, at Drog- eda	2570
▲ land of youth, a land of rest.....JOYCE 5	1734		Abbacy of Iona, The.....	4
▲ laughter in the dia- mond air.....RUSSELL .. 8	2996		Abbey Asaroe ALLINGHAM. 1	13
▲ Little lonely moorland lake	KAVANAGH . 5	1753	Abercromby, Sir Ralph.....	2166
▲ little sun, a little rain	BROOKE ... 1	299	Abhrain an Bhuidheil...LE FANU. . 5	1946
▲ man there was near Ballymooney	LE FANU... 5	1935	Aboard the Sea Swal- low	DOWDEN ... 3
▲ man without learn- ing, and wearing fine clothes	4	1467	— DOWDEN ... 876	
▲ "million a decade!"WILDE ... 9	3570		Absentee, The, M. F. Egan on	5
▲ moment gone	O'DONNELL. 7	2688	x	
▲ pity beyond all	YEATS ... 9	3704	Absenteeism	9
▲ poor old cottage.....O'LEARY ... 7	2797		— Harshness of the land-agent	187, 98
▲ soldier of the Legion.NORTON ... 7	2586		— in the XVIII. Cen- tury	5
▲ sore disease this scribbling itch is	4	1263	— Rack-renters on the Stump	1917
▲ spirit speeding down.SHORTER .. 8	3128		— Scene in the Irish Famine	9
▲ <i>Stor, Gra Geal Mo- chree</i>	MACMANUS . 6	2263	—	
			Acres, Sir Anthony (character in 'The Rivals')	4
			Academy, The English..BANIM ... 1	60
			Acres, Bob (character in 'The Rivals')	8
			Acropolis of Athens and the Rock of Cashel...MAHAFFY .. 6	2334
			Across the Sea.....ALLINGHAM. 1	14

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE	
'Actæon,' From	WILKINS	9 3604	"Ah then; who is that there talkin'?"	KEELING	5 1772
Act of Union (see also Union, The)	6 2169	Aherlow, Battle of	GLEN	9 3607	
Actor and Gleeman	9 3686	— Glen	—	7 2616	
Actress (see Bellamy)	5 1919	— The Glen of. See <i>Patrick Sheehan</i> .			
Addison on ladies' head- dress	9 3497	Aid Finlaith, King of Ireland	—	7 2718	
<i>Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of Whis- key</i>	LE FANU	Aidine	—	4 1456	
Address to the British Association	KELVIN	Alleach (mountain). See <i>Innishowen</i> .			
<i>Arde</i>	ARMSTRONG. 1	Aileel Mor, King of Con- naught	—	7 2747	
Adjectives, copious use of, by Irish	2 xiii	Aileen	BANIM	1 57	
Adown the leafy lane. MAC ALEESE	6 2111	Aillil's Death, King	STOKES	8 3261	
Adam, Maitre, Father Prout on	6 2339	Aillen	—	4 1452	
Adamnan and Fin- nachta	7 2707	Aim of the Society of United Irishmen	—	6 2163	
— See <i>Death of St. Columcille</i>	4 618	<i>Air, The Host of the</i> YEATS	9 3701		
A d v e n t u r e. See Travel, etc.		Aix-la-Chapelle, Treaty of	—	3 1220	
— in <i>Sleivenamon</i>	BANIM	'Akim-Foo'	BUTLER	2 418	
<i>Advice to the Ladies</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	'Alas for the man who is weak in friends' (Irish Rann)	—	10 3839	
Advocate's Library, Ed- inburgh, Irish manu- scripts in	7 2673	'Alas for who plough with out seeds' (Irish Rann)	—	10 3839	
Aedh Guaire and Ruad- han	7 2762	Alas! how dismal is my tale	O'KEEFFE	7 2779	
— mac Ainmireach	4 1622, 1625	Alas, poor Yorick	—	8 3220	
— Menu, Prince of Leinster	7 2711	Albion	SHEEHAN	8 3044	
Aedhan, the leper of Cluain-Dobhain	7 2710	Albuera, Irish soldiers at	—	8 3063	
<i>Ægeria, A Modern</i>	CAMPBELL	'Alceiphron, or the Mi- nute Philosopher'	BERKELEY	1 175 176	
Aengus, Calendar of	8 3141	Alder Gulch, Nevada, Earl of Dunraven at	—	3 964	
— Festology of	7 2673	Alfrid's <i>Itinerary</i>	MANGAN	6 2375	
Affair of Honor, An	CASTLE	ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES	—	1 1 8	
Affliction, Blessings of. KIRWAN	5 1844	Alexander the Great	—	7 2672	
Africa, Dress in	2 418	Aliné who bound the Chief of Spears	—	7 2593	
African Queen	BUTLER	Alison, Sir A., on E. Burke	—	1 369	
After Aughrim	GOOGHEGAN. 4	All day in exquisite air. TYNAN- HINKSON	—	9 3457	
— the Battle	MOORE	All hail! Holy Mary	KEEGAN	5 1765	
— the Fianna. From the Irish of OISIN	SIGERSON	All human things are subject to decay	DRYDEN	3 1208	
Age of a Dream	JOHNSON	All in the April evening. TYNAN- HINKSON	—	9 3454	
— ancient Irish rec- ords	5 1699	All natural things in balance lie	O'DONNELL	7 2684	
Aghahoe, Ruins of	8 3020	All Souls Eve	SHORTER	8 3129	
Aghadoe	TODHUNTER. 9	— Night, beliefs about	—	8 3128	
Agrarian Movement, Poets of the	3 xii	All the heavy days are over	YEATS	9 3706	
— Oppression	1 348	— All the Talents, The Ministry of	BARRETT	1 119	
Agricultural Organiza- tion Society (I. A. O. S.), "A. E." and the	8 2989	All ye who love the spring time	BLAKE	1 189	
Agriculture and Tech- nical Instruction, De- partment of	8 2908	Allegory, An	HYDE	10 3879	
Agriculture in Ire- land	4 1467, 1574; 9 3362	ALLEN, F. M. See E. DOWNEY.			
— Castle Rackrent	3 995	Allen and the insurrec- tion of Tyrone and Desmond	—	7 2852	
— Rival Swains, The	1 361	— The Hill of	—	7 2709, 2711	
— Success dependent on fixity of ten- ure	2 425	— of the mighty deeds, Oisin at	—	5 1722	
— We'll See About It	4 1534	— William O'Meara, The Manchester Martyr	—	7 2608; 9 3339	
Ah, huntsman dear ... GRIFFIN	4 1491				
Ah Man	MAC FALL				
Ah, see the fair chivalry come	JOHNSON				
Ah, sweet Kitty Neal.. WALLER	9 3500				

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.....	1	11	An old castle towers o'er the billow	JOYCE	5 1743
— W. B. Yeats on	3	x	An' the thought of us each	BARLOW	1 14
Alliteration in Irish lit- erature	2	xiii	'Anacreon Moore'.. See T. MOORE.		
— in Irish verse	4	vii	Anamoe		25
Almhain, Battle of.....O'DONOVAN	7	2709	Anarchists, Meeting of.BARRY	1	156
Almhuin of Leinster.....	4	1454	Anchor, Forging of the.FERGUSON ..	3	1174
Alpine solitudes	4	1357	Ancient Celtic Litera- ture, Translators of		xviii
'Alps, Hours of Exer- cise in the'.....TYNDALL	9	3478	— Erinn, Manners and Customs of'.O'CURRY	7	2666
'Am I remembered?'.....M'GEE	6	2225	— funeral customs	2	724
Am I the slave they say?	BANIM	1 56	— Greece, Childhood in	MAHAFFY	6 2328
Amazing Ending of a Charade	CROMMELIN	2 751	— houses in Ireland.....	4	1613
Ambition, Swift on	9	3378	— Ireland, Food, Dress and Daily Life in	JOYCE	5 1735
— of the Irish PatriotPHILLIPS	8	2892	— Irish, The		9 3391
'Amboyna, The Relation of'	6	2573	— Irish, Amusements of the		1 35
America, A Farewell to.WILDE	9	3599	— Irish, Buildings of		4 1612
— Abp. Ireland on	5	1664	— Irish, Dress of the.WALKER	9	3493
— and Ireland	9	3328	— Irish Ecclesiastical Remains	PETRIE	8 2880
— Education in	1	334	— Irish, Language ofWARE	9	3544
— Goldsmith on	4	1366	— Irish legends, ethi- cal contents of		8 2973
— O n Conciliation with	BURKE	1 376	— Irish literature, value of		4 xi
— On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in.BERKELEY	1	180	— Irish, manners and customs of the		2 629
— The Irish in.....MAGUIRE	6	2321	— Irish manuscripts	1	32
— — O'BRIEN	7	2617	2 xx, 629, 632, 635; 4 1459, 1598, 1600, 1601, 1608, 1612, 1613, 1618, 1622, 1625, 1631; 5 1724, 1731, 1737; 6 2232, 2353, 2377; 7 2615, 2663, 2664, 2668, 2669, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2705, 2709, 2766; 8 2879, 2884, 2975, 3139, 3144, 3246; 9 3494		
— Dr. Sigerson on	4	xli	— Irish Surnames ..WARE		9 3546
— — See Red- mond on Home Rule			— Legends of Ire- land'	WILDE	5 3557
— the land of liberty.....	5	1664	3558, 3561, 3566		
— The Song of the Irish Emigrant inFITZSIMON..	3	1206	— 'Music of Ireland'.BUNTING ..	6	2230
American and Irish rev- olutionists com- pared	6	2165	Ancients, Colloquy of the		8 2968
— characteristics	1	331	And as not only by the Calton Mountain ..MACCARTHY ..	6	2131
— civil war, Arch- bishop Ireland in the	5	1662	'And doth not a meeting like this'	MOORE	8 2524
— Commonwealth, The'	BRYCE	1 331, 343	'And must we part?' ..CALLANAN ..	2	445
— faith in Democracy	1	333	Andromeda	ROCHE	8 2965
— humor	1	332	Anecdote of O'Curry and Tom Moore		7 2663
— Revolution	6	2153	Anecdotes		
— Effect of, on Ire- land	9	x	— of Burke		1 396
— Grattan on the	4	1389	— of Curran		2 798
— Stamp-Act	4	1388	— of Father O'Leary		7 2793
— Taxation, Speech onBURKE	1	373	— of Keogh, the Irish Massillon	FITZPATRICK ..	3 1199
Americans a religious people	1	336	— of Macklin		6 2241
— a good-natured peo- ple	1	331	— of O'Connell		7 2651
Among the Heather	ALLINGHAM	1 16	— of O'Keeffe		7 2771
— the reeds, round waters blue	MILLIGAN	6 2437	— of Sheridan		8 3119
Amor Intellectualis	WILDE	9 3594	— of Sterne		8 3227
Amoret	CONGREVE	2 614	NOTE.— See 'The Sunniness of Irish Life.' The biographies of the authors whose works are given furnish a rich source of this ma- terial—as do also the reminiscences and memoirs given in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'		
Amusements at a coun- try dance		2 649	Angel's Whisper, The..LOVER	6	2086
— of the Ancient Irish	O'BRIEN	1 35; 5 1739	Anglo-Irish Literature, Humor in	6	xii, xlii
— of the People	O'BRIEN	7 2620			
A nation once again		xvii			
A Nation once again	DAVIS	3 827			
'An Cneamhaire'	O'FARRELLY ..	10 3967			
An Craobhán Aoibhín.. See D. HYDE.					
'An Gioblaethán'	HAYES	10 3977			
		3983			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Anglo-Irish Problem, the</i> DAVITT	3	832	<i>Arbor Hill, Lines on the Burying Ground of</i> ... EMMET	3	1094
<i>Anglo-Norman Nobles</i>	7	2670	<i>Archer</i> (character in 'The Beaux' Stratagem')	3	1165
<i>Anglo-Saxon and Irish contrasted</i>	2	xiv	<i>Sanders, and Allen</i> planning the insurrection of Tyrone and Desmond	7	2852
— literature never entirely absorbed Irish national genius	1	x	Architecture, archæology, etc.		
<i>Angus</i>	8	2990	— <i>Splendors of Tara, The</i> HYDE	4	1610
<i>Angus, the Culdee, on learning in Ireland</i>	2	vii	— <i>Ancient Irish Ecclesiastical Remains</i> PETRIE	8	2880
<i>Animals in Irish Sagas</i>	2	xvii	— <i>Northmen in Ireland, The</i> STOKES	8	3239
— Superstitions about	9	3678	— <i>Forts, Crosses, and Round Towers</i> WAKEMAN and COOKE.	9	3482
<i>Anluan mac Mágach</i>	4	1618	— in Ireland	8	3238
<i>'Annals of Ireland'</i> O'DONOVAN..	7	2706	— Early Christian STOKES	8	3238
		2708, 2709	— Arcomin, The plain of 'Arctic Hero, Death of an' ALEXANDER.	1	10
— The Irish, prove their own antiquity	2	ix	— Arderry, The Barony of	4	1573
— of the Four Masters. (See also M. O'CLERY.)	2	629	— Ardes, The	6	2278
632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2577; 7 2663			— Ard-Fileas	4	1591
2674, 2705; 10 4018			— Ardigna Bay	6	2223
<i>Anne, Queen, dress in the time of</i>	9	3497	— Ardmore, Round Towers at	9	3492
— period in English literature	1	ix	— Ardnalee (scene of poem)	5	1865
Anonymous Verse. See Street Songs, Ballads, etc.			— Ardrahan, Normans at	3	829
<i>Anonimous Verse, Street Songs, Ballads and</i>	8	3265	— Ardrossan	2	647
<i>'Antigone, The New'</i> BARRY	1	156	— Ardtenten Castle	7	2853
<i>'Antiquities, Handbook of Irish'</i>	WAKEMAN		— Argonautic expedition, Irish version of	7	2672
— Church Ruins, Holy Island (half-tone engraving)	6	2130	— Arklow, Beautiful scenery near	7	2532
Antiquity of Gaelic Literature, Prof. Morley on	4	vii	— Armagh, Aldfrid in	6	2375
— of Ireland	1	399	— Canon of, Cathald Maguire, cited	7	2718
— of Irish Annals			— wafered by Lough Neagh	6	2277
— proved	2	ix	<i>'Armonica,' Benjamin Franklin's invention</i>	7	2692, 2702
— of Irish language	2	vii	ARMSTRONG, EDMUND JOHN	1	24
— of Irish literature	3	xvii	— G. F. S. See Savage-Armstrong,		
— of Irish wit and humor	6	vii	— Army and Navy Mutiny Bills	6	2178
<i>Antium, Nero at</i>	2	739	— Irish soldiers in the English	8	3062
<i>Antrim</i>	9	3428	— See <i>Inniscarra</i> BUCKLEY ..	1	351
— Lord : origin of bloody hand in his coat-of-arms	7	2856	— See <i>Saxon Shilling, The</i> BUGGY	1	358
— Mountains of	6	2275	Arnold, M., on Celtic melancholy	3	viii; 9 3360
— Remains of coal-mining on the coast of	6	2279	— on Celtic style	2	xvi
— Round Towers at	6	2277, 3491	<i>Arraglen, Kate of</i> LANE	5	1863
<i>Anuail</i>	2	629	<i>Arrah!</i> Bridgid Mac Sheehy HOGAN	4	1594
<i>Aoife</i>	4	1449	Arran, Earl of, a Monk of the Screw	2	797
<i>Only Son of</i> GREGORY ..	4	1426	— and Architecture in Ireland	9	3484
<i>Aongus Ceile Dé</i>	4	1651	— and learning Dissemination of Irish Egyptian Art....	9	3630
<i>Apologia</i> WILDE	9	3592	WISEMAN ..		
<i>Apostle of Temperance in Dublin</i> MATHEW ..	6	2397			
Apparitions (see also Ghosts)	2	556			
Appius	5	1847			
Arabian Nights, The, Burton on	2	404			
<i>Arab's Farewell to His Steed</i> , The NORTON ..	7	2584			

ART.	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Ireland and the Aris</i>	YEATS	9 3661	Ath-Seanagh (Bally-shannon)	2 639
<i>Leonardo's 'Monna Lisa'</i>	DOWDEN	3 877	Athy, Father Lalor of, and Father Keogh	4 1206
<i>Life, Art, and Nature</i>	WILDE	9 3578	Athy, Prior at, Richard Oveton, Killed at Drogheda	7 2573
— of acting, The	7 2473		ATKINSON, SARAH	1 28
— of Pleasing	STEELE	8 3206	<i>Atlantis, The Island of</i> . CROLY	2 749
— of Thomas Hardy, The	JOHNSON	5 1694	<i>Auctioning Off One's Relatives</i>	SHERIDAN .. 8 3105
<i>Art's Lough</i>	GREENE	4 1423	<i>Aughrim, After</i>	GEOGHEGAN .. 4 1254
<i>Arts and Learning in America</i>	BERKELEY	1 180	— Battle of	3 829; 7 2820; 9 ix
<i>Ireland and the Aryan race</i>	YEATS	9 3661	— Limerick, and the Boyne, Old soldiers of	3 957
Celtic a branch of the	3 xvii	<i>August Weather</i>	TYNAN- HINKSON .. 9 3458
As beautiful Kitty	SHANLY	8 3032	<i>Auld Ireland</i>	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2771
As chimes that flow	SIGERSON	8 3138	<i>Australia, In Exile in</i> . ORR	7 2837
As down by Banna's banks	OGLE	7 2734	<i>Autobiography of Wolfe Tone</i>	9 3414
As flow the rivers	RUSSELL	8 3002	— of Wolfe Tone, New edition, ed. by O'BRIEN .. 7 2604	
As from the sultry town	IRWIN	5 1675	— of Wolfe Tone, The TONE	9 3421
As I roved out at Faha.	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3299	<i>Autochthonous literature of Ireland represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE'</i>	2 vii
— one summer's morning	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3277	<i>Ave Imperatrix</i>	WILDE .. 9 3588
As once our Saviour and Saint Peter	HYDE	10 3823	Avoca, the Vale of (half-tone engraving) MOORE	7 2532
As Rochefoucault his maxims drew	SWIFT	9 3380	<i>'Avoid all Stewardships of Church or Kill'</i> (Irish Rann)	10 3833
As the breath of the musk-rose	PARNELL	7 2873	Avon, The (river)	7 2532
Asaroe, Abbey	ALLINGHAM	1 13	Avon-bwee	4 1255
Ashane	6 2356	Avondale, Parnell at	7 2616
Ashburnham, Lord, owner of Stowe Collection of Irish manuscripts	7 2673	Avonmore, Lord, a Monk of the Screw	2 787
Ass, The, and the Orangeman's daughter	8 3268	— and Father O'Leary	7 2794
Assaroe	6 2354	Azarias, Brother .. See P. F. MULLANEY.	
Assaye, Irish soldiers at	8 3062		
Assonant rhyme, Mr. Guest on	4 viii		
Aston, Sir Arthur, Killed at Drogheda	7 2568		
Astronomical proof of antiquity of Irish annals	2 ix		
Astronomy.				
— <i>Distance of the Stars, The</i>	BALL	1 36		
— <i>Venus, Hesperus and Phosphor</i>	CLARKE	2 601	B.	
— <i>What the Stars are Made of</i>	BALL	1 41	Bacchanalian Songs.	
At early dawn I once had been	WALSH	9 3507	See also Conviviality	6 x, xi
At Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862	O'REILLY	7 2831	Backbite, Sir Benjamin (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3099
At Sea	ROCHE	8 2966	Back Stairs to Dublin Castle	3 889
At Tarah to-day in this awful hour	MANGAN	6 2360	Bacon, Macaulay and MITCHEL .. 6 2444	
At the dance in the village	WALSH	9 3503	— Macaulay on	6 2445, 2447
— <i>'At the mid-hour of night'</i>	MOORE	7 2525	Baconian philosophy and the Christian religion compared	6 2450
Athboy in Meath	5 1738	Bacon's discovery of the inductive method	6 2448
Athenry, The plains at	3 859	Badaos, Irish soldiers at	8 3063
Athens and the Rock of Cashel	MAHAFFY ..	6 2334	Baethgalach, a hero of Munster	7 2711
Athlone, Battle of	9 ix	Bagenal, Harry, killed at battle of Bealan-atha-buidh	3 928, 957
Ath n o w e n , Scenery around	1 353	— King	DAUNT .. 3 817
			— on Duelling	3 817
			Baile's Strand, Connlaoch lands at	4 1427
			Baithin and St. Columcille	4 1620
			<i>Bala, The Waves' Legend on the Strand of TODHUNRET.</i> 9 3404	

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Balaklava, and the Charge of the Light Brigade	RUSSELL ..	8 3008	Bann, The, among the leading rivers of Ulster	6 2278
Baldoyle, Father Keogh at	4 1200; 1205	vii	— Bonfires on	3 954
Balfour on Dean Swift	3	1147	Banna, The Banks of	7 2735
Balinconlig, Folk tale of	3	1147	Banshee, The	ALLINGHAM. 1 17
BALL, SIR ROBERT STAWELL	1	36	— The	TODHUNTER. 9 3409
Ballach-boy, The day of	6	2356	— Biddy Brady's	CASEY. 2 565
Ballad, A	MOORE	7 2539	— described	3 xx
— Mongers	9	3683	— of the MacCarthys	
— of Father Gilligan	YEATS	9 3702	— The	CROKER. 2 727
Ballads, Anonymous Verse, and Street Songs	HAND	8 3263	Bantry Bay Expedition	9 3420
— of Blue Water	ROCHE	8 2961	Folk tales of	5 1803; 6 2314
Ballaghaderreen, 'The Lost Saint' acted at	4	1650	— Harbor (half-tone engraving)	9 3414
Ballina, Fishing at	4	1519	'Bar, The Irish'	O'FLANAGAN. 7 2723
Ballinacarthy, Folk tale of	2	708	Bard, and the King of the Cats, Seanchan	WILDE. 9 3566
Ballinasloe, Jenny from STREET BALAD	LAD	8 3289	— O'Hussey's Ode to the Maquire, The	MANGAN. 6 2369
— Fair of	4	1636	“— of Erin, The” See T. MOORE.	
Ballincollig, Enlisting at	1	351	“— of Thomond, The” See M. HOGAN.	
Ballintubber, Fair of	2	653	Bardic System, The	2 xviii
Ballitore, Scenes of 'Ninety-eight' at	5	1887	Bards, Costumes of the	3 xiv
Ballycastle, Remains of coal-mining at	6	2279	— Decline of the	2 xx
Ballydivelin, The fight of the Mahonys under the tower of	7	2853	— described	2 xviii
Ballyhoy station, Cockle-pickers at	1	108	— of the Gael and Gall	SIGERSON. 10 3937
Ballylee	9	3666	— outlawed by Eng- land	9 3625
Ballymena, St. Patrick at	6	2435	BARLOW, JANE (portrait)	1 98
Ballymooney (scene of a song)	5	1935	— M. F. Egan on	5 viii
Ballymote, Book of	2 629; 7 2663		Barmecides, Time of the	MANGAN. 6 2367
Ballymulligan, The Mulligan of, as a landlord	4	1574	Barney Magalone. See WILSON.	
Ballynakill, election of 1790	1	140	Barney O'Hea	LOVER. 6 2080
Bally Shannon, Sarsfield at	7	2818	Barney O'Reardon, the Navigator	LOVER. 5 2008
Ballyshannon, Hugh Roe at	2	639	Barr, Saint, meaning of name	9 3546
Ballyshanny, Scenery around	1	13	Barré, Colonel	7 xviii
— Salmon leap at	7	2550	BARRETT, EATON STAN- NARD	1 119
Balor of the evil eye	2	xi	— D. J. O'Donoghue on	6 ix
— the giant	3	861	— Richard and Re- peal	9 x
Baltimore, Scenery near Bay	7 2602; 2852	— Richard, in Prison	3 811; 6 2128	
Banba, Meave among the women of	7	2747	— Roger: Duel with Judge Egan	1 142
Bandon Fair	6	2080	Barrière du Trône	2 677
BANIM, JOHN	1	44	BARRINGTON, SIR JONAH	1 126
— John (portrait)	1	41	— on J. P. Curran	2 770
— inherently Irish	1	xi	BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH	1 149
— MICHAEL	1	59	— the actor	5 1919
Banims, The, M. F. Egan on	5	vii	— WILLIAM FRANCIS	1 156
‘Banish sorrow’	OGLE	7 2736	— M. F. Egan on	5 vii
Banished Defender, The from Rome	8	3269	Barry's painting of the Last Judgment	6 2422
Bank of Ireland, The (half-tone engraving)	2	748	Basaltic rocks on the shores of Lough Neagh	6 2277
Bankers in Ireland	9	3367	Bastile, The	2 676
Banks of Banna, The	OGLE	7 2735	Bathe, Father John, slain at Drogheda	7 2572
			Battle of Almhain	O'DONOVAN. 7 2709
			— of Beal-A n-A th a-	
			— Buidh	DRENNAN. 3 928
			— of Dunbolg	HYDE. 4 1622
			— of Flanders	7 2830
			— of Fontenoy (half- tone engraving)	3 880
			— of Landen	7 2824

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Battle of the Boyne	7	2819	Bernard, dean of Kill-		
— of the Factions	CARLETON	2	more, saved at Drog-		
— of Magh Leana	O'CURRY	7	heda by Cromwell	7	2570
Battles in the Book of			'Beside the Fire'	4	1638, 1642
Leinster		2	Bethlehem	WARBURTON.	9 3535
Bay of Biscay	CHERRY	2	Beth Peor	1	2
Beaconsfield, Lord	O'CONNOR	7	Between us may roll the		
— Cranbourne on		6	severing ocean	WILDE	9 3572
— on early marriages		6	Beyond the River	READ	8 2924
— on Sheil		7	BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC	1	182
Beag, son of Buan		xvii; 8	— D. J. O'Donoghue		
Beag, son of Buan		3055	on the wit of		6 xiii
Beal-An-Athu-B u i d h,			Bicycle, To my	ROLLESTON	7 2976
— Battle of	DRENNAN	3	Biddy Brady's Banshee	CASEY	2 565
Beal-an-a t h a-Bhuidhe,			Biggar and the Land		
The Red Hand at		5	League		9 xi
Bear, An Irish		7	Bindin' the Oats	COLEMAN	2 610
— Dirge of O'Sullivan	CALLANAN	2	Bingen on the Rhine	NORTON	7 2586
See Bere.			Bingham, Sir Richard		7 2857
Bearhaven, Morty Oge			Biography. (Biographies of all authors		
of		2	represented precede the examples of their		
Beau Tibbs	GOLDSMITH	4	work. Biographies of Celtic authors		
Beauing, belling, dancing, drinking	STREET BAL-		quoted in translation or in original are in		
	LAD	9	Volume X.)		
Beauty, Celtic love of		8	Biography and His-		
Superstitions about		9	tory	9	vii
'Beaux' Stratagem,			— Frederick William		
The'	FARQUHAR	3	Robertson	BROOKE	1 291
Bec mac Cuanach slain			Sheridan as Orator	FITZGERALD	3 1190
at Bolgdún		4	Prince of Dublin		
Rede Venerable describes Lindisfarne		8	Printers	GILBERT	4 1258
Bedford, Burke on the Duke of		1	Origin of O'Connell	HOEY	4 1588
'Bee, The'		379	Capture of Wolfe		
Beehive shaped houses		8	Tone	O'BRIEN	7 2604
Beeskeeping in ancient Ireland		2882	Why Parnell Went		
Before I came across the sea	STREET BAL-		into Politics	O'BRIEN	7 2607
	LAD	9	Lord Beaconsfield	O'CONNOR	7 2660
Beginnings of Home Rule	MACCARTHY	6	An Irish Musical		
Belfast		6	Genius		7 2690
'Believe me if all those endearing young charms'	MOORE	7	Story of Grana		
BELL, ROBERT		2522	Uaile	OTWAY	7 2856
Bellamy, Mrs., among the Irish actresses on the English stage		1	Patrick Sarsfield		
Bellefonds, Marshal, commanding army of invasion in 1692		5	Earl of Lucan	ONAHAN	7 2814
Bellew, Bishop, of Killala		1919	A Eulogy of Washington		
Bells of Shandon, The	MAHONY	6	PHILLIPS		8 2891
Beloved, do you pity not WALSH		2343	Napoleon	PHILLIPS	8 2888
Benburb		9	Biscay, The Bay of	CHERRY	2 586
Beneath Blessington's eyes	BYRON	4	Black Book of St.		
Ben-Edar, The scenery around		6	Molaga		7 2664
Bennett, E. A., on George Moore		1185	Castle		7 2853
Beowulf, Alliteration in		7	Crom, The Sunday		
Bere O'Sullivan		viii	of		7 2719
See Bear.			Desert, King of the	HYDE	10 3713
Beresford, Lady Frances, married to Henry Flood		9	Lamb, The	WILDE	9 3569
BERKELEY, BISHOP		1211	Thief, The		3 xxi
— on America		173	Blackbird, The		8 3271
Bernard, Dr., dean of Derry, Goldsmith on		5	made nest in monk's		
		1664	hand		2 xviii
		3658	Blackburne, E. Owens. See MISS CASEY.		
			Blackfriars, Theater in		6 2348
			Blackie, Professor, on		
			the feudal land system		7 2864
			Blackpool		1 151
			Blacksmith of Limerick, The		
			Joyce		5 1741
			Blackwater, A. D. 1603.		
			Crossing the	Joyce	5 1744
			Battle of the	5 1744; 7	2743
			Great meeting at		
			Teltown, on the		5 1738
			in Ulster, The		6 2278
			River (half-tone engraving)		3 916
			Talk by the	DOWNING	3 916
			The Northern	KAVANAGH	5 1732

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Blackwood and Maginn.....	6 2300	Bolb, Trout fishing on the	4 1522, 1523
Blacquière, Sir John, Anecdote of	1 131	Bold is the talk in this. KELLY	5 1782
Blaise, An Elegy on Madam	GOLDSMITH. 4 1382	‘— Defender, The’	8 3270
Blake, James, sent to Spain to poison Hugh Roe	7 2746	‘— Traynor, O.’	8 3270
— MARY ELIZABETH.	1 189	Bo-men fairies, The, de- scribed	3 xx
— Squire, an author- ity on duelling	1 145	Bons Mots of Sheridan.....	8 3119
‘Blanid’, Joyce	5 1749	— Sterne, Some	8 3227
Blarney Castle (colored plate)	6 Front	Bonner, Bishop of Lon- don, Proclamation against plays by	6 2348
Blarney-Stone, Father Prout on the	6 2337, 2441	Booing (bowing), Dis- sertation on	6 2237
Blast, A	CROTTY ... 3 758	Book, Dimma’s	7 2671
‘Blasters’, The	5 1916	— first printed in Gaelic in Ireland (facsimile)	7 2741
Blennerhassett’s Book on Ireland	9 3395	‘— of a Thousand Nights’	BURTON ... 2 404
Bless my good ship	BROOKE ... 1 280	— of Ballymote	2 629; 7 2663
Blessing of Affliction, The	KIRWAN ... 5 1844	— of Clonfert	7 2664
BLESSINGTON, COUNTESS of (portrait)	1 192	— of Dromsneachta	2 v. x
— Memoirs of	MADDEN ... 6 2286	— of Durrow	2 2671
Blest are the dormant	MANGAN ... 6 2380	— of Fermoy	5 1724
Blind Irish piper (half- tone engraving)	5 1762	— of Kells	5 1737; 7 2671
— Student, The	ARMSTRONG. 1 24	— of Lecain	7 2663
Blindness, Miraculous cure of	5 1766	— of Lecan	2 629; 6 2223
Blithe the bright dawn found me	FURLONG ... 4 1247	— of Leinster	2 vi. xii
Bloody hand in Lord Antrim’s coat-of- arms	7 2856	— of Lismore	7 2766; 8 3246
— Street, Drogheda.	7 2569	— of Martyrs, The	7 2573
Blue, Blue Smoke, The (half-tone engraving)	GRAVES ... 4 1415	— of St. Brigithe’s Monastery, The Speckled	7 2664
BLUNDELL, MRS. (M. E. FRANCIS)	1 215	— of St. Molaga, The Black	7 2664
Board of National Edu- cation, The	4 1603, 1609	— of Slane, The Ye- low	7 2664
Boate on Ulster	6 2276, 2279	— of Strange Sins, A’KERNANH ... 5 1809	
Boat-race to win Dun- luce Castle	7 2855	— of the Dun Cow	4 1600; 5 1731
Boats, Irish wickerwork (half-tone en- graving)	9 3458	Books, d r o w n e d b y Norse invaders	2 viii
— of ancient Ireland	5 1740	— Irish, before St. Patrick	2 x
Boat-Song, A Canadian. MOORE	7 2540	— of Cluin-mic-Nois, The	7 2664
Bob Acres, Jefferson as	8 3088	— of Courtesy in the Fifteenth Century GREEN ... 4 1417	
— Acres’ Duel	SHERIDAN ... 8 3088	Borough Franchise Bill, The Irish	6 2176
— Burke’s Duel with Ensign Brady... MAGINN ... 6 2303		BORTHWICK, NORMA.....	10 3879
Bodhmall, the woman Druid	4 1447	Boru Tribute, The	4 1622
Bodkin, Amby, as an a u t h o r i t y on duelling	1 145	Boston Port, Sailing into	6 2115
— MATTHIAS M'DON- NELL	1 232	Boswell and Goldsmith collection of Chap- books, The	7 2468
— The, in Irish dress	9 3493	BOUCICAULT, DION (portrait)	1 252
Bodleian Library at Ox- ford, Irish MSS. in	7 2673	Boulogne-s u r - M e r , Father O’Leary at	7 2794
Boers, The Curse of the. GREGORY	10 3927	Bourke, Sir Richard, the M’ William Eighter	7 2857
Bog Cotton on the Red Bog	O’BRIEN ... 7 2591	Bowes, John, Solicitor- General, at the trial of Lord Gantry	7 2724, 2726
Bogs of Ireland, Pock- rich’s project for reclaiming	7 2696	Boy, who was Long on His Mother, The	HYDE ... 10 3765
— Ulster, Dr. War- ner’s project for reclaiming	6 2278	Boycott, The First.... O’BRIEN ... 7 2611	
Boiléidia, Irish influ- ence on	4 vii	Boycotted	JESSOP ... 5 1688
		Boyd, Captain, Inscript- tion on the Statue of	ALEXANDER. 1 8
		— THOMAS	1 258

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Boyle, Colonel, slain at Drogheda	7 2568	Brigade at Fontenoy, The	DOWLING .. 3 878
— The, among the leading rivers of Ulster	6 2278	Brighidin Ban Mo Store, WALSH ..	9 3503
— JOHN, EARL OF CORK	1 260	— The Cold Sleep of, MACMANUS. 6 2270	
— supposed cause of Atherton's hanging	9 3397	Bright, John, on land tenure	7 2867
— on the 'Drapier's Letters'	1 261	— on the Irish Question	6 2156, 2158
WILLIAM	1 264	Brightest sparkling pile!, WILDE ..	9 3596
Boyne, The	VI 2354	Brightest blossom of the spring	FERGUSON .. 3 1186
Obelisk, The (half-tone engraving)	7 3271	Bright at Kildare	8 3253
Soldiers of the	3 842, 957, 968	— Extract from the Life of	STOKES .. 8 3246
The host of Meave from the banks of the	7 2752	— Healings by	8 3251
— The Battle of the	1 349; 7 2819	— Hymns in praise of	8 3259
	9 ix	— Miracles of	8 3246
Boyne Water, The	STREET BAL- LAD	— Relics of	8 3260
Boz	See JOHN WALSH.	Britain, Goldsmith on	4 1364
Eran, the hound of Finn mac Cumhail	2 xvii, 629; 6 2111	‘British Association, Address to the’ KELVIN ..	5 1784
Brandubh	4 1622	— Museum, Irish MSS. in	7 2672
‘Brannon on the Moor’	8 3270	— Navy, Irishmen in	9 3422
Bray, The scenery around	3 1185	— Parliament, Flood’s Speech in the	3 1219
Rean haun Crone O’Maille	7 2856	‘Brogues, A Kish of’ BOYLE ..	1 264
Breastplate, The Hymn Called St. Patrick’s. STOKES ..	8 3244	Brompton	1 165
‘Breathe not his name’ MOORE ..	7 2527	BROOKE, CHARLOTTE ..	1 280
Brehon Law, The	9 3393, 3493	HENRY	1 284
— Law Code, The	1 29; 5 1735, 1739	— STOPFORD AUGUSTUS ..	1 291
Brehons, The	2 444	— on Steele ..	8 3196
BRENAN, JOSEPH	1 278	Brother Azarias. See P. F. MULLANEY.	
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	6 ix	BROUGHAM, JOHN	1 301
Brendan of Birr	7 2763	— Lord, on E. Burke	1 372
Brett, Sergeant, shot at Manchester	7 2608, 2610	— on Sheridan	3 1191
Brewery of Egg-Shells, The	CROKER .. 2 731	— and Macaulay	6 2452
Brian. See A Song of Defeat.		Brow of Nefn, The	HYDE .. 10 3777
Brian Boru. See The Irish Chiefs and also Mackenna’s Dream.		Brown Wind of Connaught, The	MACMANUS .. 6 2272
— Boroimhe, The Conqueror	9 viii	Browne, Dr., and the United Irishmen ..	9 3515, 3519, 3523
— Boroimha. See Kinkora.		— FRANCES ..	1 313
— O’Linn’	STREET BAL- LAD	— JOHN ROSS ..	1 323
— the Brave’	7 3273	Bruce, Campaign of, 1314	9 3391
See Bryan.		‘Bruidhen da Derga, The’	4 1601
Brian’s administration, Anecdote of	MOORE .. 7 2533	Brundusium	2 739
— Lament for King Mahon	HOGAN .. 4 1591	Bryan, Boruma, Meaning of	9 3546
Bribery by the English	2 792	See also Brian.	
— in the Irish House of Commons	6 2168	BRYCE, JAMES (portrait)	1 330
Bricriu	4 1615	Buckingham, Duke of	1 172
Bride, The scenery around the river	1 353	— Lord, Duel of, with the Master of the Rolls	1 143
“Bridge of the World” (the Rocky Mountains)	2 417	BUCKLEY, WILLIAM ..	1 351
Bridget Cruise. From the Irish	FURLONG .. 4 1244	Budget of Stories, A ..	O’KEEFFE .. 7 2771
		BUGGY, KEVIN T. ..	1 358
		Building, Ancient Irish ..	4 1612
		Bull, A French ..	3 1057, 1058, 1059
		— A Spanish ..	3 1058, 1059
		— An English ..	3 1057
		— An Oriental ..	3 1056
		— The white, of Méve ..	2 xvii
		— What is an Irish ..	3 1057
		Bull-baiting in Dublin ..	5 1916
		BULLOCK, SHAN F. ..	1 360
		‘Bulls, An Essay on Irish’ ..	EDGEWORTH. 3 1055
			1060

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Bulls Examined, The Originality of Irish	EDGEWORTH.	3 1055	But I — than other lovers' state	WILDE 9 3508
— Irish, of Sir Boyle Roche	1 135,	137	— the rain is gone by	TYNAN-HINKSON. 9 3459
Bulwer on O'Connell	7	xxvi	Butler, Hon. Simon	9 3573
— Plunket	7	xxv	— WILLIAM FRANCIS.	2 415
— Sheil	7	xxvi	BUTT, ISAAC	2 421
Bumpers, Squire Jones	DAWSON 3	841	— and the Home Rule movement 6 2174, 2177; 9 xi
'Bunch' of Shams-rocks, A'	CASEY 2	565	— To the Memory of SIGERSON 8 3133	
Buncrana	6	2427	Buttercups and Daisies	TODHUNTER. 9 3411
Bunker's Hill, Irish volunteers for	6	2113	Butterflies in Ireland	9 3565
Bunner, H. C., on John Brougham	1	301	Buying a seat in Church	3 820
Bunthorne the Poet. See OSCAR WILDE.			'By memory inspired'	STREET BAL-LAD 8 3274
Bunting's 'Ancient Music of Ireland'	6	2230	By Nebo's lonely moun-tain	ALEXANDER. 1 1
Buonaparte, Interviews with	TONE 9	3418	By O'Neil close belea-guered	DRENNAN 3 928
—, Tone introduced to	9	3418	By our campfires	DOWLING 3 878
Burbage, James, License granted by Elizabeth to	6	2347, 2349	By the blue taper's trembling light	PARNELL 7 2874
Burgh, Hussey, a Monk of the Screw	2	797	By the Margin of the Great Deep	RUSSELL 8 3004
Burgundian Library, Brussels; MSS. in	7	2673	By the shore a plot of ground	ALLINGHAM 1 22
Burial at Sea	ALEXANDER. 1	10	Byrne, Colonel, slain at Drogheda	7 2568
— of Moses, The	ALEXANDER. 1	1	Byron and the Bless-ingtons at Genoa	MADDEN 6 2286
— of Sir John Moore, The	WOLFE 9	3633	— on J. P. Curran	2 770
Buried Forests of Erin, The	MILLIGAN 6	2437	— on Lord Castle-reagh	6 2168
BURKE, EDMUND (portrait). (See also The Jessamy Bride)	1 369		— tells a story of Sheridan	8 3120
— a master on oratory	7 xxviii		Byron's manner, Flip-pancy of	6 2288
— and Sheridan	8 3119			
— and the 'Historical Society'	7 x			
— Goldsmith on	4 1378,	1380		
— Meagher on	6 2421			
— on Curran	7 xxii			
— on Hampden's fortune	1 375			
— on the Duke of Bedford	1 379			
— Secures MS. of Bre-hon Laws for Trinity College	7 2615			
— Sir R. Peel on	1 x			
— Some Wise and Witty Sayings of	1 396			
— R. Goldsmith on	4 1380			
— The oratory of	7 x			
— THOMAS N.	1 398			
— William	4 1380			
Burke's Statue (half-tone engraving)	1 397			
Burlesque novels	1 119,	123		
Burns, Speech on	FERGUSON 3	1170		
Burne-Jones, Sir E., on the Irish character	8 xv			
Burthen of Ossian, The	O'GRADY 7	2752		
BURTON, RICHARD FRANCIS	2 403			
— on 'The Arabian Nights'	2 404			
Bush, Raftery and the	9 3667,	3671		
Business Quarter and a Business Man in London	RIDDELL 8	2949		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Calmly, breathe calmly all your music.....	JOHNSON .. 5 1700	Carlyle on Ireland's wrongs.....	3 951
Calton Hill, Burns and the.....	6 2131	— on freedom of re- ligious belief in Ireland.....	3 952
Camden, Lord, and Ninety-Eight	8 2930	— on the Reforma- tion	3 951
— as Vice-Roy	6 2167	Carolan	See CAMPION.
Campbell, Counsellor, duel with Harry Deane Grady.....	1 143	— and Arthur Daw- son	3 841
— LADY COLIN	2 448	— remembered in the valley of Nephin	6 2231
— Sir Colin at Bala- kлава	8 3009	— Songs	7 2615
— Rev. Dr. Thomas.....	7 2695	— See O'Carolan, Tur- lough.	
CAMPION, JOHN T.....	2 463	Carriages in Dublin in the XVIII. Century.....	5 1917
Can the depths of the ocean	WILLIAMS .. 9 3607	Carrick? Have you been at	WALSH .. 9 3507
Canadian Boat-Song, A. MOORE	7 2540	— The massacre at	3 955
governors	3 938	Carrickfergus, The ga- rison of	3 955
Candle-making in an- cient Ireland	5 1737	Carrickmacross, The e	
Candour, Mrs. (charac- ter in 'School for Scandal')	8 3099	Fera Ros at	7 2709
CANNING, GEORGE	2 464	Carrigaphooka, A folk tale of	6 2320
— Life of BELL	1 165	Carrigdhoun. See <i>The Lament of the Irish Maiden</i> .	
— on 'Gulliver's Trav- els'	1 167	Carrington, Lord, and Pitt	6 2285
— on Lord Nugent	1 171	Carroll Malone. See MCBURNEY.	
— on parliamentary speaking	1 170	Cartan, Shemus. See <i>A Sorrowful Lament for Ireland</i> .	
— on 'The Lady of the Lake'	1 169	Carysville, Salmon fish- ing at	7 2730
— Oratory of	1 170	'Case of Ireland Stated, The'	MOLYNEUX .. 6 2460
— Wit of	1 171	Casey, Biddy	10 3813
Cantwell, Dr. (charac- ter in 'Mr. Maw- worm')	1 183	— Miss (E. OWENS BLACKBURNE)	2 565
Canzone	WILDE .. 9 3598	— JOHN KEEGAN	2 572
Caoch the Piper	KEEGAN .. 5 1762	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xl
Caolitē	2 629, 630; 4 1451, 1525	'Cashel Byron's Profes- sion'	SHAW .. 8 3035
See also Caelite, Cailte.		— of Munster	FERGUSON .. 3 1181
Cape Clear (half-tone engraving)	6 2222	— The Acropolis of Athens and the Rock of	MAHAFFY .. 6 2334
— and the surround- ing country	2 439; 6 2222	— Rock and Ruins of (half-tone en- graving)	6 2334
— The Vicar of	OTWAY 7 2848	— The Eagle of	4 1591
Capel Street, Dublin. See <i>A Prospect</i> .		— The Psalter of	
'Captain Blake'	MAXWELL .. 6 2412	(See also Saltair)	7 2664; 7 2673
Captain's Story, The	MAXWELL .. 6 2400	Cashmere, The lake of	7 2509
Capture of an Indian Chief	REID	Cassandra	9 3660
— of Hugh Roe O'Don- nell, The	CONNELLAN .. 2 632	CASTLE, AGNES EGERTON (portrait)	2 576
— of Wolfe Tone, The. O'BRIEN ..	7 2604	'Castle Daly'	KEARY .. 5 1755
Carbery, Ethna	MRS. MACMANUS.	— Down, The Good Ship	MCBURNEY .. 6 2113
Cardinal de Retz, Gold- smith on	4 1347	— Hack, The Dub- lin"	3 888
Careless (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3109	— Rackrent	EDGEWORTH .. 3 995
Carew and the Bishop of Rome	7 2852	— M. F. Egan on	5 ix, x
— Sir George, Presi- dent of Munster	7 2740	Castlereagh, Lord, By- ron on	6 2168
Caricatures by Gilray	1 168	— Justin McCarthy on	6 2169
CA RLETON, WILLIAM (portrait)	2 469	— Name of, hated	8 2930
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	V xvii	— Plunket's answer to	7 xxv
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii, xii, xvi	— See <i>A Noble Lord</i> .	
— inherently Irish	1 xi	Cat, The Demon	WILDE .. 9 3557
Carlingford Bay	6 2277		
Carlisle, Lord, story of	1 232		
— and the Waiter	8 xxi		
Carlyle, A Dispute with DUFFY	3 951		
— Conversations of', DUFFY	3 951		

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Cathair More	7	2752	' Celts, Legendary Fictions of the Irish ' ...	KENNEDY .. 5 1796
Cathald Maguire on the Golden Stone.....	7	2718	— <i>The</i> M'GEE .. 6 2223	
— The Festology of.....	7	2674	— <i>Salutation to the</i> M'GEE .. 6 2226	
Cathbad	4	1432	Cement not used in early building	8 2883
Cathedral at Cashel, compared with the Parthenon	6	2335	Censure, Swift on.....	9 3378
<i>Cathleen ni Hoolihan</i> ...YEATS	9	3688	Centenary Ode to the Memory of Thomas Moore	MACCARTHY. 6 2131
Catholic Celts under the Stuarts	6	viii	<i>Century of Subjection</i> , A.TAYLOR .. 9 3390	
— not heard in Irish Parliament	7	viii	Cervantes	3 873
— Church, The Irish peasant's devotion to the	6	2148	Cet mac Mágach	4 1615
— clergy and the people	3	920	<i>Changeling, The</i>	LAWLESS .. 5 1877
— disabilities. See Disabilities of the Roman Catholics.			Changelings	2 731; 5 1877
— emancipation	3	773; 6 2161; 9 x	<i>Chanson</i>	DE CHATEAU-BRIAND .. 6 2339
— <i>On</i>		CURRAN .. 9 773	Chap-books at Harvard	3 xx
— Orators	2	xxvii	— described	3 xx
— priests in war time, Leland on	3	955	— Irish	2 469
— question, Grattan's speeches on	7	xvi	— Thackeray on Irish	3 xx!
— <i>Rights, On</i>	O'CONNELL..	7 2629	— Welsh on	3 17
Catholics, Church building by	6	2152	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xx
— <i>Of the Injustice of Disqualification</i>	GRATTAN ..	4 1405	<i>Chapel, The Ruined</i> .. ALLINGHAM. 1 22	
— The, are the Irish	9	3426	Chappell's, A., portrait of Maria Edgeworth	3 993
Cathvah, the Druid	6	2756	<i>Character, A.</i> .. IRWIN .. 5 1675	
'Catiline,' Scene from ..CROLY ..	2	747	— Irish	8 vili
Cats' Rambles to the Child's Saucepan	8	xix	— John Wesley on	8 xiv
— Seanchan the Bard and the King of the WILDE ..	9	3566	— Sir Edward Burne-Jones on	8 xv
— Superstitions about	9	3680	— <i>of Napoleon, An Historical</i> .. PHILLIPS .. 8 2888	
Cattle raiding	2	xii	Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.	
Cavan	1	132	— <i>Fire-Eaters, The</i> .. BARRINGTON. 1 141	
— The mountains and lakes of	6	2275, 2277	— <i>Irish Gentry and their Retainers</i> .. BARRINGTON. 1 138	
Cavanagh, M., of Washington, D. C.	10	3919	— <i>Pulpit, Bar and Parlamentary Eloquence</i> .. BARRINGTON. 1 127	
Cave, Sir John, and Sir Boyle Roche	1	135	— <i>Seven Baronets, The</i> .. BARRINGTON. 1 129	
— Stories	2	xii	— <i>Gloucester Lodge</i> .. BELL .. 1 165	
<i>Cavern, The</i>	HAYES ..	10 3977	— <i>Princess Talyrand as a Critic</i> .. BLESSINGTON .. 1 212	
Cavour, Count, on the state church in Ireland	6	2150	— <i>Facetious Irish Peer, A.</i> .. DAUNT .. 3 819	
Cean Dubh Deelish	FERGUSON ..	3 1183	— <i>King Baginal</i> .. DAUNT .. 3 817	
— <i>duv Deelish</i>	SHORTER ..	8 3126	— <i>Icelandic Dinner, An</i> .. DUFFERIN .. 3 942	
<i>Cease to Do Evil,— Learn to Do Well</i>	MACCARTHY. 6 2128	— <i>Dispute with Carlyle, A.</i> .. DUFFY .. 3 951		
Cecil, Lord. See <i>The Earl of Essex</i> .			— <i>My Boyhood Days</i> .. EDGEWORTH. 3 1073	
Celtchair	4	1617	— <i>Sheridan as Orritor</i> .. FITZGERALD. 3 1190	
Celtic Authors Biographies in Vol. 10.			— <i>Keogh, The Irish Massillon</i> .. FITZPATRICK. 3 1199	
— Element in Literature, The	YEATS ..	9 3654	— <i>Prince of Dublin Printers, The</i> .. GILBERT .. 4 1258	
— Literature	HYDE. See Vols. 2 and 10.		— <i>We'll See About It</i> .. HALL .. 4 1534	
— place-names, Origin of	6	2228	— <i>Origin of O'Connell</i> .. HOEY .. 4 1588	
— Romances, Old'	JOYCE. 5 1724, 1731	— <i>Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798</i> .. LEADBEATER. 5 1886		
— Twilight, The'	YEATS ..	9 3666	— <i>Love-Making in Ireland</i> .. MACDONAGH. 6 2193	
— 3673, 3678, 3679, 3683			— <i>Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa</i> .. MADDEN .. 6 2286	
			— <i>William Pitt</i> .. MADDEN .. 6 2284	

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.		CHESSON, MRS. W. H. (Norah Hopper)	2 590
— <i>Rambling Reminiscences</i>	MILLIGAN .. 6 2427	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiii
— <i>Prince of Inismore</i> .MORGAN ..	7 2543	Chess-playing in olden times	5 1739; 7 2668, 2707
— <i>Irish Musical Genius, An-</i>	O'DONOGHUE 7 2690	Chesterfield and Faulkner	4 1260
— <i>Budget of Stories</i> .O'KEEFE ..	7 2772	— as Lord Lieutenant	6 2150
— <i>Harry Deane Grady</i> .O'FLANAGAN	7 2728	Chevalier de St. George, son of Mary D'Este	2 768
— <i>Pen-and-Ink Sketch of Daniel O'Connell</i>	SHEIL .. 8 3064	Chickahominy, The	6 2423
— <i>Some College Recollections</i>	WALSH .. 9 3513	'Chiefs of Parties, The'.MADDEN ..	6 2284
— <i>Last Gleeman, The</i> YEATS	9 3683	— The Irish	3 959
Characteristics of Ireland	8 viii	Chieftains, Lives of Irish	1 30
— of Irish literature.....	2 xviii	Childe Charity, The Story of	BROWNE .. 1 314
Characteristics of the Irish.		Childhood in Ancient Greece	MAHAFFY .. 6 2328
— A loving people	8 xv	Children and parents, Affection between	6 2196; 7 2618
— Approachableness	8 xv	— of Lir, The	TYNAN- HINKSON .. 9 3460
— Artlessness	8 xi	Children's games in Ireland	7 2783
— Attention and courtesy to strangers	8 xv	— reading in the XVIII. Century	3 1073
— Aversion to confess ignorance	8 xiv	— Stories, A Writer of	3 994
— Dancing, Love of	8 xix	'Child's History of Ireland, A'	JOYCE .. 5 1735
— Desire to please	8 viii	'China, Narrative of the War with'	WOLSELEY .. 9 3636
— Exaggeration	8 xiv	Chinese Life, picture of	6 2206
— Faculty for paying compliments	8 viii	Chnoc Nania (hill)	6 2230
— Familiarity	8 x	Chosen People, A: Maggee on	6 2293
— Flattery	8 ix	'Christian Architecture, Early'	STOKES .. 8 3238
— Freedom of manners	8 x	— Mother, The	KIRWAN .. 5 1842
— Hospitality of the Irish Celts	3 viii	Christianity in Ireland	9 viii, 3401
— Indifference to facts	8 viii	<i>Christmas Song, The Kilkenny Exile's</i>	KENEALY .. 5 1788
— Leisurely and casual	8 xix	'Chrysal'	JOHNSTONE .. 5 1709
— Love of hunting	8 xiii	Church and Modern Society, The'	IRELAND .. 5 1662
— Love of racing	8 xiii	— Architecture	8 3238
— Practical joking	8 xvii	— how covetousness came into the	10 3823
— Ready replies	8 ix	— Irish devotion to the Catholic	6 2149
— Sense of humor	8 xvi	— of England, The	6 2159
— Simplicity	8 x, xii	— The Catholic	3 920, 6 2148
— Sociability	3 vii	— Ruins, Holy Island (half-tone engraving)	6 2130
— Talkativeness	8 x	Church - building by Catholics	6 2152
<i>Charade, The Amazing Ending of a...</i> CROMMELIN. 2 751		— by Irish women	1 31
<i>Charge of the Light Brigade, The</i> (reference)	TENNYSON .. 8 3013	Churches, Saxon, in Ireland	8 2880
Charity among the Hill-people	4 1456	Churchman, New man the	7 2556
Charlemagne, Irish version of the wars of	7 2672	Clibber, Theophilus	7 2699
'Charles I.'	WILLS .. 9 3612	Cicero (in 'Catiline')	2 747
— and Ireland	9 ix	Cinderella an Egyptian legend	9 3534
— II. and Ireland	9 ix	Circle, A	SWIFT .. 9 3389
'O'Malley'	LEVER . 5 1972, 1995	Circular Stone Forts	8 2882
<i>Charlie, The Coming of Prince</i>	MAGRATH .. 10 4415	Cithruadh	4 1452
Charlotte Elizabeth. See <i>Mrs. TONNA</i> .		'Citizen of the World, The'	GOLDSMITH . 4 1317
<i>Charming Mary Neal</i> ...STREET BAL-		— 1322, 1326, 1334, 1338, 1341	
LAD	8 3275	<i>Citizen-Soldier, The Common</i>	O'REILLY .. 8 2825
<i>Chatham and Town-shend</i>	BURKE .. 1 391	<i>City in the Great West, A</i>	DUNRAVEN .. 3 963
<i>Cheltenham</i>	6 2410		
<i>CHERRY, ANDREW</i>	2 586		
<i>Cheshire Cheese, The, Rhymers Club at</i>	5 1693		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Civil Service in Ireland.....	9 3363	Clonmore, Old Pedhar	
— War, Archbishop		Carthy from	M'CALL 6 2122
Ireland in the.....	5 1662	Clontarf, Battle of.....	2 ix; 6 2377
— Irish in the	4 1539; 6 2321	Cluain-Dobhain, King	
— The American.....	7 2826, 2831	Ferghal at	7 2710
Clacken Lough, Description of country around	1 360	Cluncalla	4 1255
Claims of Science, The..TYNDALL ..	9 3463	Cluricaune, The.....	2 713; 3 xix
Clan Dega, The.....	7 2752	Coach-a-bower, The.....	3 xix
Clang of the Wooden Shoon	MOLLOY ..	Coal-mining, Remains of, at Ballycastle, Ulster.....	6 2280
Clanmorris, Lord, and Curran	1 143	Coats, Styles of	9 3498
Clanricarde in the Rebellion of 1641.....	9 ix	COBBE, FRANCES POWER	2 605
— Sarsfield's wife the daughter of the Earl of.....	7 2816	Cockade, The White...CALLANAN	2 442
— Ulick, Earl of, at war with his brother Shane of the Clover	7 2743	Code, Duelling	1 148
Clar Culite.....	4 1443	— HENRY BRERETON	2 607
Claragh's Lament. From the Irish of John Mc-Donnell	D'ALTON ..	— Results of the	4 xii
Clare, Lord.....	9 3516, 3524	Coelte	7 2753
— Lord, Goldsmith's Poetical Epistle to	4 1377	See also Cailte.	
— and Curran, duel between	1 142	Coercion Laws	5 1839
— County	5 1740, 1985	Gladstone on	7 2658
Clarke, Cowden, on Far-quahar	3 1164	Coffinmaker, Keogh a	3 1204
— General, a Celt of the Spanish type.....	4 1589	Coif, The	9 3495
— JOSEPH IGNATIUS CONSTANTINE	2 596	Coinage, A National, for Ireland	9 3363
Claudius	5 1847	— Laws of	9 3375
Clearing of Galway, The	PRENDER-GAST ..	— Lord Coke on	9 3374
Clebach, The well of	3 1163	Coirnín of the Furze...HYDE	10 3727
Cleena	5 1743, 2004	Coke Lord, on the coin-age	9 3374
Clerical life in Ireland	6 2411	Colclough, Sir Vesey, Reminiscences of	1 130
CLERKE, AGNES MARY	2 601	Cold Sleep of Brighidin, The	MACMANUS.. 6 2270
Clerkenwell explosion	6 2153	COLEMAN, PATRICK JAMES	2 609
Clew Bay	7 2856	Coleraine	6 2551
Clive, Lord, Macaulay on	6 2446	Colgan, Father John, cited	7 2719
Cloaks, Spanish	9 3499	— collector of Irish manuscripts for Louvain	7 2673
Clochoir, an ancient oracle	7 2718	Collection of Folk Tales	3 xxii
Clogham Lucas, M'William leaders hanged at	7 2858	Colleen Bawn, On the .. STREET BAL-LAD	9 3310
Clogher, Origin of the name	7 2718	— M. F. Egan on	5 xiv
— in Tyrone	5 1724, 1726	— Rock (half-tone engraving)	4 1494
Clogherna	5 1423	— Rue	STREET BAL-LAD
Cloghroe, The Maid of .. STREET BAL-LAD	9 3299	— Collegians, The' .. GRIFFIN ..	5 1481
Clonakilty	7 2613	1483, 1489, 1494, 1503	
Clonard, Finnen of	5 1727	— Griffin's master-piece	1 xii
Clonavaddock	6 2433	'Colloquy of the An- cients,' On the .. ROLLESTON ..	8 2968
Clonfert, The Book of	7 2664	(See also <i>Literary Qual- ties of the Saga</i> .)	
Clonmacnoise (half-tone engraving)	8 2979	Colonial Slavery, 1831.. O'CONNELL ..	7 2650
— Graves at	9 3484	Colonizations of Ireland, Early	2 xi
— The Dead at	ROLLESTON ..	COLUM, PADRAIC	2 612
— The Monastery of	4 1600	Columcille, Death of	2 xvii
Clonnelly, Lord, duels with Lord Tyrawly and Lord Llandaff	1 142	— The Death of St. HYDE	4 1618
		Columkillie. See St. Co-lumba.	
		'Come all you pale lov- ers'	DUFFET 3 948
		— in the evening .. DAVIS	3 830
		— piper, play the Shaskan Reel' .. CASEY	2 574
		— see the Dolphin's anchor forged .. FERGUSON..	3 1174
		— tell me, dearest mother	STREET BAL-LAD
		— to me, dearest' .. BRENNAN	9 3316

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Comedians in Queen Elizabeth's reign	6 2349	Conlaoch	4 1427
Comharda, The Irish	4 xiii	Conn	4 1609; 6 2354
Comic papers, why they do not flourish in Ireland.	6 x	— Ced-cathach, the hundred fighter.	2 444; 5 1731 8 2979
‘Coming of Cuculain,		Connacht, Dermot's entrance into	7 2762
The’	O'GRADY .. 7 2756	— <i>Love Songs of HYDE</i>	10 3735
— of Finn, The	GREGORY .. 4 1447	3749, 3763, 3777, 3789	
— Prince Charlie, The	MAGRATH .. 10 4015	— <i>Religious Songs of HYDE</i>	10 3795
Commandments, The		3813, 3823, 3829, 3917	
Thirty-Six	1 148	— <i>Songs of HYDE</i>	10 3833
Commemorative funerals for the Manchester martyrs.	7 2609	Speakers in	4 1603
Commerce.		Connall	2 804
and the Union	8 2902	Connaught, folk-tale of	5 1724
— Declaration of		Aldfrid in	6 2376
Irish Rights	GRATTAN .. 4 1387	— Meave and the host	
— Decrease in Ireland	9 3416	of	7 2752
— On a Commercial Treaty with		— Place-names in	6 2229
France	FLOOD .. 3 1219	— Sarsfield in	7 2818
— Short View of Ireland, 1727, A	SWIFT .. 9 3362	— <i>The Brown Wind of MACMANUS</i> .	6 2275
Commercialism in America	1 342	— The Duke of; his welcome to Ireland.	7 xvi
Committee of Selection,		— The first boycott in	7 2612
The work of the	2 xxiii	— See <i>The Gray Fog</i> and also <i>The West's Asleep</i> .	
Common Citizen-Soldier,		Connaught's approbation of Henry	
The	O'REILLY .. 7 2825	Flood	3 1216
Commune of Paris, The	2 678	— boast of beauty	3 1216
Con Cead Catha (Con of the Hundred Fights)	2 444; 5 1731; 8 2979	CONNELL, F. NORRYS	2 616
— The Lake of	6 2230	CONNELLAN, OWEN	2 629
Conal of Ossian quoted by O'Connell	3 813	Connemara (See also <i>A May Love Song</i>)	7 2615
Conall and Conlaoch	4 1428	— Lord Carlisle in	1 233, 241
— Ceárnach	4 1617	— Starving peasantry	7 2868
— derg O'Corra	5 1724	Connla of the Golden Hair (half-tone engraving)	
Conan	MAOL. Biography (portrait)	... JOYCE. 5 1731, 1734	
Concerning the Brass Halfpence Coined by Mr. Wood with a design to have them Pass in this Kingdom.	SWIFT .. 9 3369	Connla's Well	RUSSELL .. 8 3001
Conchubar. See Conco-bar	4 1427, 1433	Connor, Son of Nais	2 804
Conciliation with America, On	BURKE .. 1 376	Conor, King of Ulster	4 1613
Conco-bar. See Conchubar	7 2748, 2757	Conquest of Ireland	9 ix
Condall (now Old Connell, County Kildare)	7 2711	Cory, The parish of	5 1731
Condition of the peasantry	9 3426	Consent of the governed	9 3362
Condon convicted at Manchester	7 2608	Consolation	LARMINIE .. 5 1874
Candy Cullen and the Gauger	CARLETON.. 2 541	Constitution, Goldsmith on the English	4 1333
Confederation, The Irish	6 2418	— On the English	CANNING .. 2 465
‘Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman’	BLESSINGTON 1 200	Conservatism of Americans	1 348
— of Tom Bourke	CROKER .. 2 681	Consumption of admiration, The	6 2383
Confiscation of Ecclesiastical Property	9 3391	Contagion of Love, The	COBBE .. 2 605
Cong, Lord Carlisle at	1 235	Contents of ‘IRISH LITERATURE’ described	2 xix
‘Congal’	FERGUSON .. 3 1185	Contentment. From ‘A Hymn to	
Congregation, The Loan of a	MAXWELL .. 6 2411	... PARNELL .. 7 2876	
Congreve, WILLIAM	2 614	Continuation of the Memoirs of the Rack-rent Family	
— W. B. Yeats on	3 vii	... EDGEWORTH. 3 1014	
Conjugal fidelity in Ireland	5 1923	Continuity of national spirit in literature	1 xiv
		— of Irish in Irish literature	2 viii
		Convent life, A picture of	6 2497
		‘Conversations with Carlyle’	DUFFY .. 3 951
		Conversion of Ireland	9 3401
		— of King Laoghaire’s Daughters. Folk Lore.	ANONYMOUS. 3 1162

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Convivial, Extracts from <i>Retaliation</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4 1380	Corn laws, O'Connell on the	7 2633
Convivial Songs.		Corn-mills in ancient Ireland	5 1736
— <i>The Cruiskeen</i> Lawn	ANONYMOUS. 8 3279	Cornwall, Lord	8 3278
— <i>Garryowen</i>	ANONYMOUS. 8 3283	Cornwallis, Lord, Vice- Roy of Ireland.....	6 2167
— <i>Lanigan's Ball</i>	ANONYMOUS. 8 3293	— Character of	6 2168
— <i>Rakes of Mallow</i> . ANONYMOUS. 9 3312		— on Catholic eman- cipation	6 2171
— <i>Monks of the Screw</i> , CURRAN ...	2 797	Coronation chair, The (half-tone engraving)	7 2717
— <i>Why Liquor of</i> <i>Life?</i>	D'ALTON .. 2 805	— stone, Goldsmith on the (see also <i>The Lia Fail</i>)	4 1321
Bumpers, Squire Jones	DAWSON .. 3 841	Corradhu. See A Memory. Correspondence.	
— <i>Of Drinking</i>	FLECKNOE .. 3 1209	— Extracts from a <i>Letter to a Noble</i> <i>Lord</i>	BURKE 1 379
— <i>Maggie Ladir</i>	FURLONG .. 4 1249	— To the Duke of <i>Grafton</i>	FRANCIS ... 3 1228
— <i>The Three Pigeons</i> . GOLDSMITH. 4 1350		— Letter from the <i>Place of his Birth</i> . MCRAE ..	6 2227
— <i>Abrain an Bhuidheil</i>	LE FANU .. 5 1946	Corrig-a-Howly, castle	8 2857
— <i>Good Luck to the</i> <i>Friars of Old</i>	LEVER 5 1958	Corry, Isaac, duel with Henry Grattan	1 142, 4 1385
— <i>I drink to the</i> graces	LEVER 5 1993	Corrymeela	SKRINE ... 8 3154
— <i>Man for Galway</i>	LEVER 5 1975	Costello, Mary	2 640
— <i>The Pope He Leads</i> a Happy Life... LEVER	5 2002	Costume. See Dress.	
— <i>Sweet Chloe</i>	LYSAGHT .. 6 2109	Cottage, An Irish (half- tone engraving)	2 512
— <i>The Irish Exile</i>	M'DERMOTT. 6 2189	— in Killarney (half- tone engraving)	4 1484
— <i>Humors of Donny-</i> brook Fair	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2713	— 'Life in Ireland' . O'KENNEDY. 7 2782	
— <i>Friar of Orders</i> Gray	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2778	Cottonian Library, Ex- tract from MS. in	6 2348
— <i>'Whisky, drink di-</i> vine!'	O'LEARY ... 7 2803	Couldah, The River (See <i>Innishowne</i>). Count each affliction ..	DE VERE ... 3 860
— <i>Here's to the maid-</i> en of bashful fif- teen	SHERIDAN .. 8 3117	Counterfeit Footman, <i>The</i>	FARQUHAR .. 3 1165
Conviviality in Iceland	3 943	Courtess Kathleen <i>O'Shea, The</i> . Folk Lore	ANONYMOUS. 3 1157
— in Ireland	1 239	Country Folk	JOHNSON .. 5 1694
— 2 521, 534, 655, 710, 797; 3 817, 997, 1025, 1053, 1201; 4 1565; 5 1956, 1969, 1975, 1990		Country Life in Ire- land.	
— in Irish humor	6 x	— <i>The Plower</i>	2 612
Cooke, Sir Charles	8 2914	— <i>Bindin' the Oats</i>	COLEMAN .. 2 610
— JOHN	9 3481	— <i>Seed-Time</i>	COLEMAN .. 2 609
Coole, Dr. Douglas Hyde at	4 1650	— <i>Castle Rackrent</i>	EDGEWORTH. 3 999
Coolun, The . From the Irish	FERGUSON .. 3 1188	— <i>The Widow's Mes-</i> <i>sage to Her Son</i> . FORRESTER ..	3 1222
— <i>'Cooper's Hill'</i>	DENHAM .. 3 850	— How Myles Mur- <i>phy got his Pon-</i> <i>ties out of the</i> <i>Pound</i>	GRIFFIN ... 4 1483
Copernican theory, The	2 603	— <i>We'll See About It</i> . HALL	4 1534
Copernicus anticipated in Ireland	8 3242	— <i>A Swarm of Bees</i> . HAMILTON ..	4 1549
Copyright in Ireland	1 xxiv; 5 1919	— An Electioneering <i>Scene</i>	HARTLEY .. 4 1557
Coracle, A (half-tone engraving)	9 3458	— <i>Picture of Ulster</i> . MACNEVIN ..	6 2276
Coran the Druid	5 1732	— <i>The Exile</i>	MOORE ... 7 2483
Cork, County, A benevo- lent landlord of	6 2397	— <i>The Vicar of Cape</i> <i>Clear</i>	OTWAY ... 7 2848
— An entrance to Tirnanoge fa- bled to be in	5 1714	County Dispensary, A GRIFFIN ..	4 1499
— Scenery in	7 2602	— of Mayo, The	FOX ... 3 1224
— Harbor (half-tone engraving)	2 427	Court players in the time of Henry VII	6 2347
— Raleigh in	3 912	Courting, Irish ideas of	6 2204
— Swimming to Que- bec from	3 1117	Courty (character in 'London Assurance')	1 252
— The Mayor of, A joke on	8 xvii	Courtship	2 xii
Cormac Conlingas	7 2751	Coverley Family Por- traits, The	STEELE ... 8 3204
— Conlingas	4 1430		
— Duvlingas	7 2751		
— mac Art at Tara	4 1610		
Cormac's Chapel, Cash- el, compared with the <i>Erechtheum at Athens</i>	6 2335		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Covetousness, how, came into the Church	10 3823	Cromwell's invasion. See <i>The Irish Grand-Mother</i> .	
<i>Cow Charmer, The</i> ... BOYLE	1 264	— partition of Ire- land	4 3423
Cowshra Mead Macha	7 2757	Crookhaven, The scen- ery around	7 2852
Cows, Woman of three.....	10 3831	<i>Croppy Boy, The</i> ... MCBURNEY..	6 2115
Cow-sports	2 xii	— STREET BAL-	
Coyle, Barney, duel with George Ogle.....	1 143	— LAD	8 3278
— Bishop	9 3684	— BANIM	1 76
COYNE, JOSEPH STIR- LING	2 644	— The Irish	6 2108
Cox, Watty, D. J. O'Domoghue on	6 ix	Cross at Monasterboice (half-tone en- graving)	9 3486
Crabbe, the poet, on keening	9 3643	— sign of the, forever	10 3829
Crabtree (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3099	<i>Crosses and Round Tow- ers of Ireland</i>	COOKE and WAKEMAN. 9 3482
Craglea. See <i>Brian's Lament</i> .			
Cranbourne, Lord, on Disraeli	6 2158	<i>Crossing the Black- water, A. D. 1603</i> JOYCE	5 1744
Cravats as worn in Ire- land	9 3498	<i>Crotta Cliach, The Mountain of</i>	4 1488
CRAWFORD, MRS. JULIA	2 658	<i>Crotty, JULIA</i>	2 758
<i>Credhe, Cael and</i> ... GREGORY	4 1445	Cruachan, the palace of Connaught	7 2720
Credé's house, Manner of building	4 1612	Cruelties in India	1 385
'Crescent and the Cross.' WARBURTON. 9 3529		<i>Cruiseen Lawn, The</i> ... STREET BAL-	
	3535	— LAD	8 3279
Crifan	6 2255	Crystallization	9 3472
Crimall	4 1449	<i>Cuanas House, The Hospitality of</i>	CONNELLAN. 2 629
Crimean War	8 3008	Cubretan	7 2710
<i>Criminality of Letty Moore, The</i>	ESLER 3 1096	<i>Cuchulain</i>	9 3657
'Critic, The'	SHERIDAN 8 3114	— Coming of'	O'GRADY
Criticism. See <i>Liter- ary Appreciations</i> .		— Death of	GREGORY
<i>Critics of the Stage</i> ... KELLY	5 1782	— described	2 xiv
<i>Croagh, Patrick</i>	1 235	— 'Muirhemne'	GREGORY
<i>Croft's 'Life of Young,'</i> Burke on	1 397	— Sagas, The	4 1431
<i>Croghan, The Rath of</i>	3 1162	— <i>The Knighting of O'GRADY</i>	7 2756
CROKER, JOHN WILSON (portrait)	2 675	<i>Cuchullin Cycle, Tales of the</i>	4 1601
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	6 ix	— Saga, The	HULL
— MRS. B. M.	2 660	Cuchulain. See Cuchu- lain.	4 1597
— on Sheridan	3 1197	Cucullan. (See also Cu- chulain, Cuculain and Cuchullen.)	4 1609
— THOMAS CROFTON	2 680	<i>Cuckoo Songs in the Heart of Winter, The</i> ... CHESSON	2 591
— M. F. Egan on	6 xv	Cudgels, Irish	2 496, 607
<i>Croker's 'Fairy Le- gends</i>	6 2313	<i>Cuhoolin.</i> See Cuchu- lain.	
CROLY, GEORGE	2 739	<i>Cuileagh, The mountain, 'cradle of the Shan- non'</i>	
<i>Cromcruach, the Idol</i>	7 2718, 2721	— <i>CUIS dà Plé, The</i>	RAFTERY
<i>Cromlech at Dundalk (half-tone engraving)</i>	7 2666	— RAFTERY	10 3917
CROMMELIN, MAY	2 751	<i>Cullain</i>	4 1443
<i>Cromwell and Drogheda</i>	1 151	<i>Cumann na Gael, The</i>	10 xiii
— and Ireland	9 ix	<i>Cumberland, Richard, Goldsmith on</i>	4 1380
— Hatred of the Irish for	4 1530; 6 2150	<i>Cumhal, Father of Finn</i>	4 1447
— in Ireland'	MURPHY 7 2567	<i>Cumscaidh</i>	4 1617
— loosed on Ireland	4 1530	Cumulative stories	4 1649
— On me and on my children	WILLS 9 3512	<i>Cunlaid</i>	4 1443
— on the massacre at Drogheda	7 2568, 2571	<i>Curleck, Scenery near</i>	1 360
— <i>The Queen and</i> ... WILLS	9 3612	<i>Curlew Mountains, The</i>	6 2357
— See <i>The Groves of Blarney</i> .		<i>Curlieu's Pass, The, Normans at</i>	3 829
<i>Cromwellian confisca- tion, The</i>	2 426	<i>Curoi, The Exploits of</i> JOYCE	5 1749
— Settlement of Ire- land, The'	PRENDERGASTS 2913	<i>Currachs and canoes</i>	5 1740
<i>Cromwell's Bridge(half- tone engraving)</i>	2 445	<i>Curragh Beg</i>	1 351, 357
		— (half-tone engrav- ing)	9 3458
		<i>CURRAN, HENRY GRATTAN</i>	2 767
		— JOHN PHILPOT (portrait)	2 770

	VOL. PAGE	D.	VOL. PAGE
Curran, John Philpot, and Father O'Leary	7 2793	Daddy O'Dowd, Bouc- ault as	1 252
— a master in oratory	7 xxviii	Dagda, The	2 xi
— and Grattan contrasted	7 xxii	<i>Daily Life in Ancient Ireland, Food, Dress and</i>	JOYCE 5 1735
— and Lord Clanmorris	1 143	Dal cassians, The. See <i>Kinkora</i> .	
— Speech for Lord Edward Fitzgerald	7 xxiii	Dalkey Island, Essex on	3 1234
— Speech for Peter Finnerty	7 xxiii	Dalling, Lord, on George Canning	2 464
Prior of the Monks of the Screw	5 1957	D'ALTON, JOHN	2 803
Master of the Rolls, duel with Lord Clare	1 142	Dame Street, Dublin	6 2107
Burke on	7 xxii	Dana	RUSSELL 8 2999
Meagher on	6 2422	— See <i>The Plover</i> .	
— secures a writ of <i>habeas corpus</i> for Tone	7 2606	Danaanic colony, The	6 2280
Curran's defense of H. Rowan	7 xxiii	'Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet, love'	WALLER 9 3501
— genius described	7 xxiv	Dancing, An Irish Lass. See <i>Kitty Neal</i> .	
— quips beyond recall	6 ix	Dangle (character in Sheridan's 'The Critic')	8 3114
— repartees	6 ix	Daniel O'Rourke	MAGINN 6 2313
— Witticisms, Some of	2 798	Danish Invasion, The	9 viii
<i>Curse, The</i>	CARLETON 2 559	Dante's portrait by Giotto discovered through R. H. Wilde	9 3596
— An Irish. See <i>Nell Flaherty's Drake</i> .		Dara, King of South Coolney	7 2749
— of Doneraile, The. O'KELLY	7 2779	Derby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec	ETTINGSALL 3 1114
— of the Boers on England, The. GREGORY	10 3929	Dardan. See <i>Bridget Cruise</i> .	
Cursing at a funeral	9 3641	'Darell Blake'	CAMPBELL 2 448
— of Tara, The. O'GRADY	7 2762	<i>Dark Girl by the Holy Well, The</i>	KEEGAN 5 1766
Cushla gal Machree	8 3271	— Man, The	CHESSON 2 592
Custom, An Old	GRIFFIN 4 1481	— Rosaleen. From the Irish	MANGAN 6 2363
Customs and Manners.		— (cited)	1 viii
— The Battle of the Factions	CARLETON 2 472	— source of my anguish	CURRAN 2 768
— The Curse	CARLETON 2 512	Darkly, the cloud of night	9 3646
— Shane Fadh's Wedding	CARLETON 2 559	DARLEY, GEORGE	2 807
— Tim Hogan's Wake. COYNE	2 648	Darrynacloghery fair	9 3316
— Castle Rackrent. EDGEWORTH. 3 995		Darwin C. and Dr. Sizer	8 3132
— Books of Courtesy in the XV. Century	GREEN 4 1417	— on the divine origin of life	5 1786
— We'll See About It. HALL	4 1534	DAUNT, WILLIAM JOSEPH O'NEILL	3 811
— An Electioneering Scene	HARTLEY 4 1557	Davies, Sir John: letter to Salisbury	6 2276
— Food, Dress and Daily Life in Ancient Ireland. JOYCE	5 1735	— True character of	9 3394
— Their Last Race. MATHEW	6 2391	— Tom, the London book-seller	7 2479
— A Budget of Stories	O'KEEFFE 7 2771	DAVIS, THOMAS OSBORNE	3 822
— Keening and Wakes	WOOD-MARTIN 9 3640	— (portrait)	3 xxiv
— Customs of Ancient Erinn, Manners and'	O'CURRY 7 2666	See also <i>The Irish Chiefs</i> .	
— Scotch	2 754	— (quoted)	1 xvii
Cyclopean style of architecture	8 2881	— and Young Ireland	9 xi
Cynick, Thomas, and Richard Pockrich	7 2701	— Ferguson and	6 2219
		— W. B. Yeats on	3 vii, ix
		DAVITT, MICHAEL	3 832
		— (portrait)	3 xxiv
		— and the Land League	9 xi
		— J. H. McCarthy on	6 2179

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Dawning of the Day, The	WALSH	9 3507	Dechitre	4 1431
— of the Year, The	BLAKE	1 189	Declaration of Independence, The American	5 1665; 7 2640
DAWSON, ARTHUR		3 841	— of Irish Rights	GRATTAN 4 1387
Day as a Monk of the Screw		5 1957	See also Molyneux.	
Dazzle (character in 'London Assurance')		1 252	Decline of the Bards	2 xx
De Boisseleau		8 3324	Decoration Day, May 31, 1886; J. B. O'Reilly's speech	7 2825
De Burghs, William, Earl of Ulster, Prohi- bition of intermar- riage by		3 1179	— of Crosses in Ire- land	9 3485
De Burgo, Thomas		4 1626	Dedanann, Tuatha de	2 xi
D'Este, Mary, Queen of James II., A lament for		2 768	Dedannans, Invasion of	9 vii
D'Esterre and O'Con- nell		7 2625	DEENY, DANIEL	3 845
De Foix, Françoise, Com- tesse de Chateaubri- and		6 2338	Deep, deep in the earth	McCARTHY 6 2172
De Jubainville, M. d'Ar- bois		4 1608	— in Canadian Woods	SULLIVAN 9 3341
De la Croix, Charles		9 3420	Defense of Charles Ga- van Duffy	WHITESIDE 9 3550
De Profundis	TYNAN- HINKSON.	9 3455	— of the Volun- teers, A	FLOOD 3 1217
De Retz, Cardinal, Gold- smith on		4 1347	Deirdre, a name that stirs	8 2990
De Tourville, Admiral		7 2823	— and Naisi	JOYCE 5 1746
DE VERE, SIR AUBREY		3 851	— in the Woods (half- tone engraving)	TRENCH 9 3431
— AUBREY THOMAS		3 853	— the renowned	4 1245
— on G. Griffin		4 1465	— the sad-eyed	7 2593
— on Sir Samuel Fergusson's poetry		3 1169	— The Story of	10 xvii
— W. B. Yeats on		3 vii	— memorized	3 xviii
Dead Antiquary, O'Don- ovan, The	M'GEE	6 2218	— Wed'	TRENCH 9 3431
— at Clonmacnois,			— and other Poems	TRENCH 9 3432
The	ROLLESTON.	8 2979	De Jubainville, A., on Irish MSS.	2 xi
— heat and windless air			— His Work for Cel- tic literature	2 xviii
	TYNAN- HINKSON.	9 3458	Delany, Mrs., Letters of	5 1918
Dean Kirwan, Eloquence of		1 127	Delights of Ignorance	3 885
Dean of Lismore's Book		8 3139, 3144	Democracy, American	
Dear and Darling Boy	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3280	— faith in	1 333
— Lady Disdain	McCARTHY	6 2134	— Problems of Mod- ern	GODKIN 4 1290
— maiden, when the sun is down	WALSH	9 3510	Demon Cat, The	WILDE 9 3557
— Land	O'HAGAN	7 2768	DENHAM, SIR JOHN	3 849
— Old Ireland	SULLIVAN	9 3341	— W. B. Yeats on	3 vil
Dearg Mór		4 1609	Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young	SKRINE 8 3153
Deasy, the Fenian leader, Rescue of		7 2607	Denon, Baron, and the Princess Talleyrand	1 213
Death, From 'A Night- piece on ...	PARNELL	7 2874	Dependence on England	9 3417
— of an Arctic Hero, The	ALEXANDER	1 10	Derby, Lord, on dises- tablishment of the Irish Church	6 2159
— of Cuchulain	GREGORY	4 1431	— Derga, The Bruidhen da	4 1601
— of Dr. Swift, On the	SWIFT	9 3380	Dermot, The thankful- ness of	P. O'LEARY 10 3953
— of St. Columcille, The	HYDE	4 1618	— and Ruadhan	7 2762
— of the Homeward Bound	M'GEE	6 2222	— Astore	CRAWFORD 2 658
— of the Huntsman, The	GRIFFIN	4 1480	Derrick, D. J. O'Dono- ghue on the wit of	6 xiii
— of Virginia, The	KNOWLES	4 1847	Derry, Dean of	4 1380
— The three Shafts of		10 3965	— Reminiscences of	6 2427
'Decay of Lying, The'	WILDE	9 3578	— The Maiden City	9 3428
Deception, An Heroic	GWYNN	4 1512	— The Siege of	ALEXANDER 1 3
			— (reference)	9 ix
			— watered by Lough Neagh	6 2277
			Derrybrien, Mary Hynes at	9 3669
			Derrycarn, The black- bird of	7 2755
			Derrynane House (half- tone engraving)	4 1588
			Desaix, General	9 3418

D e s c r i p t i o n .	VOL. PAGE	D e s c r i p t i o n .	VOL. PAGE
See Travel, etc.		Dillon, Father Dominic, slain at Drogheda	7 2573
— of the Sea. From the Irish.....	O'CURRY ... 7 2664	— T., and the Land League	9 xi
'Desert is Life'.	BROOKE ... 1 300	— WENTWORTH, EARL OF ROSCOMMON	8 2981
Deserted Cabins (half-tone engraving)	6 2267	Dimma's Book	7 2671
Deserted Village, The.	GOLDSMITH. 4 1367	Dineley, T., on funeral customs	9 3642
Deserter's Meditation, The	CURRAN ... 2 796	Dingle, County Cork, An amusing story of	6 2199
Desmond. See O'Donnell Aboo.		DINEEN, REV. PATRICK S.	10 3959, 4025
— Spenser in the palace of	6 2276	Dinner Party Broken Up, A	LEVER ... 5 1972
— Waste, The	9 3392	Dinnree, Wax candles used in, before the V. Century	5 1737
Despair and Hope in Prison	DAVITT ... 3 837	Dinnseanusch, The	4 1611; 6 2667
Destruction of fortified places	2 xii	Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear. From the Irish	CALLANAN . 2 445
— of Irish MSS.	2 xi	— of Rory O'More... DE VERE .. 3 859	
— by Norse	2 viii	Disabilities of the Roman Catholics.	
— of Jerusalem, Irish version of the	7 2672	— Women in Ireland in Penal Days... ATKINSON... 1 28	
— of Troy, Irish version of the	7 2672	— Farewell to the Irish Parliament.CURRAN ... 2 783	
Detail, Minute, in the Sagas	2 xv	— On Catholic Emancipation	CURRAN ... 2 777
De Tocqueville on America	4 1295	— The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted	DOYLE ... 3 921
'Deus meus.' From the Irish of Maelisus.....	SIGERSON .. 8 3140	— The Irish Intellect.GILES ... 4 1282	
Devenish, Ruins of an old Abbey, at.....	6 2276	— The Penal Laws... MCCARTHY. 6 2170	
— The lake of. See Feithfaighe.		— Justice for Ireland.O'CONNELL. 7 2641	
Devil, The	YEATS 9 3673	— Ireland's Part in English Achievement.SHEIL ... 8 3057	
Devotion of children to parents in Ireland	6 2197	Disarming of Ulster, The	CURRAN ... 2 780
— of Irishmen abroad to Ireland	7 2618	Disestablishment of the Irish Church	9 ix
'Diamond Lens, The'.	O'BRIEN ... 7 2594	— Movement for the	6 2159
Diaries, Journals, etc.		Disillusion	WILKINS ... 9 3606
— Interviews with Buonaparte	TONE 9 3418	Disqualification of Catholics, On the Injustice of	GRATTAN .. 4 1405
— Journal of a Lady of Fashion	BLESSING-TON 1 193	Disraeli, Lord Cranbourne on Tracts, The'	6 2158
— Macaulay and Bacon	MITCHEL ... 6 2444	— Disenches Tracts, The'	4 1598
— Rhapsody on Ruins, A.	MITCHEL ... 6 2454	Dissensions in Ireland	2 789; 9 viii
Diarmid (see also A Lay of Ossian and Patrick)	7 2753	Distances of the Stars, The	BALL ... 1 36
— servant of St. Columcille	4 1618	Distilling, Illicit	1 46; 2 541
— O'Duibhne. See The Hospitality of Cuann'a's House.		'Divide, The Great'.	DUNRAVEN ... 3 963
'Diary, Leaves from a Prison'	DAVITT. 3 832, 837	Divinities of the Irish	7 2721
Dick Wildgoose	4 1347	Divorce, Singular manner of	7 2857
Dickens, Charles; E. Dowden on	3 873	Dixon, a Choctaw	O'REILLY ... 7 2835
— describes speech of O'Connell's	7 xxvi	— W. Mac Neile, on Sir Aubrey de Vere's 'Mary Tudor'	3 851
Did I stand on the top of bald Nefin?	10 3777	— on Aubrey T. de Vere's poetry	3 854
— ye hear of the Widow Malone? LEVER ... 5 1999		— on E. Dowden's verse	3 866
Diddler, Jeremy (character in 'Raising the Wind')	5 1805	Do you remember, long ago	FURLONG ... 4 1524

VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Dobson, Austin, on William Congreve	2 614	DOYLE, J. W., duel with Hely Hutchinson	1 143
Dodder, The; threat to divert its stream from Dublin	7 2728	— MARY	10 3875, 3887
DOHENY, MICHAEL	3 864	Draherin O Machree	HOGAN 4 1593
— W. B. Yeats on	3 x	Drake, J. R., in prison	9 3330
Donaghmoore, Round Towers at	9 3491	Drama, The	
Donald Kenny	CASEY 2 574	— Mr. Mawworm	BICKERSTAFF 1 182
Donald and His Neighbors	ANONYMOUS 3 1147	— Lady Gay Spanker	BOUCICAULT 1 252
‘Donall-na-Gianna.’ See D. LANE.		— Gone to Death	BROOKE 1 288
Donane, Voters from, at a Ballynakill election	1 140	— Scene from ‘Catiline’	CROLY 2 747
Donegal Fairy, A	MACLINTOCK 6 2253	— She Stoops to Conquer	GOLDSMITH 4 1348
— Far Darrig in	MACLINTOCK 6 2248	— The Counterfeit Footman	FARQUHAR 3 1165
— Fishing at Lough Columb in	4 1520	— The Lost Saint	HYDE 4 1651
— Humors of’	MACMANUS 6 2254	— The Twisting of the Rope	10 3989
— parishes	4 1512	— Mr. Diddler’s Ways	KENNEY 5 1805
— Tale, A	6 2242	— The Death of Virginia	KNOWLES 5 1847
— The Franciscan monastery of	1 31	— How to Get On in the World	MACKLIN 6 2237
— The Irish Gaelic in	6 2428	— The End of a Dream	MARTYN 6 2385
— The mountains of. See <i>Innishowen</i> .		— How to Fall Out	MURPHY 7 2564
Doneraile, <i>The Curse of</i> O’KELLY	7 2779	— Mrs. Malaprop	SHERIDAN 8 3078
Donnach Cromduibh	7 2719	— Bob Acres’ Duel	SHERIDAN 8 3088
Donn of the Sand Mounds	7 2752	— Auctioning off One’s Relatives	SHERIDAN 8 3105
Donnbo, or Donnban	7 2709	— The Scandal Class Meets	SHERIDAN 8 3099
‘Donnelly and Cooper’	8 3270	— Sir Fretful Plagiarist’s Play	SHERIDAN 8 3114
Donnybrook Fair	2 607	— The Queen and Cromwell	WILLS 9 3612
— <i>The Humors of</i> O’FLAHERTY.	7 2713	— Cathleen Ni Holihan	YEATS 9 3688
Donoughmore, Lord, translated in <i>The Dublin Journal</i>	7 2640	Drama in Ireland, Lady Gregory on	10 xxvi
Donovans, The	FAHY 3 1132	— The Irish	GWYNN 10 xiii
Dorinda (character in ‘The Beaux’ Stratagem’)	3 1165	Dramatic criticism	5 1782
Dorothy Monroe, the famous beauty. See <i>The Haunch of Venison</i> .		— Revival, Irish	10 vii
D’Orsay and Byron	6 2288	— Society, The Irish National	10 xiii
DOTTIN, G., <i>The Red Duck</i>	10 3779	‘Drapier, Letters, The’ SWIFT 9 3369	
Douglas, Dr., Canon of Windsor	4 1380	Drawing Room in Dublin Castle, A	1 246, 2203
DOWDEN, EDWARD	3 866	Dream, A	ALLINGHAM 1 21
— on Sir S. Ferguson’s poetry	3 1170	— of a Blessed Spirit	YEATS 9 3706
— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiv	— The Age of a	JOHNSON 5 1699
DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW	3 878	— The End of a	MARTYN 6 2385
— RICHARD	3 881	DRENNAN, WILLIAM	3 924
— Edited poems of J. F. O’Donnell	7 2678	— JR., WILLIAM	3 928
Down. See <i>The Muster of the North</i> .		‘Dreoilin’	See FRANCIS A. FAHY.
— The majestic mountains of	6 2275	Dress.	
— by the sailey gardens’	YEATS 9 3705	— In Africa	2 418
DOWNEY, EDMUND (see also note to <i>An Heroic Deception</i>)	3 891	— In ancient Ireland	5 1737
DOWNING, ELLEN MARY PATRICK	3 916	— In the XVII. Century	1 33
Downpatrick	3 1182	— Kathleen Mavourneen (half-tone engraving)	2 658
DOYLE, JAMES	10 3375, 3887	— Of an Irish chieftain	7 2546
— J. (biography)	10 4025	— Of ancient Irish (color plate)	8 3144
JAMES WARREN	3 918	— Of Fergus Mac Roy	7 2750
		— Of Grana Uaile	7 2858
		— Of Irish women	1 33
		— Of Munster women	7 2544, 2547, 2548
		— Of Queen Maeve	7 2747
		— Of the ancient Irish	3 xiv

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Dress of the Ancient Irish	WALLER ... 9 3493	Dublin. Neighborhood, A	2 660
— Of the Bards (color plate)	3 xiv	— News-letter, The	5 1919
— Of the Ollamhs (color plate)	3 xiv	— Printers, The Prince of	GILBERT .. 4 1258
— See also <i>Shane the Proud.</i>		— Red Hugh imprisoned in	2 635
Drimmin Donn Dilis	WALSH ... 9 3511	— Satire on	6 2107
— Dubh	2 442	— Society formed to increase the price of meat in	7 2633
Driminuch, The wood of	4 1643, 1646	— Street Arabs, Three	HARTLEY .. 4 1568
Drimmin don dilis, The.	7 2615	— The Apostle of Temperance in	MATHEW .. 6 2397
— Dubh Dheetish	STREET BAL- LAD 8 3281	— theaters	5 1920
Drink, Evils of	6 2397	— Thomas Cynick's attempt to convert the people of	7 2701
Drinking, Of	FLECKNOE. 3 1209	— University	5 1914
— Song	SHERIDAN 8 3117	— University Review	3 1150
Dripsey stream, The.	1 353	— See <i>Daniel O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty; The Gray Fog; The Monks of the Screw; and Tried by his Peers.</i>	
Drogheda; Cromwell author of the mass- acre at	6 2150	Dubourg, the violinist	5 1919
Crosses at	9 3486	Dubhach	4 1430
(half-tone engraving)	1 150	Duc de Feltre (General Clarke)	4 1589
Lawrence's Gate (half-tone engraving)	7 2568	Duel between D'Esterre and O'Connell	7 2625
Parliament held before Sir Christopher Preston at	7 2462	— O'Connell challenged by Sir R. Peel	7 2625
The Marquis of	1 140	Duel with <i>Ensign Brady, Bob Burke's.</i> MAGINN ... 6 2303	
The Massacre at BARRY	1 150	Duelling.	
The Massacre at MURPHY	7 2567	— Anecdotes of	1 141
Dromoland, County Clare (half-tone engraving)	7 2619	— Bagena on	3 817
Dromsdeach, The Book of	2 x	— Code	1 148
Dromsnechta, The Book of	7 2668	— See <i>An Affair of Honor and The Battle of the Factions.</i>	
Drover, A	COLUM ... 2 613	DUFFERIN, LADY (portrait)	3 932
Druidical order, Costume of (color plate)	8 3144	— LORD	3 937
Druidism, Sources of	7 2666	DUFFET, THOMAS	3 948
Druuids and Druidism. O'CURRY	7 2666	DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN	3 950
— Julius Caesar on the	7 2721	— and Repeal	9 x
— The ancient Irish	5 1732	— and "Young Ireland"	9 xi
Drumclieff	6 2354	— Edward ROSSA	8 2983
Drumgoole	5 1936	— In Defense of Charles Gavan WHITESIDE. 9 3550	
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM HAMILTON	3 930	— in Prison 3 811; 6 2128, 2129, 2220	
Drunkard to a Bottle of Whisky, Address of aLE FANU	5 1946	— in Prison, To M'GEE 6 2220	
'Dry be that tear'	SHERIDAN 8 3118	— on faction fight at Turloughmore	9 3316
Dryden on R. Flecknoe.	3 1208	— on T. Furlong	4 1244
Dubhdun, King of Oriel.	4 1623	— on Gerald Griffin	4 1465
Dubhlacha	4 1608	— on J. C. Mangan	6 2351
Dublin.		DUGAN, MAURICE (biography)	10 4011
— A new student at Trinity College.	5 1986	— Translation from the Irish of	3 1188
— Beautiful view of, from Killiney Hill	7 2652	Duigenan, Dr. , at the College visitation	9 3516
— Castle, A Drawing Room in	1 246	— duel with a brawler	1 143
— On	DOWLING .. 3 887	Duke of Grafton, To the FRANCIS	3 1228
— History of the City of	GILBERT ... 4 1258	Dullahan, The , described	3 xix
— in the XVIII. Century	LECKY ... 5 1914	Dun Angus, A visit to the	8 xii
— Journal, The, O'Connell on	7 2637	Dunbolg, The Battle of HYDE	4 1622
— Life, Jane: A Sketch from	COSTELLO .. 2 640	Dunboy, The storming of	7 2744
— Magazine, 1825	3 1142		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE	
Dunbury, <i>The Girl of...</i> DAVIS	3	829	Economics and Sociology.			
Dun Cow, Book of the	4	1600	— National Characteristics as Molding Public Opinion	BRYCE	1 33 <i>i</i>	
Dundalk	2	639	— Position of Women in the United States	BRYCE	2 343	
— Cromlech at (half-tone engraving)	7	2666	— The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted	DOYLE	3 919	
Dundargvais	3	931	— A Scene in the Irish Famine	HIGGINS	4 1573	
Dundealgan	4	1427	— Amusements of the People	O'BRIEN	7 2620	
Dundrum	7	2715	Edain	7 2667		
Dunfanaghly. See <i>An Heroic Deception</i> and <i>The Phantom Ship</i> .			Eden, Mr.	4 1403		
Dungan, Garrett	7	2570	EDGEWORTH, MARIA (portrait)	3 993		
Dungannon	2	639, 786	— M. F. Egan on	5 viii; 8 ix		
Dunkerron, <i>The Lord of...</i> CROKER	2	736	— RICHARD LOVELL	3 1073		
Dunleckny, Bagenal at home at	3	817	Edgeworthstown, County Longford, home of R. L. Edgeworth	3 1073		
Dunluce	4	1255	Edinburgh reviewer, Macaulay an	6 2444		
— Castle (color plate)	OTWAY	7 2853	Editorial work on 'IRISH LITERATURE'	2 xix		
— The ruins of	6	2278	Duties of a Representative, <i>The</i>	BURKE	1 394	
DUNRAVEN, EARL OF	3	963	Duty of Criticism in a Democracy, <i>The</i>	GODKIN	4 1290	
— Lord, on Round Towers	9	3490	Duyac Daell Ulla	7 2751		
Durrow, <i>The Book of...</i> Gospels, Ornaments and initials from (color plate)	7	2671	Dying Girl, <i>The</i>	WILLIAMS	9 3609	
DURROW, THE BOOK OF...			— Mother's Lament, <i>The</i>	KEEGAN	5 1764	
E.						
Each nation master at its own fireside. INGRAM	5	1661				
— poet with a different talent	ROLLESTON	8 2981				
Eagle of Cashel, <i>The</i>	4	1591				
Eamania, The palace of	9	3493				
Eanachbuidhe (Rose-brook)	6	2277				
'Earl of Essex, <i>The</i>	BROOKE	1 288				
'Early Christian Architecture'	STOKES	8 3238				
— humor of Irish Celts	6	vii				
— Irish Literature	HYDE	2 vii				
— Irish satirists	6	vii				
— Stage, <i>The</i>	MALONE	6 2346				
Carrennamore	6	2393				
Earth and Man, <i>The</i>	BROOKE	1 299				
— Spirit, <i>The</i>	RUSSELL	8 2996				
Ease often visits shepherd swains	LYSAGHT	6 2109				
East India Company	1	373, 383				
— West, Home's best. O'FARRELLY	16	3967				
Eiré, <i>The Fair Hills of...</i> SIGERSON	10	3937				
ECCLLES, CHARLOTTE O'CONOR	3	967				
Ecclesiastical Property, Confiscation of	9	3391				
— Remains, Ancient Irish	PETRIE	8 2880				
Echo, <i>The</i>	HAYES	10 3983				
Echtge Hills, <i>The</i>	4	3669				
Economics and Sociology.						
— Extracts from 'The Querist'	BERKELEY	1 177				

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
*Elder Faiths of Ireland, Traces of the	WOOD-MARTIN	9 3640	Emigration.
Election incident at Ballynakill	1 140		— <i>The Irishman's Farewell</i> ANONYMOUS. 8 3287
Electioeering in England	2 448		— <i>Song of an Exile</i> 7 2840
— In Ireland. See <i>An Irish Miser take and Castle Rackrent</i> .			— <i>The Exodus</i> WILDE
— Scene, An	HARTLEY	4 1557	— <i>A Farewell to America</i> WILDE
Elections of 1868, The	6 2160		— Eminent Irishmen in Foreign Service' ONAHAN
<i>Elegy, An, on Madam Blaize</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4 1382		— (portrait) 3 1093
'Elfintown, The End of'	BARLOW	1 116	— absent from college visitation 9 3519
Elizabeth, Queen.			— Death of CAMPION
— and Grana Uaile	7 2858		— expelled from University 9 3526
— and Granua Wail	10 4013		— first against Union 9 x
— and Hugh Roe O'Donnell	2 632		— Lord Norbury at the trial of 3 1093
— and Ireland	7 2745; 9 ix		— Plunket prosecutor of 8 2894
— and Sir Walter Raleigh	3 909		— secretary of United Irishmen 9 3523
— and the Earl of Essex	1 288		— The betrothed of 7 2533
— and the Stage	6 2349		— See <i>A Song of Defeat and When He Who Adores Thee</i> .
Ireland under	8 3266; 10 3853		— Thomas Addis 6 2166
Players during the reign of	6 2349		Emotions, An Essay on the' COBBE
Ellis, Mr., on Poetry	9 3664		— <i>En Attendant</i> WYNNE
Elopements	2 xii		— <i>Enchanted Woods</i> YEATS
Eloquence.			— <i>Enchantment of Gea-roid Iarla</i> KENNEDY
— Irish	4 1289		— <i>End of a Dream, The</i> MARTYN
— Pulpit, Bar and Parliamentary	BARRINGTON. 1 127		— Elfintown, The BARLOW
— Last Speech of Robert Emmet	EMMET	3 1087	— Engine-Shed, In the WILKINS
— See Oratory.			— England and Ireland BRYCE
Elrington the actor	5 1918		— and the American war 4 1389
"Elzevir, The Oaken-footed." See G. Faulkner.			— cannot govern Ireland 8 2931
Emain	4 1433		— Enlisting in 1 358
Macha	7 2759		— History of LECKY
Emancipation and Re-form	8 3058		— in Shakespeare's Youth DOWDEN
Catholic	2 773; 6 2161		— The Curse of the Boers on (Trans.) GREGORY
Lincoln's proclamation of	5 1665		— England's Battles fought by Irishmen 9 3554
On Catholic	CURRAN	2 773	— Empire 9 3588
Emer, Wife of Cuchulain	4 1426, 1433		— Parliament, Ireland's Cause in McCARTHY
'Emerald Isle, The.' See DRENNAN.			— English Academy, The BANIM
'Emergency Men, The'	JESSOP	5 1688	— Achievement, Ireland's Part in SHEIL
Emerson and Newman	MULLANEY	7 2556	— Bribery by the 2 792
on folk tales	3 xxiii		— Buck 1 145
Emigrant in America, The Song of the Irish	FITZSIMON	3 1206	— Bull, An 3 1057
Lament of the Irish	DUFFERIN	3 933	— Constitution, On CANNING
Emigrants, Character of	KICKHAM	5 1817	— freedom 2 466
Emigration.			— indebtedness to Irish literature 2 xviii
— 'I'm very happy where I am'	BOUCICAULT. 1 257		— institutions satirized 9 3355
— A Scene in the South of Ireland	BUTT	2 427	— Misrule and Irish Misdeeds' DE VERE
— Donal Kenny	CASEY	2 574	— of the Pale, The 3 854
— Lament of the Irish Emigrant	DUFFERIN	3 933	— Irish writers in, in XVII. and XVIII. Centuries 1 ix
— Terence's Farewell	DUFFERIN	3 934	— Engus 2 804
— The Exile's Return	LOCKE	5 2003	— Enlightened by a Cow-stealer 7 2654
— A Memory	MACALEESE. 6 2111		
— The Passing of the Gael	MACMANUS	6 2267	
— The Exile	MOORE	7 2483	

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Enlisting in England.....	1 358	Essays and Studies.	
Enna	5 1725	— Happiness and Good-Nature	GOLDSMITH. 4 1345
Enniscorthy	7 2611	— Mountain Theology	GREGORY .. 4 1455
Enniscorthy	1 80	— Ireland, Visible and Invisible	JOHNSTON . 5 1702
Enniskowen	WINGFIELD. 9 3620	— Moral and Intellectual Differences between the Sexes	KEELING .. 5 1769
Enniskillen	7 2818	— What is the Remnant?	LECKY 5 1920
Ensign Epps, the Color-bearer	O'REILLY .. 7 2830	— The Irish in America	MAGEE 6 2292
Eochaidh Airemh, King of Erimm	7 2667	— Monotony and the Lark	O'BRIEN ... 7 2617
Epilogue to Fand	LARMINIE . 5 1875	— Sir Roger and the Widow	RUSSELL .. 8 3005
Epitaph on Doctor Parrnell	GOLDSMITH. 4 1383	— The Coverley Family Portraits	STEELE 8 3198
— on Edward Purdon.....	GOLDSMITH. 4 1383	— The Art of Pleasing	STEELE 8 3203
Erc, Son of Cairbre	4 1433	— The Story of Yorick	STERNE 8 3213
Erechtheum of Athens	6 2335	— The Story of Le Fevre	STERNE 8 3220
Errigal	1 258	— 'Dust Hath Closed Helen's Eye'	YEATS 9 3666
Erin	DRENNAN .. 3 924	— Village Ghosts	YEATS 9 3673
— History of the Illustrious Women of	1 32	— Enchanted Woods	YEATS 9 3679
— The Buried Forests of	MILLIGAN .. 6 2437	Essex, The Earl of	BROOKE .. 1 288
— Manners and Customs of Ancient O'CURRY	7 2666	(reference)	7 2744
— The Old Books of O'CURRY	7 2670	"Essex-street, The Wooden man in"	4 1259
Erin's Lament for O'Connell	8 3269	Esthetic sensibility of Pagan Irish	2 xviii
Erne, Lord	7 2612	'Ethelstan'	DARLEY .. 2 809
— The	6 2354, 2363, 2365	Ethical content of ancient Irish literature	8 2973
Errigal	6 2436	Ethnic legends of Ireland	9 vii
Erskine, Lord, Sheridan on	8 3125	ETTINGSALL, THOMAS	3 1114
Erwin, Bishop, of Killala	6 2232	— O'Donoghue on	6 xiv
Escape of Hugh Roe	CONNELLAN. 2 635	Eulogy of Washington	PHILLIPS .. 8 2891
ESLER, MRS. E. REN-TOUL	1096	Europe, Irish scholars in	9 3395
— Essay on Irish Bulls'	EDGEWORTH. 3 1055	European literature, Ireland's influence on	4 vii
— on the Emotions'	COBBE 2 605	Evangelistarium of St. Moling, The	7 2671
— on the State of Ireland in 1720	TONE 9 3415	Evening Hymn, The	TRENCH .. 9 3437
— on Translated Verse, From the ROSCOMMON. 8 2981		Evensong	ROLLESTON. 8 2977
Essays'	WISEMAN .. 9 3627	Events of 1798, The	6 2229
Essays and Studies.		Ever eating	SWIFT .. 9 3389
— True Pleasures	BERKELEY . 1 174	Eviction, An	BARLOW .. 1 98
— The View from Honeyman's Hill	BERKELEY . 1 176	Evolution, Doctrine of	9 3466
— A Gentleman	BROOKE .. 1 285	— Sir J. Herschel on	5 1787
— The Preternatural in Fiction	BURTON .. 1 404	— of Species	5 1786
— The Contagion of Love	COBBE 2 605	Execution of Lady Jane Grey	3 851
— Despair and Hope in Prison	DAVITT .. 3 837	Executions.	
— The Originality of Irish Bulls Examined	EDGEWORTH. 3 1055	— The Manchester martyrs	7 2607
— The Gentleman in Black	GOLDSMITH. 4 1317	— 'The Night before Larry was stretched'	9 3308
— Advice to the Ladies	GOLDSMITH. 4 1322	— 'Trust to luck'	9 3319
— Beau Tibbs	GOLDSMITH. 4 1326	Exile, The	MOORE .. 7 2483
— Liberty in England	GOLDSMITH. 4 1331	— Song of an	ORR .. 7 2840
— The Love of Freaks	GOLDSMITH. 4 1334	— The Irish	MCDERMOTT. 6 2189
— The Worship of Pinchbeck Heroes	GOLDSMITH. 4 1338	Exile's Christmas Song, The Kilkenny	KENEALY ... 5 1788
— Whang and his Dream of Diamonds	GOLDSMITH. 4 1341		
— The Love of Quack Medicines	GOLDSMITH. 4 1343		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Exile's Return, or Morning on the Irish Coast, The</i>	LOCKE	5 2003	Fairy Brush of Slivenamon, The	8 2971	
<i>Exiles, Our</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3328	— — — Court, The	2 809	
<i>Exodus, The</i>	WILDE	9 3570	— — — Fiddler, The	2 592	
— — — The Great		4 xii; 9 3395	— — — Gold	9 3411	
<i>Expeditions</i>		2 xii	— — — Greyhound, The	ANONYMOUS. 3 1154	
<i>Exploits of Curoi, The</i>	JOYCE	5 1749	— — — Legends and Traditions'	CROKER. 2 695. 736	
Exports and Imports, Irish		9 3364	— — — Poetry	3 xx	
<i>Extract from the 'Journal to Stella'</i>	SWIFT	9 3378	— — — Shoemaker, The Leprechaun or	ALLINGHAM. 1 20	
— — — from the Life of Brigit. From the Irish	STOKES	8 3246	— — — Tales, Irish'	LEAMY. 5 1899	
<i>Extracts from a Letter to a Noble Lord</i>	BURKE	1 379	— — — importance of, to Irish-Americans	3 xxiii	
— — — The Querist	BERKELEY	1 177	— — — Tales. See Folk Lore.		
<i>Extraordinary Phenomenon, An</i>	IRWIN	5 1669	— — — The Selfish Giant	9 3584	
F.					
F. M. Allen	See DOWNEY.		— — — The Story of Childe Charity	1 314	
<i>Fabian Dei Franchi</i>	WILDE	9 3593	<i>Faith of a Felon, The</i>	LALOR. 5 1855	
— — — Society, The		8 3035	‘Faiths of Ireland’	WOOD-MAR-TIN. 9 3640	
<i>Facetious Irish Peer, A</i>	DAUNT	3 811	Falls of Killarney, The (half-tone engraving)	5 1876	
Facsimile of first Irish newspaper		4 1258	Fallon, Squire	f 145	
— — — title page of first book printed in Gaelic in Ireland		7 2941	— — — and the Plague in Ireland, The	1 85	
Facsimiles. See ‘Irish MSS. Illuminated,’ ‘Irish MSS.’ ‘Ancient Irish MSS.’			— — — A Lay of the	STREET BAL-LAD. 9 3295	
<i>Faction Fight, The</i>	MATHEW	6 2391	— — — A Scene in the	KEARY. 5 1755	
Factories and Workshops Bill of 1878		6 2178	— — — A Scene in the Irish	HIGGINS. 4 1573	
<i>Faery Fool, The</i>	CHESSON	2 593	— — — Drimlin Donn Dills	9 3511	
— — — Song, A	YEATS	9 3704	— — — The great	6 2391	
Fahan		6 2427	— — — of 1879, The	6 2861	
FAHY, FRANCIS A.		3 1124	— — — of 1845, The	9 xl	
Faint are the breezes	DOWNING	3 916	— — — Year, The (half-tone engraving)	WILDE. 9 3575	
Faintly as tolls the evening chime	MOORE	7 2540	<i>Fand, Epilogue to</i>	LARMINIE. 5 1875	
Fair Amoret has gone astray	CONGREVE	2 614	Fannet. See <i>Jamie Freeland and the Young Lady and Rambling Reminiscences</i> .		
— — — An Irish Pig (half-tone engraving)		7 2484	Far are the Gaelic tribes	M'GEE. 6 2218	
— — — Hills of Eire, The. From the Irish of Mac Connara	SIGERSON	10 3937	— — — Darrig, The	WELSH. 3 xvii, xix	
— — — From the Irish of Mac Connara	MANGAN	6 2378	— — — in Donegal	MACLINTOCK. 6 2248	
— — — of Ireland, The (half-tone engraving)	FERGUSON	3 1185	— — — Farewell, A	SIGERSON. 8 3142	
— — — Rent, fixity of tenure, and fair sale (the ‘Three F’s)		6 2179	— — — Gorta, The	3 xx	
<i>Fairest! put on awhile</i>	MOORE	7 2529	— — — the gray loch runs	TRENCH. 9 3432	
Fairhead, or Benmore		6 2278	<i>Far-Away</i>	SIGERSON. 8 3138	
Fairies.			<i>Farewell</i>	SULLIVAN. 9 3331	
— — — or No Fairies	CROKER	2 720	— — — but whenever you welcome the hour	MOORE. 7 2525	
— — — The	ALLINGHAM	1 18	— — — my more than fatherland	WILDE. 9 3599	
— — — The Flitting of the Barlow		1 116	— — — the doom is spoken	SIGERSON. 8 3133	
— — — The history of the Sidhe		9 3707	— — — to America, A	WILDE. 9 3599	
<i>Fairy, A Donegal</i>	MACLINTOCK	6 2253	— — — to the Irish Parliament	CURRAN. 2 788	
— — — and Folk Tales, Irish	WELSH	3 xvii	<i>Farm life in Ireland</i>	4 1467	
— — — and Folk Tales of Ireland	ANONYMOUS	3 1136	<i>Farmer in Ireland, The</i>	4 1574	
			<i>Farquhar, George</i>	3 1164	
			<i>Farran, Miss Sheridan on</i>		
			<i>Far-Shee, The</i> . See Banshee.		
			<i>Fate of Frank M'Kenna, The</i>	CARLETON. 2 553	
			‘Father Connell’	BANIM. 1 60	

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Father Gilligan, The</i>			
<i>Ballad of</i> YEATS	9 3702		
<i>Lalor is Promoted</i> . BLUNDELL	1 225		
<i>O'Flynn</i> GRAVES	4 1412		
<i>O'Leary, Some Anecdotes of</i>	7 2793		
<i>Prout</i> See MAHONY.			
— personalities of.	6 ix		
Faulkner, George	4 1258; 5 1918		
Feasts	2 xii		
Féis, Thé, of Tara	4 1611; 5 1738		
Feithfaigle MACMANUS	6 2269		
<i>Felire Aengusa</i> (the Festology of Aengus)	7 2673		
<i>Felon, The Faith of a</i> LALOR	5 1855		
'Felon-setting,' Steephens article on	7 2799		
Fena, The	5 1722		
<i>The Last of the</i> JOYCE	5 1714		
Fencing with the small-sword	1 147		
Fenian Brotherhood, The	9 xi		
Cycle, The	2 xi		
movement, Poets of the. W. B. Yeats on	3 xi		
Fenian Movement, The.			
<i>The Irish Church</i> . McCARTHY	6 2148		
<i>A Young Ireland Meeting</i>	6 2180		
<i>Why Parnell Went into Politics</i> O'BRIEN	7 2607		
Charles Kickham and 'The Irish People'	7 2798		
<i>The Irishman's Farewell</i> ANONYMOUS. 8 3287			
'Fenian Nights' Entertainments, The' MCCALL	6 2117		
'Fenians and Fenianism, Recollections of' O'LEARY	7 2798		
Feral, The Lake of	6 2276		
Fera-Ros, The King of	7 2708		
Fergal, King	7 2709		
Fergus, Son of a Noble Sire	2 804		
Son of Flaithri	4 1624		
The wars of	5 1705		
FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL (portrait)	3 1168		
(reference)	6 2219		
M. F. Egan on	5 xiv		
Sir H. Plunkett on.	8 2911		
W. B. Yeats on	3 x		
<i>Ferguson's Speech on Robert Burns</i> FERGUSON	3 1170		
Fermoy, an adventure at	7 2730		
<i>The Book of</i>	5 1724		
<i>Fern, The Mountain</i> GEOGHEGAN	4 1255		
Ferocity in Irish humor	6 xi		
<i>Festology of Aengus'</i>	7 2673		
<i>of Cathal Ma-guire, The'</i>	7 2674		
Feudal tenure, The	7 2862		
Feuquieres, Marquise de.	2 677		
Few: Mountains in Armagh, The	2 639		
Fiacha Mac Hugh (O'Byrne)	2 636		
Son of Conga	4 1453		
<i>After the</i> From Oisin SIGERSON	6 2231; 7 2755		
Fiction. All works of fiction, short stories, etc., are indexed under their titles and the authors' names.			
<i>The Preternatural</i> in BURTON	2 404		
'Fictions of the Irish Celts, Legendary' KENNEDY	5 1796		
1799, 1801, 1803			
Fielding, The humor of.	3 873		
Fourteenth Century, Books of Courtesy in the GREEN	4 1417		
<i>Figaro, The Novel in</i> the O'MEARA	7 2805		
Flight of the "Armstrong" Privateer ROCHE	8 2961		
Fighting Race, The CLARKE	2 598		
Files (fillas) in Ancient Ireland	2 xviii		
Fin, See Finn.			
<i>Fineen the Rover</i> JOYCE	5 1743		
Finegas, the poet of the Boinn	4 1449		
Fingal, Lord, O'Connell on	7 2635, 2640		
Finley, Michael. See note to <i>Phaudrig Crohoore</i> .			
<i>Finn, The Coming of</i> GREGORY	4 1447		
or Fiann, mac Cumhail or Mac-Cool, Glory of	4 1524		
and his people	2 630		
and the Fena	5 1715; 7 2753		
and the Princess MC CALL	6 2117		
Banner of	2 594		
Cleft of	5 2052		
Horn of	2 591		
Influence of the legends of	8 2990		
Keen of	9 3642		
in the third Cycle.	2 xii		
Mac Cormac, Bishop of Kil-dare	4 1600		
or Ossianic cycle.	2 629		
Finnachta and the Clerics O'DONOVAN	7 2706		
<i>Became Rich, How</i> O'DONOVAN	7 2708		
Finnerty, P., Grafton's speech on	7 xxiii		
Fintan Street	3 930		
Flionn Ghail (Normans or English)	2 635		
Flionn's monument on Nephin	6 2231		
<i>Fionnuala</i> MILLIGAN	6 2437		
From ARMSTRONG	1 25		
<i>The Song of</i> MOORE	7 2534		
Firbolgs, The	7 2752; 9 x, 3482		
Buildings of the	8 2882		
<i>Fire-Eaters, The</i> BARRINGTON	1 141		
Fires, Druidical	7 2667		
<i>'Fireside Stories of Ireland, The'</i> KENNEDY	5 1789		
<i>'Firing of Rome, The'</i> CROLY	1793		
<i>First Boycott, The</i> O'BRIEN	2 739		
Irish newspaper	4 1258		
<i>Lord Liftinan, The</i> TRENCH	4 1233		
printed book in Gaelic, Facsimile of	7 2741		
<i>Sight of the Rocky Mountains</i> BUTLER	2 415		

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
<i>First Step towards Home</i>			Foley's, J. H., O'Connell	
<i>Rule, The</i>	REDMOND ..	8 2926	monument (half-tone engraving).....	7 2645
<i>Steps, The</i>	BLAKE	1 190	<i>Statue of Burke..</i>	
<i>Voyage, The</i>	MOLLOY	6 2459	(half-tone engraving).....	1 397
<i>Fisher Folk life</i>	1 103, 114; 2 696		<i>Statue of Grattan..</i>	
	4 1266, 1512; 5 2009		(half-tone engraving).....	4 1384
<i>'The Young</i>	4 1516		<i>Folk and Fairy Tales,</i>	
<i>Fisheries Bill, The Irish</i>	GWYNN	6 2176	<i>Irish</i>	WELSH .. xvii
<i>Fishing-curragh</i> (half-tone engraving)		9 3458	<i>The Ban-Shee</i>	ALLINGHAM. 1 17
<i>Fitzgerald, Amby</i>	Fitzgerald, Amby	1 145	<i>The Fairies</i>	ALLINGHAM. 1 18
<i>Fire-eater; Duel with Lord Norbury</i>		1 143	<i>The Leprechaun, or Fairy Shoemaker</i> . ALLINGHAM. 1 20	
<i>Lord Edward and '98</i>	4 1531; 9 x		<i>Flitting o' the Fairies</i>	BARLOW ... 1 116
<i>Sir Boyle Roche on</i>	1 137		<i>From Fionnuala</i>	ARMSTRONG. 1 125
<i>Curran's speech for</i>	7 xxiii		<i>To the Leanan Sidhe</i>	BOYD 1 258
<i>MAURICE</i> (biography)	10 4011		<i>Ned Géraghty's Luck</i>	BROUGHAM. 1 301
<i>Translation from the Irish of</i>	1 280		<i>The Story of Childe Charity</i>	BROWNE ... 1 314
<i>PERCY HETHERINGTON-TON</i>	3 1190		<i>The Faery Fiddler</i>	CHESSON .. 2 592
<i>FITZPATRICK, WILLIAM JOHN</i>	3 1199		<i>The Faery Fool</i>	CHESSON .. 2 593
<i>FITZSIMON, MRS. ELLEN</i>	3 1206		<i>The Hospitality of Cuanna's House</i> . CONNELLAN. 2 629	
<i>Fitzwilliam (Lord), Character of</i>	6 2164		<i>The Confessions of Tom Bourke</i>	CROKER ... 2 681
<i>recalled</i>	8 2930		<i>The Soul Cages</i>	CROKER ... 2 695
<i>Five Ends of Erin, The</i>	2 442		<i>The Haunted Cellar</i>	CROKER ... 2 707
<i>Fixity of tenure, Isaac Butt on</i>	2 425		<i>Teigue of the Lee</i> . CROKER ... 2 714	
<i>J. H. McCarthy on</i>	6 2179		<i>Fairies or No Fairies</i>	CROKER ... 2 720
<i>Flanders, Irish soldiers in the battle of Fontenoy</i>	3 823, 842		<i>Flory Cantillon's Funeral</i>	CROKER ... 2 724
<i>Sarsfield at</i>	7 2816		<i>The Banshee of the MacCarthys</i>	CROKER ... 2 727
<i>The battle of</i>	7 2830		<i>The Brewery of Egg-Shells</i>	CROKER ... 2 731
<i>FLAVELL, THOMAS (biography)</i>	10 4011		<i>The Story of the Little Bird</i>	CROKER ... 2 734
<i>The County of Mayo by</i>	3 1224		<i>The Lord of Dunkerron</i>	CROKER ... 2 736
<i>FLECKNOE, RICHARD</i>	3 1208		<i>Little Woman in Red, A</i>	DEENY ... 3 846
<i>Fleming, Colonel, slain at Drogheda</i>	7 2568		<i>Strange Indeed!</i>	DEENY ... 3 847
<i>'Flitters, Tatters, and the Counselor'</i>	HARTLEY .. 4 1568		<i>Will O' The Wisp</i> . ANONYMOUS, 3 1136	
<i>Flitting of the Fairies, The</i>	BARLOW ... 1 116		<i>Loughleagh</i>	ANONYMOUS, 3 1142
<i>Flood, Sir Frederick</i>	1 130		<i>Donald, and his Neighbors</i>	ANONYMOUS, 3 1147
<i>HENRY</i>	3 1210		<i>Queen's County Witch</i>	ANONYMOUS, 3 1150
<i>the first real Irish orator</i>	7 x		<i>Rent-Day</i>	ANONYMOUS, 3 1160
<i>and Grattan</i>	3 1210; 4 1384		<i>The Only Son of Aoife</i>	GREGORY .. 4 1426
<i>and the Monks of the Screw</i>	2 797		<i>Conversion of King Laoghaire's Daughters</i>	3 1162
<i>Grattan on</i>	7 2421		<i>Death of Cuchulain</i>	GREGORY .. 4 1431
<i>Opposed to American Liberty</i>	4 1402		<i>Cael and Credhe</i>	GREGORY .. 4 1445
<i>Philippic against Grattan</i>	GRATTAN .. 4 1400		<i>The Coming of Finn</i>	GREGORY .. 4 1447
<i>Flood's Reply to Grattan's Invective</i>	FLOOD .. 3 1212		<i>Mountain Theology</i>	GREGORY .. 4 1455
<i>Florida Gardens</i>	1 165		<i>Hard-Gum, Strong-Ham, Swift-Foot, and the Eyeless Lad</i>	HYDE 4 1625
<i>Flory Cantillon's Funeral</i>	CROKER .. 2 724		<i>Neil O'Carree</i>	HYDE 4 1638
<i>Flotow, Irish influence on</i>	3 vii		<i>The Hags of the Long Teeth</i>	HYDE 4 1642
<i>Flower of the young and fair</i>	FURLONG .. 3 1252			
<i>Flowers I Would Bring</i> . DE VERE ..	3 861			
<i>Flying, Wings invented by Pockrich for</i>	7 2698			

VOL. PAGE

Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.

		VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
— <i>Muncharach and Man-</i>				— <i>Folk Tales</i>	10 3735 et seq.
— <i>achar</i>	HYDE	4	1647	— <i>Collectors of</i>	3 xxii
— <i>Oisin in Tirna-</i>				— <i>Elements of the</i>	8 2972
— <i>noge</i>	JOYCE	5	1714	— <i>Irish</i>	5 1866
— <i>The Voyage of the</i>				— <i>Nature in</i>	9 3658
— <i>Sons of O'Corra</i>	JOYCE	5	1724	— <i>of Ireland, Fairy</i>	
— <i>Connla of the Gol-</i>				— <i>and</i>	ANONYMOUS 3 1136
— <i>den Hair</i>	JOYCE	5	1731	— <i>Fomor of the Blows</i>	5 1717
— <i>The Exploits of</i>				— <i>Fomorian Pirates, The</i>	5 1746
— <i>Curoi</i>	JOYCE	5	1749	— <i>Fomorians, The</i>	9 vii
— <i>The Lazy Beauty</i>				— <i>Fontenoy</i>	DAVIS 3 823
— <i>and her Aunts</i>	KENNEDY	5	1789	— <i>The Brigade at</i>	DOWLING 3 878
— <i>The Haughty Prin-</i>				— <i>Battle of (half-</i>	
— <i>cess</i>	KENNEDY	5	1793	— <i>tone engraving)</i>	3 880
— <i>The Kildare Pooka</i>	KENNEDY	5	1796	— <i>(reference)</i>	2 599
— <i>The Witches' Ex-</i>				— <i>Father Antho-</i>	
— <i>cursion</i>	KENNEDY	5	1799	— <i>nny's father</i>	
— <i>The Enchantment</i>				— <i>slain at</i>	9 3445
— <i>of Gearoidh Iarla</i>	KENNEDY	5	1801	— <i>Food, Dress and Daily</i>	
— <i>The Long Spoon</i>	KENNEDY	5	1803	— <i>Life in Ancient Ire-</i>	
— <i>The Red Pony</i>	LARMINIE	5	1866	— <i>land</i>	JOYCE 5 1735
— <i>The Nameless</i>				— <i>'Fool and his Heart,</i>	
— <i>Story</i>	LARMINIE	5	1871	— <i>The</i>	CONNELL 2 616
— <i>The Changeling</i>	LAWLESS	5	1877	— <i>Footing, Paying the</i>	4 1482
— <i>The Golden Spears</i>	LEAMY	5	1899	— <i>Foot-warmer, The</i>	6 2233
— <i>King O'Toole and</i>				— <i>For, now returned from</i>	
— <i>Saint Kevin</i>	LOVER	5	2046	— <i>golden lands</i>	GREENE 4 1424
— <i>Mac Cumhail and</i>				— <i>For thee I shall not die</i>	HYDE 4 1656
— <i>the Princess</i>	MCCALL	6	2117	— <i>Forbuide</i>	4 1430
— <i>Jamie Freet and</i>				— <i>Foreclosure of mort-</i>	
— <i>the Young Lady</i>	MACLINTOCK	6	2242	— <i>gage</i>	8 3230
— <i>Far Darrig in Don-</i>				— <i>Foreign languages in</i>	
— <i>egal</i>	MACLINTOCK	6	2248	— <i>Greece</i>	6 2332
— <i>Grace Connor</i>	MACLINTOCK	6	2251	— <i>Service, Eminent</i>	
— <i>Daniel O'Rourke</i>	MAGINN	6	2313	— <i>Irishmen in'</i>	ONAHAN 7 2814
— <i>Fionnuala</i>	MILLIGAN	6	2437	— <i>Fore-Song to 'Málmorda'</i>	CLARKE 2 596
— <i>Account of King</i>				— <i>Forests of Erin, The</i>	
— <i>Eochaidh Airemh</i>	O'CURRY	7	2667	— <i>Buried</i>	MILLIGAN 6 2437
— <i>Finnacha and the</i>				— <i>Foreword</i>	WELSH 1 xvii
— <i>Clerics</i>	O'DONOVAN	7	2706	— <i>Forging of the Anchor,</i>	
— <i>How Finnacha</i>				— <i>The</i>	FERGUSON 3 1174
— <i>Became Rich</i>	O'DONOVAN	7	2708	— <i>FORRESTER, Mrs. EL-</i>	
— <i>The Battle of Alm-</i>				— <i>LEN</i>	3 1222
— <i>hain</i>	O'DONOVAN	7	2709	— <i>Forsaken</i>	TODHUNTER 9 3406
— <i>Queen Meave and</i>				— <i>Forts, Circular Stone</i>	8 2882
— <i>her Hosts</i>	O'GRADY	7	2746	— <i>Crosses, and Round</i>	
— <i>The Burthen of</i>				— <i>Towers of Ire-</i>	
— <i>Ossian</i>	O'GRADY	7	2752	— <i>land</i>	WAKEMAN and COOKE 9 3482
— <i>The Knighting of</i>				— <i>Forty-eight</i>	7 2872
— <i>Cuculain</i>	O'GRADY	7	2756	— <i>Forus Feasa, The</i>	10 3959
— <i>The Cursing of</i>				— <i>Fosbery's, E., portrait</i>	
— <i>Tara</i>	O'GRADY	7	2762	— <i>of Charles Welsh</i>	9 viii
— <i>Caeilte's Lament</i>	O'GRADY	7	2766	— <i>Fosterage explained</i>	1 35; 5 1739
— <i>The Lament of</i>				— <i>Found Out</i>	BLESSING-TON 1 200
— <i>Maeve Leith-</i>				— <i>Founding of The Na-</i>	
— <i>Dherg</i>	ROLLESTON	8	2975	— <i>tion</i>	3 950
— <i>The Demon Cat</i>	WILDE	9	3557	— <i>Fouquier-Tinville, Trial</i>	
— <i>Thee Horned</i>				— <i>of</i>	2 677
— <i>Women</i>	WILDE	9	3558	— <i>Fountain of Tears, The</i>	O'SHAUGHNESSY 7 2845
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i>	WILDE	9	3561	— <i>Four Courts, Dublin,</i>	
— <i>Seanchan the Bard</i>				— <i>The</i>	8 3065
— <i>and the King of</i>				— <i>ducks on a pond</i>	ALLINGHAM 1 15
— <i>the Cats</i>	WILDE	9	3566	— <i>Masters, Annals of</i>	
— <i>The Black Lamb</i>	WILDE	9	3569	— <i>the (see also M.</i>	
— <i>The Selfish Giant</i>	WILDE	9	3584	— <i>O'Clery)</i>	2 629
— <i>The Devil</i>	YEATS	9	3673	— <i>632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2377</i>	
— <i>Enchanted Woods</i>	YEATS	9	3679	— <i>7 2663, 2674, 2705; 10 4018</i>	
— <i>Village Ghosts</i>	YEATS	9	3673	— <i>things did Finn</i>	
— <i>Miraculous Crea-</i>				— <i>dislike</i> (Irish	
— <i>tures</i>	YEATS	9	3678	— <i>Rann)</i>	HYDE 10 3839
— <i>The Old Age of</i>				— <i>FOX, GEORGE</i>	4 1224
— <i>Queen Maeve</i>	YEATS	9	3697	— <i>Burke on</i>	1 397
— <i>A Faery Song</i>	YEATS	9	3704		
— <i>The Hosting of</i>					
— <i>the Sidhe</i>	YEATS	9	3707		
<i>Folk Songs</i>		10	3713 et seq.		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Fox on E. Burke	1 373	From 'The Return' ...	GREENE ... 4 1424
Foxes, Superstitions	9 3680	'Wendell Phillips' O'REILLY ..	7 2836
about	4 1490	what dripping cell. LE FANU ..	5 1946
Fox-hunting	1 176, 254	Froude, J. A., on Ire-	
scene	8 3060	land	8 vii
'Fox's Book of Martyrs'	9 3428	— cited on the feudal	
Foyle Lough	6 2277	land system	7 2863
Origin of the		'F's, The three' (fair	
name	3 1181	rent, fixity of tenure,	
Foynes in June, 1895	7 2501	and free sale)	6 2179
France described in		Funeral, <i>A Midnight</i> . DEENY ..	3 845
'The Traveller'	4 1362	Cursing at a	9 3641
— <i>On a Commercial</i>		customs, Ancient. 2 724, 559; 9 368	
Treaty with	FLOOD ... 3 1219	<i>Flory Cantillon's</i>	2 724
— <i>The Guillotine in</i> CROKER ..	2 676	Funerals	9 3640
Francis, M. E. — See MRS. BLUN-		FURLONG, ALICE	3 1239
DELL.		— MARY	4 1241
— I. of France	6 2340	— THOMAS	4 1244
— SIR PHILIP	3 1226		
Franciscan College of			G.
Louvain, Irish		Gad, Mara, <i>The</i> M. DOYLE ..	10 3875
manuscripts in		Gael, <i>The Passing of</i>	
the	7 2673	the	MACMANUS. 6 2267
— Monasteries, Irish	1 32	Gaelic, Effort to stamp	
Franklin, Benjamin	7 2692	out the	1 ix
Fraser's Magazine,		— English opposition	
Founding of	6 2301	to teaching	9 2993
Fredericksburg	6 2423	— book printed in	
— Dec. 13, 1862, At. O'REILLY ..	7 2831	Ireland. Facsimile of first	7 2741
Free sale of land (the		— Ireland. Peasant	
'three F's')	6 2179	Lore from' DEENY. 3 845, 846	
— Speech	9 3551	847	
— Trade in Ireland	9 3362	— language a key to	
Freedom of religious		Pre-Roman European history	7 2616
belief in Ireland,		— League, The Effects of	8 2911
Carlyle on	3 952	— Objects of	8 2908
— of the English peo-		— Work of	10 xxv, 3713
ple	4 1331	— Literature, Imagi-	
— Roman love of	2 747	nation and Art in' ROLLESTON. 8 2968	
French Bulls	3 1057, 1059	— The Story of Early' HYDE 5 1622	
— Expedition of 1796	3414	— Movement, The . PLUNKETT. 8 2908	
— language banished		— Revival, Justin McCarthy on	1 xvi
by Canning from		— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiv
diplomatic corre-			
spondence	1 69	Gaelic Writers.	
— on way to Castle-		Death of St. Col-	
bar in 1798, The	6 2229	uncille, <i>The</i> ... ADAMNAN ... 4 1618	
— Revolution, The . BARRY ..	1 151	Sorrowful Lament	
Effect on Ire-		for Ireland, A. . CAR TAN, SHEMUS. 4 1459	
land	9 x	Geoffrey Keating . DINEEN, REV. PAT-	
Effect of	9 3424	RICK S. 10 3959	
Sir Boyle Roche		— Friar's Servant	
on the	1 136	Girl, <i>The</i> D O Y L E , JAMES ..	10 3875
the guillotine in		— Tim the Smith ... D O Y L E , JAMES ..	10 3887
the	2 667	— Coolun, <i>The</i> DUGAN, MAU-	
— WILLIAM PERCY	3 1233	RICE 3 1188	
Friar of Orders Grey,		— County of Mayo,	
The	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2778	<i>The</i> FLAVELL, THOMAS. 3 1224	
Friars' Servant Maid,		— Ode on his Ship . FITZGERALD, MAURICE. 1 280	
The	DOYLE .. 10 3875	— Caelite's Lament	7 2766
Friend in Court, A	7 2793	— Cavern, <i>The</i> H A Y E S , THOMAS. 10 3997	
— of Humanity		— Echo, <i>The</i> H A Y E S , THOMAS. 10 3983	
and the Knife-			
Grinder	CANNING .. 2 467		
From a Munster vale			
they brought her. WILLIAMS ..	9 3609		
— a Poem by Teige			
Mac Daire	HYDE .. 4 1657		
Acteon'	WILKINS .. 9 3604		
Alma Mater to De			
Profundis	CONNELL .. 2 616		
Portlair to Para-			
dise	DOWNEY .. 3 891		
the foes of my			
land	10 3829		
the madding crowd. ROCHE ..	8 2966		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Gaelic Writers.			Gaelic Writers.		
— <i>Twisting of the Rope, The</i>	HYDE, DOUGLAS		— <i>Extract from the Life of Brigit</i> ...	ANONYMOUS.	8 3246
— <i>Biography</i>	K E A T I N G, GEOFFREY.	10 4012	— <i>Fair Hills of Ireland, The</i>	ANONYMOUS.	3 1185
— <i>Vision of Viands, The</i>	M A C C O N-G L I N N E,		— <i>Have You Been at Carrick?</i>	ANONYMOUS.	9 3503
	ANIAIR ...	8 3134	— <i>Hospitality of Cuanna's House</i> ...	ANONYMOUS.	2 629
— <i>Fair Hills of Eiré, O MacCon Mara, Donogh</i>	M A C C O N-M A R A,		— <i>I Shall Not Die for Thee</i>	ANONYMOUS.	4 1656
— <i>'Tis not War we Want to Wage</i>	M A C D A I R E,		— <i>King Aillil's Death</i> ...	ANONYMOUS.	8 3261
	TEIGE ...	4 1657	— <i>Lament of Maev Leith-Dherg</i>	ANONYMOUS.	8 2975
— <i>Claragh's Lament</i> . M A C D O N-NELL, JOHN	2 803		— <i>Lament of O'Gnive, The</i>	ANONYMOUS.	2 443
— <i>Biography</i>	M A C F O R B E S,		— <i>Little Child, I Call Thee</i>	ANONYMOUS.	4 1655
	DONALD ...	10 4014	— <i>Love Ballad</i>	ANONYMOUS.	6 2371
— <i>Kinkora</i>	M A C - L I A G ..	6 2377	— <i>Man Octopartite</i>	ANONYMOUS.	8 3262
— <i>Deus Meus</i>	M A E L I S U ...	8 3140	— <i>Murmurs of Love</i> ...	ANONYMOUS.	7 2676
— <i>Lament of the Mangaire Sugach</i> M A G R A T H, ANDREW..	A N D R E W ..	9 3508	— <i>O Were You on the Mountain?</i>	ANONYMOUS.	4 1656
— <i>Ode on leaving Ireland</i>	N U G E N T,		— <i>Outlaw of Loch Lene, The</i>	ANONYMOUS.	1 141
	GERALD ...	3 930	— <i>Pastheen Fien</i>	ANONYMOUS.	3 1184
— <i>Bridget Cruise</i> ...O'C A R O L A N,	T U R L O U G H .	4 1244	— <i>Pearl of the White Breast</i>	ANONYMOUS.	7 2886
— <i>Gentle Brideen</i> ...O'C A R O L A N.	8 3143		— <i>Roisin Dubh</i>	ANONYMOUS.	4 1247
— <i>Grace Nugent</i> ...O'C A R O L A N.	3 1186		— <i>She is my Love</i>	ANONYMOUS.	4 1413
— <i>Mary Maguire</i> ...O'C A R O L A N.	4 1246		— <i>Since We Should Part</i>	ANONYMOUS.	4 1413
— <i>Mild Mabel Kelly</i> ...O'C A R O L A N.	3 1186		— <i>White Cockade, The</i>	ANONYMOUS.	2 442
— <i>O'More's Fair Daughter</i>	O'C A R O L A N..	4 1252	Galang, The hero of		6 2370
— <i>Peggy Browne</i>	O'C A R O L A N..	4 1252	Galatians, The		9 3549
— <i>Why, Liquor of Life?</i>	O'C A R O L A N..	2 805	Gallo-Grecians		9 3549
— <i>Biography</i>	O'C L E R Y, M I-C H A E L ..	10 4018	Galtees, The		6 2675
— <i>Love's Despair</i> ...O'C U R N A N,	D I A R M A D ..	8 3137	Galtimore		5 1938
— <i>East, West, Home's Best</i>	O'F A R R E L L Y,		Galway, A Letter from MAXWELL ..		6 2412
	A.	10 3967	— advantages of, for trading		7 2916
— <i>Thankfulness of Dermot, The</i> ...O'L E A R Y,	P A T R I C K ..	10 3953	— Bay		2 575
	JOHN ...		— Duelling in		1 145
— <i>Seadna's Three Wishes</i>	O'L E A R Y, F A T H E R		— Monastery in		1 31
	P E T E R ..	10 3941	— <i>The Clearing of</i> PRENDERGAST ..		2913
— <i>Lament, A</i>	O'NE A CHTA N,		— <i>The Man for</i> LEVER		5 1975
	JOHN ...	2 768	Ganconagh described		3 xix
— <i>Maggy Ladir</i>	O'NE A CHTA N,		Garden of God, The	KERNAHAN.	5 1809
	JOHN ..	4 1249	Garmoyle		6 2113
— <i>Shane the Proud</i> ...O'SHEA, P.J.	10 3843		Garnavilla, Kate of	LYSAGHT ..	6 2108
— <i>After the Fianna</i> O I S I N	8 3139		Garnett, Sir R., on W. Maginn		6 2300
— <i>In Tirnanoge</i> ...O I S I N	5 1714		Garrick, David. See A Goody Company.		
— <i>Things Delightful</i> O I S I N	8 3144		— as Hamlet in Dublin		5 1919
— <i>How long has it been said</i>	R A F T E R Y ..	10 3923	— Epitaph on Sterne		8 3211
— <i>The Cuis da plé</i> ...R A F T E R Y ..	10 3917		Goldsmith on		4 1346
— <i>Poem on Mary Hynes</i>	R A F T E R Y ..	9 3668	— on Goldsmith		4 1380
— <i>Jesukin</i>	S T. I T A ..	8 3141	— Stevens' retort on		8 3227
— <i>Hymn Called Saint Patrick's Breast-plate, The</i>	S T. PATRICK	8 3244	Garrison. (See also Gavra)		5 1714
— <i>Lament</i>	W A R D, O W E N .	6 2352	Garrowagh, Scenery around		1 353
— <i>Dawring of the Day, The</i>	A N O N Y M O U S .	9 3507	Garry, King of Leinster		6 2118
— <i>Description of the Sea</i>	A N O N Y M O U S .	7 2664	Garryowen	S T R E E T B A L-LAD ..	8 3283
— <i>Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear</i>	A N O N Y M O U S .	2 445	Gates of Dreamland	R U S S E L L ..	8 2997
			Gauger, Condy Culter and the	C A R L E T O N ..	2 541
			Gauntlet, O'Keeffe following his servant through a		7 2776
			Gavra, ancient name of Garristown		5 1714
			Gay, Letter by		4 1695

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Gay Spanker, Lady</i> ... BOUCICAULT	1 252	<i>Glance, A, at Ireland's</i>	
<i>Gearoidh Iarla, En-</i>		<i>History</i> WELSH	9 vii
<i>chantment of</i> KENNEDY	5 1801	<i>Glastonbury Thorn, The</i>	9 3366
<i>Genealogy of Jesus</i>		<i>Gleeman and Actor, The</i>	9 3681
<i>Christ (color plate)</i> 2	ix	<i>— The Last</i> YEATS	9 3683
<i>Genevieve, The Story of</i> JAMESON ..	5 1679	<i>Gleeman's funeral, The</i>	9 3681
<i>Geniality of the Irish</i>		<i>Glen Dun, The Song of</i> SKRINE	8 3156
<i>people</i> 8	vii	<i>Glennan, A Song of</i> SKRINE	8 3157
<i>Genius of English is un-</i>		<i>Glenarm</i>	7 2551
<i>Irish</i> 9	3421	<i>Glenasmole</i>	5 1722
<i>— the national</i> 8	2990	<i>Glendalough</i>	5 2118
<i>— True</i> 9	3377	<i>— (color plate)</i>	5 Front
<i>Genoa, Byron and the</i>		<i>— A Legend of</i> LOVER	5 2046
<i>Blessingtons at</i> MADDEN	6 2286	<i>Glengall</i>	5 1937
<i>Gentle Brideen. From</i>		<i>Glengariff. See Daniel O'Rourke.</i>	
<i>the Irish</i> SIGERSON	8 3143	<i>Glenmalure</i>	2 636; 4 1423
<i>Gentleman, A</i> BROOKE	1 285	<i>Glen-na-Snoel</i>	4 1241
<i>Gentleman in Black,</i>		<i>Glenveagh</i>	6 2259
<i>The</i> GOLDSMITH	4 1317	<i>Glimpse of his Country-</i>	
<i>— What is a</i> O'DONOGHUE	7 2703	<i>House near Newport,</i>	
<i>— of the Kingdom</i>		<i>A</i> BERKELEY	1 175
<i>of Ireland, A</i> KEIGHTLEY	5 1774	<i>Glin, The Knight of</i>	4 1590
<i>Gently! — gently! —</i>		<i>Glinisk</i>	1 146
<i>down!</i> DARLEY	2 809	<i>Glory of Ireland, The</i> MEAGHER	6 2420
<i>Gentry and their Re-</i>		<i>Glossary</i>	10 4031
<i>tainers, Irish</i> BARRINGTON	1 138	<i>Gloucester, Duchess of</i>	1 166
<i>GEOGHEGAN, ARTHUR</i>		<i>— Lodge</i> BELL	1 165
<i>GERALD</i>	4 1254	<i>Gluck and Pockrich's</i>	
<i>George II, on the Irish</i>		<i>musical glasses</i>	7 2692
<i>soldiers of Louis</i>		<i>Glyn-Nephin, old songs</i>	
<i>XV</i>	7 2815	<i>and traditions in</i>	6 2230
<i>— III. on Catholic</i>		<i>"Glynnes" or valleys</i>	6 2275
<i>emancipation</i>	6 2163	<i>Go not to the hills of</i>	
<i>— Geith of Fen</i>		<i>Erin</i> SHORTER	7 3127
<i>Court'</i> RIDDELL	8 2949	<i>'Go where glory waits</i>	
<i>Geraldines, The</i>	6 2417; 8 3018	<i>thee'</i> MOORE	7 2339, 2530
<i>— Spoke Gaelic</i>	7 2670	<i>Goblin cliffs</i>	3 955
<i>Gesticulation, Italian</i> WISEMAN	9 3627	<i>God bless the gray</i>	
<i>Ghosts</i>	9 3681	<i>mountains</i> DUFFY	3 961
<i>Village</i> YEATS	9 3673	<i>God save Ireland</i> SULLIVAN	9 3339
<i>Giant, The Selfish</i> WILDE	9 3584	<i>(reference)</i>	8 3270
<i>Giant's Causeway, The</i>	6 2278	<i>— send us peace</i> O'REILLY	7 2831
<i>Gifford, Countess of. See LADY DUFFERIN.</i>		<i>GODKIN, E. L.</i>	5 1290
<i>Gifford, Earl of</i>	3 932	<i>— on imagination</i>	4 1597
<i>GILBERT, LADY (ROSA</i>		<i>'Gods and Fighting</i>	
<i>MULHOLLAND)</i>		<i>Men'</i> GREGORY	4 1445
<i>— portrait</i>	4 1265		1447
<i>M. F. Egan on</i>	5 xv	<i>Goethe, W. K. Magee on</i>	6 2296
<i>SIR JOHN T.</i>	4 1257	<i>Goibniu</i>	4 1449
<i>'Gile Machree'</i> GRIFFIN	4 1507	<i>'Goidealica'</i>	8 3244
<i>GILES, HENRY</i>	4 1280	<i>Going to Mass by the</i>	
<i>Gillana-naomh O'Huid-</i>		<i>Well of God</i>	9 3068
<i>rin</i>	7 2706	<i>Gold found in Ulster</i>	6 2280
<i>Gilray the caricaturist</i>	1 168	<i>Gold, To</i> WILDE	9 3596
<i>Girl I Love, The</i>	CALLANAN	<i>'Golden Sorrow, A'</i> .. HOEY	4 1578
<i>— of Dunbwy, The</i> DAVIS	2 440	<i>— Spears, The</i> LEAMY	5 1899
<i>— 'of the red-mouth'</i> MACDERMOTT	6 2191	<i>Gold-mining in Montana</i>	3 966
<i>Gladstone and Home</i>		<i>GOLDSMITH, O L I V E R.</i>	
<i>Rule</i>	9 xi	<i>(portrait)</i>	4 1298
<i>— and Land Pur-</i>		<i>— D. J. O'Donoghue</i>	
<i>— chase</i>	9 xi	<i>on</i>	6 xiv
<i>— and the National</i>		<i>— on the musical</i>	
<i>League</i>	6 2164	<i>glasses</i>	7 2690
<i>— and the Great</i>		<i>— W. B. Yeats on the</i>	
<i>Home Rule De-</i>		<i>poetry of</i>	
<i>bate</i>	O'CONNOR	<i>(See A Goodly</i>	
<i>— on O'Connell</i>	7 2624	<i>Company).</i>	3 vll
<i>— on Shell</i>	7 xxviii	<i>Goll</i>	4 1451, 1609
<i>— on Shell's oratory</i>	8 3055	<i>Gollam (Milesius), an-</i>	
<i>Gladstone's first resolu-</i>		<i>cestor of the O's and</i>	
<i>tions</i>	6 2157, 2160	<i>the Mac'</i>	2 444
<i>— Home Rule Bill,</i>		<i>Gomarlians, The</i>	9 3549
<i>Redmond on</i>	8 2929	<i>Gomeen Mtn, The</i> .. STOKER	8 3228
<i>— personality</i>	7 2656	<i>Gomerus-Callus</i>	9 3549
<i>— policy for Ireland</i>	6 2153	<i>Gonconer, The, described</i>	3 xlx
<i>— triumph in 1868.</i>	6 2160		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Gone in the Wind</i> MANGAN	6 2359	Grattan and Catholic emancipation	6 2164
'Gone to Death'..... BROOKE	1 288	— and Curran con- trasted	7 xxii
Gonne, Miss Maud, as an actress	10 xxi	— and Flood	3 1210; 4 1384
Good and Evil, Ideas of'	YEATS. 9 3654, 3661	— and Pitt	7 xv
<i>Good Luck to the Fri- ars of Old</i> LEVER	5 1958	as a Monk of the Screw	2 797
— men and true! in this house who dwell	McBURNAY.. 6 2115	Duel with Chancel- lor Corry	1 142
— people all, with one accord	GOLDSMITH.. 4 1382	— <i>Injective, Flood's Reply to</i>	FLOOD .. 3 1212
— <i>Ship Castle Down,</i> <i>The</i>	MCBURNAY.. 6 2113	Lord Brougham on	6 2421
<i>Goodly Company, A</i> MOORE	7 2468	Opposition of, to the Act of Union	6 2170
Gore House	1 193	Oratorical methods of	7 xi, xiii
Gorey	6 2115	Oratory of	7 x, xi
Gort, County Galway	4 1455	described	7 xx
Gortaveha	4 1455	statute of (half- tone engraving)	4 1384
Gosse, E., on Parnell's poems	7 2874	tribute of, to Dr. Kirwan	7 xvii
— on Sir John Den- ham	3 849	— See <i>The Irish Chieftains</i> .	
— on Thomas Moore	7 2508	<i>Grave, the Grave, The</i> MANGAN ... 6 2380	
Göttingen, University of	4 466	GRAVES, ALFRED PERCE- VAL	4 1409
<i>Gougane Barra</i> (half- tone engraving)	CALLANAN.. 2 439	— on Sir Samuel Fer- guson's poetry	3 1169
Goulbourn, Mr.	7 2652	— on J. S. Le Fanu	5 1927
Gounod on Mrs. Alex- ander	1 1	— Dr.	9 3521
Government. See Pol- itics.		— Early Christian, in Ireland	9 3484
— by consent	9 3362	Gray, John, and Repeal	9 x
— newspaper, A	7 2639	— in prison	3 811; 4 2128
— of Ireland under Henry II.	7 2741	— <i>Fog, The</i>	CHESSEX .. 2 591
— the Tudors	7 2741	gray is Abbey Asa- roe	
— Principles of'	O'BRIEN .. 7 2620	— the poet, on music- al glasses	7 2691
"G. P. O." and W. M. Thackeray	8 xvi	Gray's portrait of W. Carleton	2 469
<i>Grace Connor</i>	MACLINTOCK. 6 2251	<i>Greatly, and Mullen,</i> <i>Sorrowful Lamenta- tion of Callaghan</i> . STREET BAL- LAD	
— Nugent. From the Irish	FERGUSON.. 3 1186	— <i>Cry and Little Wool</i>	7 2653
— of the Heroes. See Grace O'Malley.		— <i>Diamond is Ob- tained and Used</i> . O'BRIEN ..	7 2594
— O'Malley	7 2856	— Divide, The'	DUNRAVEN .. 3 963
<i>Gracie Og Machree</i>	CASEY .. 2 573	— Irish Struggle, The'	O'CONNOR .. 7 2656
<i>Grady, Harry Deane</i>	O'FLANAGAN. 7 2728	— Lone Land, The'	BUTLER .. 2 415
— duels with Coun- sellors O'Mahon and Campbell	1 143	— Risk, A	HOEY .. 4 1578
<i>Grafton, To the Duke of</i> FRANCIS	3 1228	Greece, Age of begin- ning education in ancient	6 2334
'Gra-gal-machree'	8 3270	— <i>Childhood in An- cient</i>	MAHAFFY .. 6 2328
Graham's, P. P., por- trait of G. Griffin	4 1464	— Greek Education	6 2328
'Grammont, Memoirs of the Count de'..... HAMILTON ..	4 1542	— families small	6 2332
— Sir W. Scott on	4 1542	— origin of Irish people, The	1 viii
Grana, O'Maille of the Uisles	7 2859	— and Irish com- pared	4 1285
— Uaile and Queen Elizabeth	7 2858	Green, in the wizard arms	TODHUNTER. 9 3409
— <i>The Story of</i> OTWAY	7 2856	— <i>Little Shamrock of Ireland, The</i>	CHERRY .. 2 587
Granna Wail and Queen Elizabeth	10 4013	— J. R. on Steele	8 3196
Grand Jury Reform Bill, The	6 2176	— MRS. J. R.	4 1417
— <i>Match, The</i>	SKRINE .. 8 3153	Greencastle	6 2113
— Sarah	See MACFALL.		
Granee ;	LAWLESS .. 5 1877		
GRATTAN, HENRY	4 1384		
— a master in ora- tory	6 xxviii		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Has summer come without the rose	O'SHAUGHNESSY ... 7 2844	Henry's, Ireland under the	10 3845
Hastings (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')	4 1349	Her Majesty the King. ROCHE 8 2959	
— Warren, Extract from 'The Impeachment of'.. BURKE 1 383		— Voice WILDE 9 3593	
— Sheridan's Speech on	1 129	Hercules, Pillars of..... 2 747	
— Meagher on	6 2424	Here is the road..... MACMANUS.. 6 2273	
Hats in Ireland	9 3496	— lies Nolly Goldsmith	4 1380
Haughty Princess, The. KENNEDY ..	5 1793	— poor Ned Purdon	GOLDSMITH. 4 1383
Haunch of Venison, The. GOLDSMITH.	4 1377	Heredity in the Sheridan family	8 3068
Haunted Cellar, The... CROKER	2 707	Here's first the toast. FURLONG ... 4 1249	
'Have you been at Carrick?'	WALSH 9 3507	— to the maiden of bashful fifteen. SHERIDAN .. 8 3117	
Garnavilla?	LYSAHT .. 6 2108	Hermann Kelstach, an ancient idol	7 2718
Hawkesworth on 'The Arabian Nights'	2 405	'Hero, The Death of an Arctic'	ALEXANDER.. 1 10
Hayes, 'Ballads of Ireland'	5 1788	Herodotus, Keating the Irish	10 3065
— THOMAS (biography)	10 4027	Heroes, National legendary	8 2990
— The Cavern, by	10 3977	— The Irish mythical, not represented in art	9 3665
— The Echo, by	10 3983	Heroic Cycle, The	2 xi
Hazlett on George Farquhar	3 1164	— Deception, An	GWYNN ... 4 1512
— on R. B. Sheridan	8 3070	Heron on 'The Arabian Nights'	2 406
"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge.. CAMPION ... 2 463		Herschel, Sir John, on evolution	5 1787
He found his work, but far behind	LECKY 5 1913	'Herself'	BARLOW .. 1 98
He grasped his ponderous hammer	JOYCE 5 1741	— and Myself	MC CALL .. 6 2125
He planted an oak.... LECKY 5 1926		'Hesperia'	WILDE 9 3596
'He said that he was not our brother'	BANIM 1 58	Hesperus and Phosphor, The Planet Venus... CLARKE ... 2 601	
He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober.....	3 997	III Fianna, The	6 2232
He that is down is trampled (Irish proverb)	10 3901	Hibernian Tales, The..... 3 xx	
Head-dress, Ancient	9 3495	— 'Tales,' a Chapbook (fairy and folk lore)	ANONYMOUS. 4 1136
Healings by Brigit	8 3251, 3255		1147
Heardst thou over the Fortress	ALLINGHAM. 1 17	HIGGINS, MATTHEW JAMES	4 1572
Heartiness of Irish humor	6 viii	High Church Ritualists and Irish Romanists, Disraeli alleges conspiracy between	6 2158
Heather, Among the	ALLINGHAM. 1 16	— Kings of Ireland, The	2 xii
— Field, The	MARTYN .. 6 2385	— upon the gallows tree	SULLIVAN... 9 3339
Hedge-school, The	1 34; 4 1283	'Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage, An'	MALONE ... 6 2346
Hedgehogs, Superstitions about	9 3680	— Character of Napoleon, An	PETRIE ... 8 2888
Heine, H., on Ireland	8 xxi	— Essay on the Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish	WALKER ... 9 3493
Hélas	WILDE 9 3595	— Map of Ireland	9 3708
Helen	9 3660	— Society, the foundation of Irish eloquence	7 x
'Hell-fire Club,' The	5 1916, 1917	History.	
Hemans, Mrs., A Keen by	9 3646	— Women in Ireland in Penal Days. ATKINSON... 1 28	
Henley, W. E., on Oscar Wilde	9 3571	— Lynch law on Vinegar Hill	BANIM 1 77
Hennesys, The	3 941	— A Nation's History. BURKE 1 398	
Henry II. and the conquest of Ireland.....	9 viii	— Capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell.. CONNELLAN.. 2 632	
— VII., Extract from a daily expense-book of	6 2347		
— VIII., Ireland under	7 2742		
— King, declared head of Church.....	9 3390		
— Policy of, toward Ireland.....	9 ix		
— Patrick	6 2114		

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
History.				
— <i>Escape of Hugh Roe</i> .. CONNELLAN ..	2	635	‘ <i>History of England</i> .. LECKY ..	5 1914
— <i>GUILLOTINE in France</i> .. CROKER ..	2	676	‘ — <i>of Ireland, Critical and Philosophical</i> .. O’GRADY ..	7 2752
— <i>Repealers in Prison and Out</i> .. DAUNT ..	3	811	‘ — <i>A Literary</i> .. HYDE ..	4 1603
— <i>England in Shakespeare’s Youth</i> .. DOWDEN ..	3	869	‘ — <i>as told in her Ruins</i> .. BURKE ..	1 398
— <i>Books of Courtesy in the Fifteenth Century</i> .. GREEN ..	4	1417	‘ — <i>of my Horse Saladin, The</i> .. BROWNE ..	1 323
— <i>Scene in the Irish Famine</i> .. HIGGINS ..	4	1573	‘ — <i>of Our Own Times, A</i> .. MCCARTHY ..	6 2148
— <i>Death of St. Columcille</i> .. HYDE ..	4	1618	‘ — <i>of the City of Dublin</i> .. GILBERT ..	4 1258
— <i>Splendors of Tara</i> .. HYDE ..	4	1610	‘ — <i>of the Guillotine, The</i> .. CROKER ..	2 676
— <i>Food, Dress, and Daily Life in Ancient Ireland</i> .. JOYCE ..	5	1735	‘ — <i>of the Illustrious Women of Erin</i> ..	1 32
— <i>Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798</i> .. LEADBEATER ..	5	1886	— <i>of the Lombards, Irish version of the</i> ..	7 2672
— <i>Dublin in the Eighteenth Century</i> .. LECKY ..	5	1914	— <i>Relation of myths and legends to</i> ..	1 vii
— <i>Beginnings of Home Rule</i> .. MCCARTHY ..	6	2174	— <i>Two Centuries of Irish</i> .. BRYCE ..	1 346
— <i>The Irish Church</i> .. MCCARTHY ..	6	2148	Hitchinson, Francis, duel with Lord Mountmorris ..	1 143
— <i>An Outline of Irish History</i> .. MCCARTHY ..	6	2174	Hobart, Major (dinner party) ..	1 134
— <i>The Early Stage</i> .. MALONE ..	6	2346	Hoche, General ..	9 3419
— <i>Picture of Ulster</i> .. MACNEVIN ..	6	2274	HOEX, MRS. CASHEL ..	4 1578
— <i>Irish in the War</i> .. MAGUIRE ..	6	2321	JOHN CASHEL ..	4 1588
— <i>Massacre at Drogheda</i> .. MURPHY ..	7	2567	HOGAN, MICHAEL ..	4 1591
— <i>Capture of Wolfe Tone</i> .. O’BRIEN ..	7	2604	‘ — M. P. .. HARTLEY ..	4 1557
— <i>The First Boycott</i> .. O’BRIEN ..	7	2611	Hogarth, view of life ..	3 871
— <i>Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate</i> .. O’CONNOR ..	7	2656	Hold the Harvest .. PARNELL ..	7 2871
— <i>Druids and Druidism</i> .. O’CURRY ..	7	2666	Holland, described in ‘The Traveller’ ..	4 1363
— <i>Old Books of Erinn</i> .. O’CURRY ..	7	2670	Holmes, Oliver Wendell, on Moore ..	7 2505
— <i>Idolatry of the Irish</i> .. O’FLAHERTY ..	7	2718	Holy was good St. Joseph ..	10 3807
— <i>Lia Fail; or Jacob’s Stone</i> .. O’FLAHERTY ..	7	2717	— Well, The Dark Girl by the .. KEEGAN ..	5 1766
— <i>Tried by his Peers</i> .. O’FLANAGAN ..	7	2723	Holywood ..	6 2113
— <i>Pacata Hibernia</i> .. O’GRADY ..	7	2740	Home manufactures in Ireland ..	9 3363
— <i>Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan</i> .. ONAHAN ..	7	2814	— Swift on market, O’Connell on the ..	9 3416
— <i>Shane the Proud</i> .. O’SHEA ..	10	3843	— Rule Association, The ..	7 2647
— <i>Story of Granauale</i> .. OTWAY ..	7	2856	— Bill (the second) 1893 ..	9 xi
— <i>Clearing of Galway</i> .. PRENDERGAST ..	8	2913	— Debate, Gladstone and the Great ..	9 xi
— <i>Balaclava</i> .. RUSSELL ..	8	3008	— in Canada ..	6 2175
— <i>Marriage of Florence MacCarthy More</i> .. SADLER ..	8	3018	— in the Australian colonies ..	6 2175
— <i>Sarsfield’s Ride</i> .. SULLIVAN ..	9	3323	— Isle of Man ..	6 2175
— <i>A Century of Subjection</i> .. TAYLOR ..	9	3390	— United States ..	6 2176
— <i>Interviews with Buonaparte</i> .. TONE ..	9	3418	— Gladstone and ..	9 xi
— <i>Origin of the Irish</i> .. WARE ..	9	3547	— Lady Gregory on ..	1 xvii
— <i>A Glance at Ireland’s History</i> .. WELSH ..	9	vii	— Redmond on ..	8 2929
— <i>History and Biography</i> ..	9	vii	— Beginnings of .. MCCARTHY ..	6 2174
— <i>and Literature</i> ..	9	vii	— First Step towards .. RICHMOND ..	8 2926
— <i>Eighty-Five Years of Irish</i> .. DAUNT ..	3	811	— vs. Local Self-Government ..	3 833
— <i>Lectures on Manuscript Materials of Irish</i> .. O’CURRY ..	7	2670	Homeward Bound .. LOVER ..	5 2024
— <i>Not only a record of War</i> ..	4	vii	Honey Fair, The .. RHYS ..	8 2940
			— Honey-sweet, sweet as honey .. TYNAN-HINKSON ..	9 3457

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Honor of the Irish people	7 2533	Hughes, Joseph	1 131
Honor, An Affair of...CASTLE	2 576	Huguenot influence on Irish dress	9 3496
Hoods worn by Irish ladies	9 3498	HULL, ELEANOR	4 1597
'Hope, thou nurse of young desire'	BICKERSTAFF 1 187	— Work of, for Celtic literature	2 xviii
Hopper, Nora	See CHESSON.	Humor, American	1 332
Horneck, Mary (The Jessamy Bride)	4 1301	— Conviviality in	6 x
Horned Women, The...WILDE	9 3558	— Ferocity in	6 ix
Horse, St. Columcille's...	2 xvii; 4 1619	— Greek and Irish, compared	1 viii
Horse-dealing in Ire- land	8 3182	— Heartiness of Irish	6 viii
Horsemanship	8 2935	— Imaginative char- acter of Irish	6 viii
Horse-racing in Ireland	8 3166	— In Iceland	3 943
Hose, Gentlemen's	9 3498	— In Anglo-Irish lit- erature	6 xii. xiii
— in ancient times	7 2496	— Irish	3 1114
Hospitality	5 1724, 1736	— sense of	8 xvi
— in Ireland	1 29, 33	— wit and, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6 viii
— of Cuanna's House, The. From the Irish	CONNELLAN. 2 629	Merriment in	6 ix
Host of the Air, The...YEATS	9 3701	Theories of	6 x
Hostelries, Ancient	5 1736	— of Shakespeare,	
Hosting of the Sidhe, The	YEATS 9 3707	— The	DOWDEN 3 870
Hotel life in Ireland	8 xx	— Pathos of	6 viii
Hotels, Dr. Magee on.	8 xxi	— Political	6 ix
'Hours of Exercise in the Alps'	TYNDALL 9 3478	— Prevalence of	6 x
'House by the Church- yard, The'	LE FANU 5 1934	— Sources of	6 ix
— spirits described.	3 xx	— See <i>The Sunniness of Irish Life</i> .	
Household occupations.	1 35	Humorists, The Irish.	
Houses, Ancient, in Ire- land	4 1613	See <i>Irish Wit and Humor</i> , D. J. O'Don- oghue.	
How Covetousness Came into the Church (folk song)	HYDE 10 3823	Humorous Poems.	
— dimmed is the glory	CALLANAN. 2 443	— The French Revo- lution	BARRY 1 151
— Finnachta Became Rich	O'DONOVAN. 7 2708	— Friend of Human- ity and the Knife-Grinder	CANNING 2 467
— happy is the sail- or's life	BICKERSTAFF 1 186	— Song	CANNING 2 466
— Ireland Lost Her Parliament	MCCARTHY. 6 2161	— The Sprig of Shil- telagh	CODE 2 607
— IRISH LITERA- TURE' was made	2 xxiii	— Monks of the Screw	CURRAN 2 797
— justiy alarmed is each Dublin cit.	LYSAUGHT. 6 2107	— Bumpers, Squire Jones	DAWSON 3 841
— Long Has it Been Said'	RAFTERY 10 3923	— Katey's Letter	DUFFERIN 3 935
— Myles Murphy got his Ponies out of the Pound	GRIFFIN 4 1483	— Elegy on Madam Blaize	GOLDSMITH 4 1382
— sad is my case:		— Extracts from 'Re- taliation'	GOLDSMITH 4 1380
Irish Rann	HYDE 10 3835	— Haunch of Veni- son	GOLDSMITH 4 1377
— shall we bury him?	ALEXANDER. 1 10	— Father O'Flynn	GRAVES 4 1412
— the Anglo-Irish Problem Could be Solved	DAVITT 3 832	— Paddy MacCarthy	HOGAN 4 1594
— to Become a Poet	FAHY 3 1124	— An Irish Thing in Rhyme	KEELING 5 1772
— get on in the World	MACKLIN 6 2237	— Why Are You Wandering Here?	KENNEY 5 1807
— govern Ireland	DE VERE 3 854	— Good Luck to the Friars of Old	LEVER 5 1958
Howth and Killiney	6 2132	— The Man for Gal- way	LEVER 5 1975
— scenery around	7 2652	— Larry McHale	LEVER 5 2001
Hudden, Dudden, and Donald	3 xxi, 1147	— The Pope He Leads a Happy Life	LEVER 5 2002
Hugh O'Neill	4 1530	— The Widow Ma- lone	LEVER 5 1999
— Roe O'Donnell,		— Barney O'Hea	LOVER 6 2080
Capture of	CONNELLAN. 2 632	— I'm Not Myself at All	LOVER 6 2083
— The Escape of	CONNELLAN. 2 635	— The Low-Backed Car	LOVER 6 2079
		— Molly Carew	LOVER 6 2076

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Humorous Poems.			Humorous Prose.		
— <i>Rory O'Mere</i> ... LOVER	6	2084	— <i>The Thrush and the Blackbird</i> ... KICKHAM ..	5	1824
— <i>The Whistlin' Thief</i> ... LOVER	6	2081	— <i>The Quare Gander</i> , LE FANU ..	5	1920
— <i>Widow Machree</i> ... LOVER	6	2078	— <i>Dinner Party</i> ... BROKEN UP ..	5	1972
— <i>A Prospect</i> ... LYSAGHT ..	6	2107	— <i>Major Bob MacHon's Hospitality</i> ... LEVER	5	1964
— <i>Herself and Myself</i> ... MCCALL ..	6	2125	— <i>Monks of the Screw</i> ... LEVER	5	1953
— <i>Groves of Blarney</i> , MILLIKEN ..	6	2439	— <i>My First Day in Trinity</i> ... LEVER	5	1986
— <i>Orator Puff</i> ... MOORE	7	2541	— <i>My Last Night in Trinity</i> ... LEVER	5	1990
— <i>Humors of Donnybrook Fair</i> ... O'FLAHERTY	7	2713	— <i>Othello at Drill</i> ... LEVER	5	1979
— <i>Friar of Orders Gray</i> ... O'KEEFFE .	7	2778	— <i>Barny O'Reardon</i> ... LOVER	5	2008
— <i>Curse of Donegale</i> , O'KELLY ..	7	2779	— <i>The Gridiron</i> ... LOVER	5	2063
— <i>The V-A-S-E</i> ... ROCHE ..	8	2966	— <i>King O'Toole and St. Kevin</i> ... LOVER	5	2046
— <i>Kitty of Coleraine</i> SHANLY ...	8	3032	— <i>New Potatoes</i> ... LOVER	6	2071
— <i>The Legend of Stiffenbach</i> ... WILLIAMS .	9	3610	— <i>Paddy the Piper</i> ... LOVER	5	2055
— <i>Brian O'Linn</i> ... ANONYMOUS.	8	3273	— <i>Fionn MacCumhaill and the Princess</i> , MCCALL ..	6	2117
— <i>Garryowen</i> ... ANONYMOUS.	8	3283	— <i>Nathaniel P. Cramp</i> , McCARTHY ..	6	2134
— <i>Lanigan's Ball</i> ... ANONYMOUS.	8	3293	— <i>Love-Making in Ireland</i> ... MACDONAGH	6	2193
— <i>Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye</i> ... ANONYMOUS.	8	3290	— <i>Jim Walsh's Tin Box</i> ... MACINTOSH.	6	2233
Humorous and Satirical Prose.			— <i>Macklin, Anecdotes of</i> ...	6	2241
— <i>Modern Mediævalism</i> ... BARRETT ..	1	120	— <i>Why Tomas Dubh Walked</i> ... MACMANUS..	6	2254
— <i>Montmorenci and Cherubina</i> ... BARRETT ..	1	123	— <i>O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty</i> , MADDEN ...	6	2281
— <i>The Seven Baronets</i> ... BARRINGTON.	1	129	— <i>Bob Burke's Duel</i> , MAGINN ...	6	2303
— <i>The Cow Charmer</i> , BOYLE	1	264	— <i>Daniel O'Rourke</i> , MAGINN ...	6	2313
— <i>The Rival Swains</i> , BULLOCK ..	1	360	— <i>Rogueries of Tom Moore</i> ... MAHONY ..	6	2337
— <i>Burke, Wise and Witty Sayings of</i> ...	1	396	— <i>The Captain's Story</i> ... MAXWELL ..	6	2400
— <i>Condy Cullen and the Gauger</i> ... CARLETON .	2	541	— <i>A Letter from Gately</i> ... MAXWELL ..	6	2412
— <i>Biddy Brady's Banshee</i> ... CASEY	2	565	— <i>Loan of a Congregation</i> ... MAXWELL ..	6	2411
— <i>An Affair of Honor</i> , CASTLE	2	576	— <i>A Goodly Company</i> ... MOORE	7	2468
— <i>A Blast</i> ... CROTTY ...	2	758	— <i>O'Rory Converses with the Quality</i> ... MORGAN ...	7	2549
— <i>Curran's Witticisms, Some of</i> ...	2	798	— <i>O'Connell, Some Anecdotes of</i> ...	7	2651
— <i>Guide to Ignorance</i> , DOWLING ..	3	881	— <i>Paddy Fret, the Priest's Boy</i> ... O'DONNELL ..	7	2678
— <i>On Dublin Castle</i> , DOWLING ..	3	887	— <i>Father O'Leary, Anecdotes of</i> ...	7	2793
— <i>Portlao to Paradise</i> ... DOWNEY ..	3	891	— <i>Her Majesty the King</i> ... ROCHE	8	2959
— <i>King John and the Mayor</i> ... DOWNEY ..	2	900	— <i>Sheridan, Bon's Mots of</i> ...	8	3119
— <i>Raleigh in Munster</i> ... DOWNEY ...	3	909	— <i>Lisheen Races, Second-Hand</i> ... SOMERVILLE.	8	3166
— <i>An Icelandic Dinner</i> ... DUFFERIN ..	3	942	— <i>Trinket's Colt</i> ... SOMERVILLE.	8	3182
— <i>Originality of Irish Bulls Examined</i> , EDGEWORTH.	3	1055	— <i>Sterne, Some Bon's Mots of</i> ...	8	3227
— <i>Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec</i> ... ETTINGSALL.	3	114	— <i>Widow Wadman's Eye</i> ... STERNE	8	3211
— <i>How to Become a Poet</i> ... FAHY	3	1124	— <i>Rackrenters on the Stump</i> ... SULLIVAN ..	9	3333
— <i>First Lord Liftingant</i> ... FRENCH ...	3	1233	— <i>Gulliver among the Giants</i> ... SWIFT	9	3354
— <i>Advice to the Laddies</i> ... GOLDSMITH.	4	1322	— <i>Gulliver among the Pigmies</i> ... SWIFT	9	3346
— <i>Beau Tibbs</i> ... GOLDSMITH.	4	1326	— <i>'Humors of Donegal'</i> , MACMANUS.	6	2254
— <i>Love of Freaks</i> ... GOLDSMITH.	4	1334	— <i>of Donnybrook Fair</i> , O'FLAHERTY.	7	2713
— <i>Love of Quack Medicines</i> ... GOLDSMITH.	4	1343	— <i>Humphrey attacked by Lord Santry</i> ..	7	2723
— <i>'We'll See About It'</i> ... HALL	4	1534			
— <i>An Extraordinary Phenomenon</i> ... IRWIN	5	1669			
— <i>Poet and Publisher</i> ... JOHNSTONE.	5	1709			
— <i>An Irish Thing in Prose</i> ... KEELING ..	5	1771			

	VOL.	PAGE	I.	VOL.	PAGE
Hunchback Quasimodo, Hugo's description of.....	6	2343	I am a friar of orders gray	O'KEEFFE ..	7 2778
<i>Hunt, The</i>LEVER	5	1995	— a wand'ring min- strel manWALSH ..	9 3503	
Hunting, Irish love of	8	xiii	— desolateSIGERSON ..	8 3137	
Hunting Song4 1490	4	1490	— God's Martin' (Irish Rann) ..HYDE ..	10 3841	
— <i>Tom Moody</i>CHERRY ..	2	588	— the tender voice.RUSSELL ..	8 2999	
<i>Huntsman, The Death of the</i>GRIFFIN ..	4	1489	— bind myself to day to a strong vir- tue	STOKES ..	8 3244
Hush! hear you how the night wind	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3295	— do not love thee!' .NORTON ..	7 2589	
Hutchinson, Hely, duel with Doyle	1	143	— drink to the Graces, Law, Physic, Divinity.LEVER ..	5 1993	
Huxley, Professor T. H., on the origin of life	4	1785	— found in Innisfail the fair	MANGAN ..	6 2375
— on Bishop Berke- ley	1	1734	— give my heart to thee'	O'GRADY ..	7 2760
Huzza for McDonnell, Dunluce is our own.....	7	2856	— go to knit two clans together ..DE VERE ..	3 860	
<i>Hy-Brasail; The Isle of the Blest</i> (see also I-Breasail)	4	1510	— grieve when I think	HOGAN ..	5 1593
HYDE, DOUGLAS (por- trait)	4	1603	— groan as I put out.TYNAN- HINKSON. ..	9 3458	
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii	— hate a castle on bog land built'. (Irish Rann) ..HYDE ..	10 3839	
— on antiquity of Irish litera- ture	3	xvii	— hate poor hounds about a house'. (Irish Rann) ..HYDE ..	10 3839	
— early Irish lit- erature	2	vii	— heard a distant clarion blare.ARMSTRONG. ..	1 25	
— Kennedy's col- lection of folk tales	5	1789	— the dogs howl in the moonlight night	ALLINGHAM. ..	1 21
— Eugene O'Curry	7	2663	— hope and pray that none may kill me'	HYDE ..	10 3833
— J. O'Donovan and 'The Annals of the Four Masters'	7	2705	— knew by the smoke'	MOORE ..	7 2529
— Mrs. Clement Shorter's verse.....	8	3126	— know a lake	O'BRIEN ..	7 2602
— Dr. Sigerson's poetry	8	3132	— a maiden; she is dark and fair.O'DONNELL. ..	7 2687	
— The plays of	10	xiii	— what will hap- pen, sweet ..SULLIVAN..	9 3340	
— <i>The Twisting of the Rope</i>	10	3989	— who won the peace of God..STOKES ..	8 3261	
— Work of, for Cel- tic literature	2	xviii	— left two lovers ..M'GEE ..	7 2224	
— W. B. Yeats on translations of	3	xiv	— love you, and I love you	FURLONG ..	4 1242
<i>Hy-Many, Connacht</i>	7	2762	— loved a love — a royal love	LEAMY ..	5 1910
— 'The Tribes and Customs of'	7	2705	— made another gar- den, yea	O'SHAUGH- NESSY ..	7 2844
<i>Hymn Before Tarah, St. Patrick's</i> . From the Irish	MANGAN ..	6 2360	— met an ould cail- lach	SKRINE ..	8 3152
— <i>Called St. Pat- rick's Breast- plate, The</i>	STOKES ..	8 3244	— Mind not being drunk, but then' .. (Irish Rann) ..HYDE ..	10 3833	
— to 'Contentment', From	PARNELL ..	7 2876	— placed the silver in her palm ..CAREY ..	2 573	
Hymns.			— said my pleasure.RUSSELL ..	8 3001	
— <i>There is a Green Hill Far Away</i> ..ALEXANDER. ..	1	3	— sat within the val- ley green ..JOYCE ..	5 1746	
— <i>Litany</i>	MONSELL ..	7 2465	— saw the Master of the Sun	DE VERE ..	3 858
— <i>Soon and Forever</i> ..MONSELL ..	7	2466	— sell the best brandy and sherryMAGRATH ..	10 4016	
— <i>Sound the Loud Timbrel</i>	MOORE ..	7 2537	— shall not die for love of thee' ..GRAVES ..	4 1414	
— <i>This World is All a Fleeting Show</i> ..MOORE ..	7	2538	— Die for Thee' ..HYDE ..	4 1656	
— <i>Thou Art, O God</i> ..MOORE ..	7	2538	— sit beside my dar- ling's grave ..O'LEARY ..	7 2796	
Hynes, Mary, and Raf- erty	9	3667			
Hyperbole in Irish lit- erature	2	xiii			
'Hypocrite, The' ..BICKERSTAFF	1	182			

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
I tell you an ancient story	GWYNN	4 1523	Imaal, The crags of	6 2267
— thank the goodness and the grace		4 1610	Image of beauty, when I	RUSSELL 8 3000
— walked in the lone-some evening	ALLINGHAM	1 14	Imageries of dreams re-veal	JOHNSON .. 4 1699
— want no lectures from a learned master	GRIFFIN	4 1382	‘Imagination and Art in Gaelic Litera-ture’	ROLLESTON.. 8 2968
— watched last night the rising moon	KENEALY	5 1788	— ‘Scientific Limit of the	TYNDALL .. 9 3471
— wear a shamrock in my heart	GILBERT	4 1279	— Scientific use of the	1 xvii
— will arise and go now	YEATS	9 3707	Imaginative character of Irish wit	6 viii
— would I were on yonder hill	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3315	— element in the Irish character	4 1287
I-Breasil (see also Hy-Brasail)	MACMANUS..	6 2268	Imogen, Shakespeare’s love of	3 875
Ibsen and the Irish drama		10 xx	‘Impeachment of Warren Hastings’	BURKE .. 1 383
Iceland. Manners and customs in		3 943	Imperatrix, Ave	WILDE .. 9 3588
Icelandic Dinner, An	DUFFERIN	3 942	Imports and exports, Irish	9 3364
Icilius, the Roman lover of Virginia		5 1850	Impressionism	9 3582
I’d rock my own sweet childie	GRAVES	4 1411	Imtheacht na Tromd-haimhe, The	2 629
— wed you without herds		3 1181	In a quiet watered land	ROLLESTON . 8 2979
‘Ideals in Ireland’	RUSSELL	8 2989	— a slumber visionary	SIGERSON .. 8 3134
‘Ideas of Good and Evil’	YEATS	9 3654, 3661	— Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy	WHITESIDE. 9 3550
Idler in France, The	BLESSING-TON	1 212	— Egypt’s land, con-tagious to the Nile	9 3685
Idolatry of the Irish	O’FLAHERTY	7 2718	— Exile, Australia	ORR .. 7 2837
If I had thought thou couldst have died	WOLFE	9 3634	— France they called them Trouba-dours	LOVER .. 5 2007
— I’m the Faery fool, Dalua	CHESSON	2 593	— Ireland it is even-ing	ORR .. 7 2840
— s a d l y thinking, with spirits sink-ing	CURRAN	2 796	— Pulchram Lachif feram	MAHONY .. 6 2340
— you go over desert and mountain	O’SHAUGH-NESSY	7 2845	— Saint Patrick’s Ward	BLUNDELL . 1 215
— hope to teach, you must be a fool’ (Irish Rann)	HYDE	10 3833	— September	TODHUNTER. 9 3406
— searched the county o’ Car-low	M’CALL	6 2122	— Siberia’s wastes	MANGAN .. 6 2368
— would like to see FAHY		3 1132	— the airy whirling wheel	ROLLESTON.. 8 2976
‘Ignorant Essays’	DOWLING	3 881	— The Engine-Shed	WILKINS .. 9 3600
Ikerrin		3 859	— the Gates of the North	O’GRADY .. 7 2746
Ilbrecc, son of Mananan		4 1449	— the gloomy ocean bed	ROCHE .. 8 2964
Illicit distilling	1 46; 2 541; 4 1456		— the gold vale of Limerick	STREET BAL-LAD .. 9 3310
Illuminated MSS., Ancient Irish		2 xx	— the heart of a German forest	ROLLESTON. 8 2977
— ornaments and ini-tials (color plate)	4 1620; 8 Front		— the heart of high blue hills	FURLONG .. 4 1241
I’m a bold undaunted Irishman	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3275	— the Kingdom of Kerry	CROKER .. 2 660
— left all alone like a stone	GRAVES	4 1414	— the town of Athy one Jeremy Lani-gan	STREET BAL-LAD .. 9 3293
— Not Myself at All. LOVER	6 2083		— the Valley of Shanganagh	MARTLEY .. 6 2382
— sittin’ on the stile. Mary	DUFFERIN	3 933	— the wet dusk sil-ver sweet	RUSSELL .. 8 3003
— up and down and round about	SWIFT	9 3389	— Thoughtland and Dreamland’	KEELING .. 5 1769 1771, 1772
— very happy where I am	BOUCICAULT	1 257	— yonder well there lurks a spell	MAHONY.... 2 680
			Inchebeglag	3 114
			Inchy	4 1650

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Income-Tax, Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First</i>	SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	Invasion, The Danish.....	9 viii
Independence, Declaration of American.....	4 1665	Invasions, caused dispersion of MSS.....	7 2670	
India. See Warren Hastings.		— of Ireland	9 vii	
— cruelties in	1 385	— Inver Bay, My	6 2262	
<i>Indian Chief, Capture of an</i>	REID	— Scene	4 1484	
— horsemanship	8 2935	Iona, The Abbacy of	4 1618	
— Tale, An	8 2935	Iona's ruined cloisters	6 2226	
India's diadems	7 2511	Iota	See CAFFYN	
Individual ownership of land	7 2866	Ireland	GWYNN	
Individuality of Irish literature	2 xvii	— A Literary History of'	HYDE	
Indo-European family, Irish part of an	3 xvii	— 1610, 1613, 1618	4 1603	
Industries, Irish	9 3362	— A Sorrowful Lay-ment for	GREGORY	
Infanticide in ancient Greece	6 2332	— Ancient Legends of'	WILDE	
Influence of Irish learning and art	4 1599	— 3557	3561, 3566	
— the Irish Language, The'	O'BRIEN	— and the Arts	YEATS	
INGRAM, JOHN KELLS	4 1659	— Annals of'	O'DONOVAN	
Inheritance	RUSSELL	— Antiquity of	1 399	
Inis Fail, the Isle of Destiny	2 443; 5 1708	— Cromwell in'	MURPHY	
Inisfail	5 1745	— Fair Hills of'	FERGUSON	
— Aldfrid's Itinerary in	6 2375	— Food, Dress and Daily Life in An-cient	JOYCE	
— See <i>Ode written on Leaving Ireland and Ways of War</i> .		— her own or the world in a blaze	8 3067	
Inisfallen	5 1875	— Historic and Pic-turesque'	JOHNSTON	
— Killarney (half-tone engraving)	8 3020	— How to Govern	DE VERE	
— ruined abbey at	8 3020	— in 1720, <i>Essay on the State of</i>	TONE	
— The beauty of	5 1875	— in 1727, <i>A Short View of</i>	SWIFT	
Inishmaan	5 1884	— in 1798, <i>The State of</i>	TONE	
Inismore. The Prince of MORGAN	7 2543	— in <i>Penal Days</i> , Women in	ATKINSON	
Injustice of Disqualifi-ca-tion of Catholics, Of the	GRATTAN	— in Summer (half-tone engraving)	5 1703	
Innisboffin, Island of	4 1266	— in the New Cen-tury'	PLUNKETT	
Inniscarra	BUCKLEY	— in the Past Gen-eration, Revela-tions of'	MADDEN	
Inniscoyle	2 758	— JOHN, A R C H-BISHOP (portrait)	5 1662	
Innisfree, The Lake Isle of	YEATS	— Justice for	O'CONNELL	
Innishowen	DUFFY	— Letters on the State of'	DOYLE	
Innistiuil	3 961	— Love-making in	MACDONAGH	
Inny (river), The	2 573, 575	— Meeting, A Young MACCARTHY	6 2180	
Inscription	ALEXANDER. 1 8	— No Snakes in	O'KEEFFE	
Inscriptions (Petrie's Christian cited)	9 3684	— of His Day, The'	FERGUSON	
Insularity of the Greeks	6 2332	— oh Ireland! cen-ter of my long-ings	GWYNN	
Insurrection of Tyrone and Desmond, The	7 2862	— On the Policy for	MEAGHER	
Intellectual achievement and moral force	9 2468	— St. Patrick, Apos-tle of'	TODD	
— awakening caused by The Nation	9 xi	— Sixty Years Ago	WALSH	
Intermarriage of Irish and English prohib-ited	9 ix	— Sketches in'	OTWAY	
Interpretation of Lite-rature, The	DOWDEN	2848	2853	
'Interview between Fion Ma Cubhall and Can-nan'	9 3494	— The Cromwellian Settlement of'	P RENDER-GAST	
Interviews with Buona-partie	TONE	— The Glory of	MEAGHER	
Into the Twilight	YEATS	— The National Mu-sic of'	BURKE	

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
' Ireland, The Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning'	WARE 9 3544 3546, 3547	Irish Grandmother, The. STREET BAL-LAD	8 3288
To	WILDE 9 3573	'—History, An Outline of'	MCCARTHY. 6 2174 2179
—Traces of the Elder Faiths of'	WOOD-MARTIN 9 3640	'—Eighty-Five Years of'	DAUNT 3 811
—Visible and Invisible	JOHNSTON 5 1702	—Lectures on Manuscript Materials of'	O'CURRY 7 2670
N. B. The foregoing are the titles in which the word "Ireland" occurs: to index all references to Ireland would have taken too much space and is scarcely necessary.		—House of Commons, October, 1783	WARE 9 3544 ix
' Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament'	MCCARTHY. 6 2161	'—Ideas'	O'BRIEN 7 2617
—Influence on European literature'	SIGERSON 4 vii	'—Idylls'	BARLOW 1 98
—Part in English Achievement'	SHEIL 8 3057	'—in America, The'	MAGUIRE 6 2321
—Wrongs, Carlyle on'	3 951	'—in America, The'	O'BRIEN 7 2617
Iris Olkyrn	See MILLIGAN.	'—in the War, The'	MAGUIRE 6 2321
Irish, A Plea for the Study of'	O'BRIEN 7 2614	'—Intellect, The'	GILES 4 1280
—Antiquities, Hand book of'	WAKEMAN and COOKE. 9 3482	'—Land Bill of 1876'	6 2177
—As a Spoken Language'	HYDE 4 1603	'—Language of the Ancient'	WARE 9 3544
—Astronomy'	HALPIN 4 1540	'—prohibited'	9 ix
—Bar, The'	O'FLANAGAN. 7 2723	—Life, The Sunniness of'	8 vii
—Bear, An'	2728	—Literature, Characteristics of'	2 xviii
—Borough Franchise Bill, The'	6 2176	—wrongly classed as English'	2 xviii
—Bulls Examined, Originality of'	EDGEWORTH. 3 1055	—Continuity of'	2 xviii
—Celts, Legendary Fictions of the'	KENNEDY 5 1796 1799, 1801, 1803	—England's indebtedness to'	2 xviii
—Chiefs, The'	DUFFY 3 959	—Individuality of'	2 xviii
—Church, The'	MCCARTHY. 6 2148	—National spirit in'	2 xviii
—Confederation, The'	6 2419	—Racial flavor of'	2 xviii
—contingent of Louis XV, The'	7 2815	(special article) MCCARTHY. I 7	
—Cry, The'	WILSON 9 3617	—Love Song, An'	FURLONG 4 1242
—Doomsday Book'	7 2705	—Lullaby'	GRAVES 4 1411
—Dress of the Ancient'	WALKER 9 3493	—Manuscripts. (See Ancient Irish Manuscripts.)	
—Ecclesiastical Remains, Ancient'	PETRIE 8 2880	—Melodies, Moore's'	6 2337
—Emigrant in America, Song of the'	FITZSIMON. 3 1206	—Ministrely, Hardiman's'	4 1251
—Lament of the'	DUFFERIN 3 933	—Misdeeds, English Misrule and'	DE VERE 3 854
—Exile, The'	MAC DER MOTT 6 2189	—Mistake, An'	READ 8 2918
—Fairy and Folk Tales'	WELSH 3 xvii	—Molly O'	FAHY 3 1133
—Tales'	LEAMY 5 1899	—Molly O'	STREET BAL-LAD 8 3288
—Famine, A Scene in the'	HIGGINS 4 1573	—Municipal Franchise Bill, The'	6 2176
—Farmer in Contemplation, The (color plate)'	1 xvi	—Privileges Bill'	6 2176
—Felon, The'	LALOR 5 1855	—Music'	PETRIE 1 401 8 2885
—Fisheries Bill, The'	6 2176	—Musical Genius, An'	O'DONOGHUE 7 2690
—Folk Tales'	LARMINIE 5 1866	—Novels'	EGAN 5 vii
—See Irish Fairy Tales'		—Parliament, Independence of'	9 x
—Gentry and their Retainers'	BARRINGTON. 1 138	—Speech in'	3 1212, 1217
		—Patriot, The Ambition of the'	PHILLIPS 8 2892
		—Peasant to his Mistress, The'	MOORE 7 2536
		—Justin McCarthy on Moore's'	6 2148
		—People and the Irish Land, The'	BUTT 2 427
		—not represented by the Irish Parliament'	6 2162
		—Prose'	10 3959
		—question an American question'	9 3329

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Irish railways, The bill for purchase of.....	6	2176	It was the fairy of the place	RUSSELL	8 3002
— <i>Rapparees, The...</i> DUFFY	3	957	— very early in the spring	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3278
— <i>Reaper's Harvest Hymn, The...</i> KEEGAN ...	5	1765	<i>Italian Gesticulation...</i> WISEMAN ..	9 3627	
— Registration of Voters Bill, The.....	6	2176	Italy described in Gold- smith's <i>The Travel- ler</i>		4 1359
— <i>Rights, Declara- tion of...</i> GRATTAN ..	4	1387	It's a lonely road through bog-land	RUSSELL	8 2997
— Romanists and Rit- ualists, Disraeli alleges conspir- acy between	6	2158	— 'To mix-without- fault' (Irish Rann)	HYDE	10 3835
— scholars in Europe.....	9	3395	Its edges foamed with amethyst	RUSSELL	8 3004
— <i>School of Oratory, The...</i> TAYLOR	7	vii	Ivara	2 439	
— <i>Sketch Book, Thackeray's (quoted)...</i>	3	xxi	<i>Ivor, Lament for King...</i> STOKES ..	8 3260	
— <i>Spinning Wheel, The...</i> GRAVES ...	4	1410			
— State Church, Gladstone on	6	2156			
— <i>Surnames of the Ancient...</i> WARE	9	3546	J. J. W..... See JOHN WALSH.		
— <i>Idioty of the...</i> O'FLAHERTY.	7	2718	J. W. See JOHN WALSH.		
— <i>The Origin of the...</i> WARE	4	3547	J. K. L. See DOYLE.		
— <i>Thing in Prose, An...</i> KEELING ..	5	1771	Jack Hinton	LEVER	5 1952, 1964
— <i>in Rhyme, An...</i> KEELING ..	5	1772	Jackets, Women's		9 3495
— <i>Wit and Humor...</i> O'DONO- GHUE	6	vii	Jackson, Andrew, of the Ship Castledown		6 2114
— Wits and Wor- thies, FITZPATRICK	3	1199	Jacob Omnim... See HIGGINS.		
— LITERATURE, Ob- jects of, defined.....	1	xiv	Jacobinism		2 443
— See N. B. at end of Ireland, <i>ante</i> .			Jacobite cause, The.....		9 3445
Irish-Australians	7	2618	Jacob's Stone (half-tone engraving)	O'FLAHERTY	7 2717
Irishman, The	ORR	7 2839	Jail Journal, John Mitchel's	MITCHEL	6 2444 2454
Irishman's Farewell to his Country	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3287	James II., Curran on.....	2	780, 789
Irishmen as Rulers, On...	DUFFERIN	3 938	— and Ireland		9 ix
— in Foreign Ser- vice, Eminent'....	ONAHAN	7 2814	— Memoirs of (cited)		9 3324
Irreverent Milton! bold I deem	MULLANEY	7 2561	— Sarsfield's loyalty to		7 2817
Irony. See Humor.			JAMESON, MRS.		5 1678
— of Dean Swift	6	xii	Jamie Freer and the Young Lady	MACINTOCK	6 2242
IRWIN, THOMAS CAUL- FIELD	5	1668	Jane: A Sketch from Dublin Life	COSTELLO	2 1640
Is he then gone?	BROOKE	1 288	— Grey, Execution of Lady		3 851
— it thus : O Shame. SAVAGE	8 3024		Janus	RUSSELL	8 3000
— thy will that I should wax and wane	WILDE	9 3592	Japhet, Ireland de- scended from		9 3548
— there one desires to hear	LARMINIE	5 1875	Jarvey (comic paper)		6 x
Island Fisherman, An..	TYNAN- HINKSON.	9 3458	Jaunting-car (half-tone engraving)		2 788
— of Atlantis, The...	CROLY	2 749	Jephson's anecdote of Faulkner		4 1262
— of Saints and Scholars	9	viii	Jeffers, Lady		6 2440
— Ireland the	1 xvii; 2	vii	Jefferson, J., as Bob Acres (portrait)		8 3088
Islandbridge	7	2694	Jenny from Ballinasloe. STREET BAL- LAD		8 3285
'Isle in the Water, An...	TYNAN- HINKSON.	9 3444	Jeremy Diddler (char- acter in 'Raising the Wind')		5 1805
— of the Blest, The...	GRIFFIN	4 1510	Jerold, B., on 'Father Prout'		6 2336
It is far and it is far. MILLIGAN .	6	2438	'Jessamy Bride, The'.... MOORE ..		7 2468
— not beauty I de- mand	DARLEY	2 807	— (Mary Horneck)		4 1301
— not travel makes the man	FLECKNOE	3 1209	JESSOP, GEORGE H.		5 1688
— was long past the noon	SAVAGE-ARM- STRONG	8 3028	'Jesuikit'	SIGERSON	8 3141
— on the Mount	CITHÆRON	WILKINS ..	John Walsh's Tin Box. MACINTOSH.		6 2233
Cithæron	9 3604		Jocelyn, Robert		7 2724
			John O'Dwyer of the Glen	FURLONG	4 1247
			— of the Two Sheep. HYDE		4 1631
			Johnneen	SKRINE	8 3154

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye</i>	STREET BAL-		Kauffmann, Angelica,		
	LAD	8 3230	The Art of	7	2473
JOHNSON, LIONEL		5 1693	KAVANAGH, ROSE	5	1752
— and the Rhy- mers' Club		5 1693	Kearseage, The	8	2964
— on W. Alling- ham's verse		1 11	KEARY, ANNIE	5	1755
— on J. C. Man- gan		6 2351	KEATING, GEOFFREY (bi- ography)	10	4012
— W. B. Yeats on		3 xlii	— P. S. Dineen on	10	3959
— Dr. S., and Mack- lin		6 2241	Keating's cave in Aher- low Glen	7	2615
— on E. Burke		1 369	Keats, Celtic influence on	9	3655
— on Sir John Den- ham		3 849	KEEGAN, JOHN	5	1762
— on Ireland's learning		1 xvii	KEELING, ELSA D'ES- TERRE	5	1769
— on the Earl of Roscommon		8 2981	Keenan, Sir Patrick	4	1605
— on 'The Tem- pest'		2 407	Keening and Wake	WOOD MAR- TIN	9 3640
— See <i>A Goodly Com- pany and The Haunch of Vent- son</i>			— of the Three Marys (folk song)	HYDE	10 3789
Johnson's Dictionary		7 2479	KEIGHTLEY, SAMUEL		
Johnston, Anna. See MACMANUS.			ROBERT		5 1774
— CHARLES		5 1702	— M. F. Egan on	5	xiii
JOHNSTONE, CHARLES		5 1709	Kelkar, Son of Uther	7	2759
Jonathan Freke Slingsby			Kells	5	1738
Jones, Mr. Bence, Boy- cotting of		7 2613	— Book of	5 1737; 7	2671
Jordan, Mrs		5 1920	— (color plate)	9	Front
Jordan's Banks		7 2517	— Crosses at	9	3485
Josephus on the dis- persal after Babel		9 3548	Kelly, Eva Mary	See O'DOHERTY.	
Journal of a Lady of Fashion	BLESSING-		HUGH	5	1781
	TON	1 193	— D. J. O'Dono- ghue on wit of	6	xlii
— to Stella, The'. SWIFT		9 3378	— Goldsmith on	4	1381
Journey in Disguise, A. BURTON	2	408	— Margaret	9	3503
Journeys End in Lovers Meeting	KICKHAM	5 1815	— the Fenian leader, Rescue of	7	2607
'Joye's Poet'	See MOORE.		KELVIN, LORD (SIR WIL- LIAM THOMPSON)	5	1783
Joy! Joy! the day is come at last	DUFFY	3 954	Kenealy, Dr. D. J. O'Donoghue		
JOYCE, PATRICK WES- TON (portrait)		5 1713, 1730	wit of	6	xiv
— ROBERT DWYER		5 1741	— WILLIAM	5	1788
Judge's Bill, The		4 1395	Kennmare, Rinucini's journey from	1	32
July the first of a morning clear	STREET BAL-		KENNEDY, PATRICK	5	1789
	LAD	8 3271	Kennedys, The	3	941
Junius, the Letters of		3 1226	KENNEY, JAMES	5	1805
Jupiter's moons		1 38	— D. J. O'Donoghue on wit of	6	xlii
Just after the war, in the year	LE FANU	5 1937	Kensington and Rane- lagh Gardens	1	165
Justice for Ireland	O'CONNELL	7 2641	Keogh, Anecdotes of	FITZPATRICK	3 1199
K.			Jemmy	1	145
Kalavala		9 3654	KERNAHAN, COULSON (portrait)	5	1809
Kant on materialism		9 3464	Kerry "a fit cradle for O'Connell"	4	1588
Kate Kearney	MORGAN	7 2555	Ancient families of	4	1590
— of Arraglen	LANE	5 1863	— Dance, The	MOLLOY	6 2457
— of Garnavilla	LYSAHT	6 2108	— In the Kingdom of	CROKER	2 660
Katey's Letter	DUFFERIN	3 935	Number of Irish words used in		4 1607
Kathleen Ni Houlihan		6 2268	— The Knight of		4 1590
— <i>Nu-Houlahe-n</i> From the Irish	MANGAN	6 2380	Kerry's pride and Mun- ster's glory		8 3066
— <i>Kathleen Mavourneen'</i> (half-tone en- graving)	CRAWFORD	2 658	Key-Shield of the Mass		10 3965
— <i>O'More</i>	REYNOLDS	8 2939	KICKHAM, CHARLES JO- SEPH		5 1855
			— and the 'Irish Peo- ple'	O'LEARY	7 2798
			— as a humorist	6	xv
			— D. J. O'Donoghue on		5 xvi
			— M. F. Egan on		vii, xvi

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Kickham, W. B. Yeats on	3	xi	King of Prussia, The,		
Kieran, St., and Clon-			and feudal land		
macnoise	9	3484	tenure	7	2866
Kilbride, Carlow to	3	1182	— the Black Desert, The. From		
Kilcoe, The Glens of	4	1255	fairy and folk		
Kilcrea	1	353	lore	HYDE	10 3713
Kilcullen	5	1894, 1898	— the Cats, Sean-		
Kildare, Bishop of	4	1600	chan the Bard		
— Brigit at	8	3253	and the	WILDE	9 3566
— landlord, A	4	1574	O'Toole and St.		
— The House of	7	2741	Kevin	LOVER	5 2046
— Pooka, The	KENNEDY	5 1796	RICHARD ASHE		5 1833
— The Curragh of		5 1802	William	ECCLES	3 967
Kilkenny		5 1740	Kingly Power, The		2 780
Kilduff	2	647	Kingstown		7 2651
'Kilhwch and Olwen'	4	1598	Kinkora. From the Irish		
Kilkenny Exile's Christ-			of Mac-Liag	MANGAN	6 2377
mas Song, The.	KENEALY	5 1788	Kinnegad		5 1961
— Man, The	See CAMPION.		Kinsale Fisherman, A.		5 2009
— Statute of	9	3391	— The battle of		7 2744
— The 'holy well'			— The landing of the		
near		5 1766	Spaniards at		7 2740
Kill, Bhéilate	4	1623	Kinvara		3 1134
Killaan		2 689	Kinvarra (Kenn-Mara).		5 1729
Killala		4 1575	KIRWAN, WALTER BLAKE.		5 1842
— The Bishops of.	6	2232	— as an Orator		3 1202
— The French at		9 3697	— Eloquence of		1 127
— The Scene of			— Grattan's tribute		
Cathleen ni Hool-			to		7 xvii
than			— not a plagiarist		1 128
Killaloe	6	2377	Mount		6 2413
Killarney. See Dermot			Kish of Brogues, A.	BOYLE	1 264
Astore.			Kitty Neal	WALLER	9 3500
— Colleen Bawn Rock			of Coleraine	SHANLY	8 3032
(half-tone en-			Knife-Grinder, Friend		
graving)	4	1494	of Humanity and the	CANNING	2 467
— Echo at the lake			Knight of the Sheep	GRiffin	4 1466
of	3	1056	Tricks, The	HYDE	10 3751
— The beauty of.	5	1876	Knighting of Cuchulain	O'GRADY	7 2756
— The Falls of (half-			Knights of Tara		1 146
tone engraving)	5	1876	Knock-na-Flan		7 2754
— The Lake of. See			'Knocknagow'	KICKHAM	5 1815
Rent-day.			Knockthu, The Hill of		4 1255
— The Lakes of (color			KNOWLES, JAMES SHER-		
plate)	4	Front	IDAN (portrait)		5 1846
— Oisin at	5	1714	Kylemore		6 2391
— Mountain Cottage			Knowledge, Injury of		3 882
in (half-tone en-				L.	
graving)	4	1484	L. N. F.	See MRS. FITZSIMON.	
— O'Connell at	7	2652	La Cruche and Kitty of		
Killenaule affair, The			Coleraine		8 3032
	7	2798	La Hogue, Sea fight off		7 2823
Killibegs	5	1575	La Touche, the Banker		6 2106
Killilee	6	2354	Ladies, Advice to the	GOLDSMITH	4 1322
Killiney		6 2132	— Irish, Dress of		9 3497
— Bay	4	1424	Lady Gay Spanker		
— Hill	7	2651	(character in		
Kilmartin			'London Assurance')		1 252
— See JOHN WALSH.			— Jane Grey	DE VERE	3 851
Kilrush	5	1958	— of Fashion, Journal of a	BLESSING-	
Kiltown Abbey	6	2250	TON	1 193	
Kilwarden, Lord	2	797	— Teazle, Ada Rehan		
Kilworth	2	681	as		8 3105
— Mountains, The	7	2730	Laeg, Son of Riangabra		4 1433
Kimbay Maefontann			Laegaire, King, and St.		
King Aillil's Death	STOKES	8 3261	Patrick. (See also		
— Bagena	DAUNT	3 817	Laogair, or Laoghaire)		4 1601
— Charles he is King			Laoghaire (Leary)		4 1616
James's son	CALLANAN	2 442	Laffan, May. See MRS. HARTLEY.		
— John and the			Laffans, The		3 941
Mayor	DOWNEY	3 1900	La Gioconda (half-tone		
— of Denmark's Ride,			engraving)		3 877
The	NORTON	7 2587			
— England pro-					
claimed King					
of Ireland		9 3390			
Ireland's Son,					
The (see also					
The Red Duck)	CHESSON	2 590			

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Laigaire	4	1443	Land tenure, Frederick	
<i>Lake Isle of Innisfree,</i> YEATS	9	3707	William of Prussia	7 2866
— of the <i>Dismal Swamp</i> , The	MOORE	7 2539	— Froude cited on	7 2866
Lakes of Killarney (color plate)	4	Front	— John Bright on	7 2867
— or loughs of Ulster, The	6	2275	— On	BUTT 2 422
‘Lalla Rookh’	MOORE	7 2509	— See also	5 1855; 7 2862
— Father Prout on	6	2342	Landen, The battle of	3 957; 7 2824
— Meagher on	6	2421	Landlords and Tenants	2 422
LALOR, JAMES FINNAN	5	1855	Landlordism	10 3919
Lambert, Nannie	See MRS. POWER O'DONOGHUE.		LANE, DENNY	5 1863
Lambert, Old Lady (character in ‘Mr. Mawworn’)	1	182	Language, fossil poetry	9 3434
Lament. From the Irish of Owen Ward. MANGAN	6	2352	— <i>Irish as a Spoken HYDE</i>	4 1603
— A. From the Irish CURRAN	2	768	— of the Ancient Irish	WARE 9 3544
— Claragh’s. From the Irish	D'ALTON	2 803	Langue d’oil and langue d’oc, Irish older than	2 vii
— for Ireland, A sorrowful	GREGORY	4 1459	Languish, Lydia (character in ‘The Rivals’)	8 3078
— for King Ivor	STOKES	8 3260	Lanigan’s Ball	8 3293
— O Dalcassians! the Eagle	HOGAN	4 1591	Laogair, King	7 2719
— of Maev Leith-Dherg, The. From the Irish	ROLLESTON	8 2975	Laogair’s daughters, converted by St. Patrick	7 2720
— of O’Gnive, The. From the Irish	CALLANAN	2 443	Laoghaire’s Daughters, Conversion of King (fairy and folk tale). ANONYMOUS. 3 1162	
— of the Irish Emigrant	DUFFERIN	3 933	Laoi na mná móire	4 1609
— of the Irish Maiden, The	LANE	5 1865	Lapful of Nuts, The	FERGUSON 3 1183
— of the Mangaire Sugach. From the Irish	WALSH	9 3508	Larkin executed at Manchester	7 2608; 9 3339
— over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague	FERGUSON	3 1177	Larks	TYNAN-HINKSON. 9 3457
Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds, The	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3292	LARMINIE, WILLIAM	5 1866
Lancashire cotton mills	1	37	Larry M’Hale	LEVER 5 2001
Land Act, Irish	2	426	Last Desire, The	ROLLESTON. 8 2973
— of 1870, The	6 2178; 9 xi		— Gleeman, The	YEATS 9 3683
— The motion of 1875 for inquiry into the workings of the	6 2176		— Music, The	JOHNSON 5 1700
— Agents. See <i>Castle Rackrent</i> and <i>The Gombeen Man</i> . Bill of 1876, the Irish	6 2177		— Rose of Summer, The	MOORE 7 2528
— Fairies described	3 xviii		— Speech of Robert Emmet	EMMET 3 1087
— improvement in Ireland	9 3365		Latitudes, Letters from High’	DUFFERIN 3 942
— Individual ownership of	7 2866		Latnamard	3 958
— League, The Irish National	9 xi		Lauderdale, Lord, Sheridan on	8 3123, 3125
— of Cokaigne, The	8 3134		Lavalla, The Lake of	6 2230
— of St. Lawrence, From the’	EGAN	3 1080	Law	
— ownership	5 1855		— <i>Penal Laws, The</i> McCARTHY. 6 2179	
— purchase scheme, Gladstone’s	9 xi		— <i>Nation’s Right, A</i> MOLYNEUX. 6 2460	
— question, The. See <i>An Eviction</i> . Parnell on the	6 2178		— <i>Tried by his Peers</i> . O’FLANAGAN 7 2723	

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Leabhar nah Uidhre, The</i> (Book of the Dun Cow)	4 1600	Legends and Myths.	
LEADBEATER, MARY — Papers, The	5 1886	— King Ailill's Death STOKES ...	7 3261
LEAMY, EDMUND	5 1899	— Strand of Balor. TODHUNTER. 9 3404	
<i>Leanan Sidhe, To the..</i> BOYD	1 258	— Deirdré in the Woods	TRENCH ... 9 3431
Leanhaun Shee, The, de- scribed	3 xx	— Children of Lir... TYNAN-	
Lear, The august sor- rowful	9 3660	— Saint Francis and the Wolf	HINKSON. 9 3460
Learning and Art, Irish	4 1599	— The Priest's Soul. WILDE ...	9 3561
— in Ancient Ireland.	9 viii	— Old Age of Queen Maeve	YEATS ... 9 3697
'Leaves from a Prison Diary'	DAVITT. 3 832, 837	— Wakeman on	9 3482
Lebanon	7 2517	— Legends and Stories'. LOVER. 6 2055, 2071	
'Lebor Breac'	8 3141	— and Traditions, Fairy'	CROKER. 3 695, 736
LECAIN, The Book of (see also Lecan)	7 2663	— of Ireland	9 vil
LECALE	3 957	— Ancient	WILDE ... 9 3557
Lecan, The Book of (see also Lecain)	2 629	— Archbishop Mc- Hale on	6 2231
LECKY, WILLIAM E. H. — (portrait)	5 1912	— of the Fairies, The	3 xx
— on Flood	3 1212	— of the Pyramids..	9 3534
— Home Rule	6 2175	— See also Folk and Fairy Tales.	
— William Smith O'Brien	7 2619	Leinster	3 956; 4 1249; 5 1722
— O'Connell	7 2624	— Aldfrid in	6 2376
'Lectures and Essays on Irish Subjects'	GILES ... 4 1280	— Fionn MacCumhail in	6 2117
Lee, The (river)	1 353; 2 718 3 878; 6 2344	— The battle of Alm- hain in	7 2709
Legend of Glendalough. LOVER	2 2046	— The Book of	4 1600, 1613
— of Stiffenbach, The WILLIAMS ...	9 3610	— 5 1738, 2884	
'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts'. KENNEDY ...	5 1796	— described	2 xii
— 1799, 1801, 1803		— See <i>The Battle of Dunbolg</i> and <i>The Story of MacDáthó's Pig</i> and Hound.	
Legends	8 2990	Leith-Cuinn	6 2357
— ancient Irish, Ethical content of	8 3404	Leitrim	2 613
Legends and Myths.		— Lord, Lord Car- lisle's story of	1 234, 241
— From Fionnuala. ARMSTRONG. 1 25		Leix	3 859
— To the Leanán Sidhe	BOYD ... 1 258	Leland on the Catholic priests in war time.	3 955
— Lord of Dunker- ron	CROKER ... 2 736	Lenane	1 243
— Story of the Little Bird	CROKER ... 2 734	Lenihan's History of Limerick (cited)	9 3326
— Cael and Credhe. GREGORY ...	4 1445	Lens, Peter, and the 'Hell-fire Club'	5 1916
— Coming of Finn. GREGORY ...	4 1447	Leo	See CASEY.
— Death of Cuchu- lain	GREGORY ... 4 1431	Leonardo's "Monna Lisa"	DOWDEN ... 3 877
— Only Son of Áoife. GREGORY ...	4 1426	Lepers healed by Brigit.	8 3255
— Lay of Ossian and Patrick	GWYNN ... 4 1523	Leprecaun, or Fairy Shoemaker, The. ALLINGHAM. 1 20	
— Battle of Dunbolg. HYDE	4 1622	— Description of the.	3 xix
— Story of Mac- Dáthó's Pig and Hound	HYDE ... 4 1613	Lepachawn, The (see also Leprechaun or Leprehaun)	4 1287
— Connla of the Golden Hair	JOYCE ... 5 1731	Leprechaun, The	1 301
— Exploits of Curoi. JOYCE ...	5 1749	Leprehauns	4 1631
— Fineen the Rover. JOYCE	5 1743	— Lesbia hath a beaming eye'	MOORE ... 6 2340
— Naisi Receives his Sword	JOYCE ... 5 1746	— semper hinc et inde MAHONY ... 6 2340	
— Oisin in Tirnanoge. JOYCE	5 1714	— Lest it may more quar- rels breed	SWIFT ... 9 3388
— Enchantment of Gearoidh Iarla. KENNEDY ...	5 1801	Let Bacchus's Sons... STREET BAL-	
— Epilogue to Fand. LARMINIE ...	5 1875	— LAD ... 8 3283	
— Fionnuala	MILLIGAN ... 6 2437	— schoolmasters puz- zle their brain., GOLDSMITH. 4 1349	
— Battle of Almhain. O'DONOVAN. 7 2709		— the farmer praise his grounds ... STREET BAL-	
— Knighting of Cucu- lain	O'GRADY ... 7 2756	— LAD ... 8 3279	
— Queen Maeve and her Hosts	O'GRADY ... 7 2746		

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Let them go by	DOWDEN	3 876	Limerick, Sarsfield at.....	4 1593; 5 1742
— us go to the mount-			— destroys sup-	
tain		10 3789	plies for seige	7 2820
Leth-Chiusm		7 2709	— Surrender of	3 957
<i>Letter from Galway, A</i> MAXWELL ..	6 2412		— <i>The Blacksmith of Joyce</i>	5 1741
— the Place of his Birth	M'HALE	6 2227	— Irish Rapparees at	3 958
Letterbrick, Famine and pestilence at		4 1573	— The Treaty of	3 957; 9 x
Letterkenny		4 1512; 6 2249, 2252	— Treaty Stone at (half-tone engraving)	3 957
— Tone arrested at		7 2605	Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation	5 1665
'Letters from High Latitudes'	DUFFERIN	3 942	Lindsay, Lord, on the building of the Pyramids	9 3533
Levaracham		4 1439	Linen Manufacture, The	9 3423
LEVER, CHARLES JAMES (portrait)		5 1948	Trade in Dublin	5 1916
— M. F. Egan on		5 vii, xii	Lines	4 1424
— Genius and purpose of novels of		1 xii	— by Robert Emmet	3 1094
Living Authors in Irish Literature		2 xx	— from the Centenary Ode to the Memory of Moore	MACCARTHY. 6 2131
Lewines		9 3418	— Written to Music	WOLFE ... 9 3634
<i>Lia Fail; or Jacob's Stone, The</i>	O'FLAHERTY	7 2717	'Lion of the Fold of Juda, The'	See M'HALE.
— The		8 2970	<i>Liquor of Life</i>	D'ALTON .. 2 805
Lia Macha		7 2757	Lir	8 2990
Liber Hymnorum, The		7 2672	— The Children of Tynan-Hinkson	9 3460
<i>Liberty in England</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1331	Lisheen Races, Second-Hand	SOMERVILLE and ROSS. 8 3166
— of the Irish Press		9 3418	Lismore	2 681
— Press, The	CURRAN	2 778	— The Book of	7 2766; 8 3246
— Press	DE VERE	3 852	Lissadill	6 2354
— <i>The Native Land of Ireland</i>		5 1662	Litany	MONSELL .. 7 2465
— the right of all men		6 2461	of St. Aengus	8 2884
License, The first granted to comedians in England		6 2346	Literary Appreciations.	
'Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson' BROOKE		1 291	— Humor of Shakespeare	DOWDEN ... 3 870
— Literature		9 3579	— <i>Shakespeare's Portraiture of woman</i>	DOWDEN ... 3 875
— <i>Art, and Nature</i> , WILDE		9 3578	— Speech on Robert Burns	FERGUSON . 3 1170
— in Death		7 2652	— <i>Country Folk</i>	JOHNSON .. 5 1694
— of Brigit	STOKES	8 3246	— Macaulay and Bacon	MITCHEL .. 6 2444
— of Canning	BELL	1 165	— Emerson and New man	MULLANEY . 7 2556
— of C. S. Parnell, O'BRIEN		7 2607	— Shakespeare	WISEMAN . 9 3628
— of Owen Roe O'Neill, A'	TAYLOR	9 3340	'Literary History of Ireland, A'	HYDE .. 4 1603
— <i>The Origin of</i>	KELVIN	5 1784	1610, 1613, 1618	
Liffey, The		2 637; 5 1914	— impulse of The Nation	9 xi
— Dublin Castle on the		3 887	— Qualities of the Saga	HULL .. 4 1597
Lifford		6 2357	— Revival, Modern	10 3711
Light o' the World	MC CALL	6 2124	— The, Lady Gregory on	1 xvii
Light. Speed of		1 38	— Society of New York, The Irish	10 xxvi
'Like a fire kindled beneath a lake' (Irish rann)	HYDE	10 3833	— Theater, The Irish	10 xlil
Like a Stone in the Street	GRAVES	4 1414	Literature.	
'Lily Lass'	MACCARTHY	6 2180	— <i>Preternatural in Fiction</i>	BURTON ... 1 404
Limerick		1 58	— <i>England in Shakespeare's Youth</i>	DOWDEN ... 3 869
— Bridge and Castle (half-tone engraving)		5 1742	— <i>Interpretation of Literature</i>	DOWDEN ... 3 866
— The defense of		9 ix	— <i>Literary Qualities of the Saga</i>	HULL .. 4 1597
— electors, Harry Deane Grady and		7 2728, 2732	— <i>Irish as a Spoken Language</i>	HYDE .. 4 1603
— Irish titles in		4 1590		
— Lenihan's history of (cited)		9 3326		
— The Mayor of		8 xvii		
— method of lighting streets in 1719		5 1916		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Literature.			
— <i>What is the Remnant?</i>	MAGEE 6 2292	Lombards, Irish version	
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish</i>	O'BRIEN 7 2614	of the history of the	7 2672
— <i>Old Books of Erinn</i>	O'CURRY 7 2670	'London Assurance' ...	BOUCAULT 1 252
— <i>Gaelic Movement</i>	PLUNKETT 8 2908	View of	DENHAM 3 850
— <i>On the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'</i>	ROLLESTON 8 2968	Londonderry	7 2867
— <i>Life, Art and Nature</i>	WILDE 9 3578	(half-tone engraving)	1 7
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature</i>	YEATS 9 3654	Lone and weary as I	
— and History	vii	wandered	FERGUSON 3 1177
— and Life	9 3579	— is my waiting here	TODHUNTER 9 3408
— of the Modern Irish Language	HYDE 10 3711	Lake, half lost	
— The antiquity of Irish	3 xvii	amidst	GREENE 4 1423
— Irish, from first to last	1 xv	Lonely from my home I	
— Irish, of many blends	4 x	come	MANGAN 6 2371
— The Celtic Element in	YEATS 9 3654	Long Deserted	MULVANY 7 2562
— Effect of National movement on	1 xiii	Dying, The	DE VERE 3 863
— Effect of Repeal movement on	1 xiii	Long ago beyond	
— Effect of Union on	1 xii	the misty	M'GEE 6 2223
— Ireland's Influence on European	SIGERSON 4 vii	Reddy	1 145
— Interpretation of	DOWDEN 3 866	Spoon, The	KENNEDY 5 1803
— The Story of Early Gaelic	HYDE 4 1622	— they pine in dreary	
— Value of ancient Irish	4 xi	woe	MANGAN 6 2380
— Young Ireland party and	1 xiii	— this night, the	
Litigation, Love of	3 1000	clouds delay	SIGERSON 8 3139
Little Black Rose, The, DE VERE	3 858	Longford	7 2668
— Black Rose, The'	4 1247	Longing	TODHUNTER 9 3408
— Britons	CAFFYN 2 429	Looe	4 1519
— child, I call thee'	HYDE 4 1655	Lookin' Back	SKRINE 8 3155
— cowboy what have you heard	ALLINGHAM 1 20	Seaward	FERGUSON 3 1185
— Dominick	EDGEWORTH 3 1060	Looting	9 3636
— Mary Cassidy	FAHY 3 1135	Loquacious Barber, The	GRIFFIN 4 1503
— Woman in Red, A. DEENY	3 846	Lord Beaconsfield	O'CONNOR 7 2660
Lives of Irish saints	7 2672	Lord Edward. See Fitzgerald.	
— of the Mothers of the Irish Saints	1 32	— Lieutenant's Adventure, The	BODKIN 1 232
— of the Sheridans, The'	FITZGERALD 3 1190	Verulam and the Echo	3 1056
Llandaff, Lord, duel with Lord Clonmell	1 142	— of Dunkerron, The	CROKER 2 736
Loan of a Congregation	MAXWELL 6 2411	Lorne, Lord	3 939
Local Government Act	9 xi	Lost Saint, The	HYDE 4 1650
— Self-Government v. Home Rule	3 833	Tribune, The	SIGERSON 8 3133
Loch Finn	6 2271	Louane	1 114
— Glynn, Folk tale of	4 1642	Loud roared the dreadful thunder	CHERRY 2 586
— Ina	O'BRIEN 7 2602	Lough, Bray	KAVANAGH 5 1753
— Lena, Outlaw of	CALLANAN 2 441	Bray	O'GRADY 7 2760
— Lein	4 1448	Columb	4 1522
— Mask	4 1625	Dan (half tone engraving)	4 1424
— Quinlan	4 1595	Dergh	7 2552
— Swilly	7 2605	Drummond	4 1522
— (see also Lough).		Erne	2 639
Lochan	5 1725	4 1255; 6 2276	
Lochinvar, An Irish	5 1945	Foyle	6 2277
LOCKE, JOHN	5 2003	Ine	4 1255
Locke-Lampson, F.	5 1809	Lein (Killarney) na Mrack	5 1714
Logic in Irish literature	2 xiii	— Neagh	4 1521; 5 1522
Loma	3 861	— Healing and purifying powers of	6 2277
		Outer	6 2277
		Sheelin	6 2277
		Swilly (half-tone engraving)	2 633
		— one of the leading lakes of Ulster	4 1518; 6 2427
		See also Loch.	
Loughile		Loughleagh (Lake of Healing)	ANONYMOUS 3 1142
Louis XV. and his Irish contingent		Louis XV. and his Irish	
		contingent	7 2815

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Louis Philippe; few executions under his rule	2	679	Ludlow on the massacre at Drogheda	7 2568, 2573
— See <i>The French Revolution</i>			Ludlow's 'Memoirs'	7 2568
Louise, Princess	3	940	Lugach	4 1525
Louth	6	2275	Lugaird	4 1434, 1443
Louvain, Lynch's cell in	7	2615	Luganure	5 2052
— Collection, The	7	2673	Lugduff	5 2051
— Franciscan College of, Collection of, Collection of Irish MSS. in the	7	2673	Luggala	1 25
<i>Love Ballad</i> . From the Irish MANGAN	6	2371	Lugh, the long-handed	2 xi
— in a Village BICKERSTAFF. 1	185	Lugnaquila	6 2121	
— is the soul of a neat Irishman	6	2193	'Luke Delmege' SHEEHAN	8 3044
— 'not' NORTON	7	2589	Lumpkins, Tony (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')	4 1348
— of Dubhlacha for Mongan, The'	4	1608	Lundy Foot	2 800
— Fair Play, Irish	3	857	Luttrell, Henry, the Irish traitor	7 2821
— 'Freaks, The' GOLDSMITH. 4	1334	— D. J. O'Donoghue on wit of	6 xi	
— Nature in Irish sagas	2	xv	'Lying, the Decay of' WILDE	9 3578
— <i>Quack Medicines</i> , The GOLDSMITH. 4	1343	LYNCH, HANNAH	6 2088	
— <i>Songs of Connacht</i> . HYDE	10	3735	— Law on' Vinegar Hill BANIM	1 76
— 3749, 3763, 3777, 3789			Lynch's cell in Louvain	7 2615
— <i>The Contagion of Cobbe</i>	2	605	Lyndhurst, Lord, and Sheil on "Irish aliens"	7 xxvii
— <i>The Pity of</i> YEATS	9	3704	LYSAGHT, EDWARD	7 2106
— will you come with me MC CALL	6	2124	— D. J. O'Donoghue on wit of	6 xi
<i>Lovely Mary Donnelly</i> . ALLINGHAM. 1	12		Lysaght's quips beyond recall	6 ix
— Mary of the Shannon Side'			Lyttton, on Gulliver	9 3343
<i>Love-making in Ireland</i> . MACDONAGH	6	2193	— on Swift	9 3343
— in <i>Paddy-Land</i> KEELING	5	1772		
<i>Lover and Birds, The</i> . ALLINGHAM. 1	15			
LOVER, SAMUEL (portrait)		5 2006		
— as a comic love poet	6	x	M.	
— as a humorist	6	viii	Maam, The inn at	1 233
— the Irish arch-humorist	6	xiv	Mab, Mave (Meve and Meave become Mab in Shakespeare)	4 ix
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii, xii	Mabinogion, The	9 3655
— on 'Bum pers', Squire Jones	3	841	Macaulay and Bacon MITCHEL	6 2444
— Father Prout's addition to <i>The Groves of Blarney</i>	6	2441	— J. W. Croker	2 675
— W. H. Maxwell	6	2400	— on Burke	1 372
<i>Love's Despair</i> . From the Irish of Diarmad O'Curnan SIGERSON	8	3137	— Irish soldiers in French army	7 2815
— <i>Young Dream</i> MOORE	7	2521	— 'Junius'	3 1227
<i>Low-Backed Car, The</i> . LOVER	5	2079	Macaulay's Lay of <i>Homer</i> and <i>Ballad of Naseby</i> , Mitchel on	6 2454
Loyalty, Irish	1	348	Mac, meaning of	9 3546
Lua's lake	3	864	MACALEESE, D. A.	6 2111
Luath Luachar	2	629	MCBURNETT, WILLIAM B.	6 2113
Lucan, Lord, at Balaklava (see also Patrick Sarsfield)	8	3009	McCALL, PATRICK J.	6 2117
— after the Treaty of Limerick	3	957	— version of <i>Bryan O'Linn</i> by	8 3273
— <i>Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of</i> ONAHAN	7	2814	McCANN, MICHAEL JOSEPH	6 2126
Lucas', Mrs. Seymour, Granny's Wonderful Chair (half-tone engraving)	1	314	MAC CARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE	6 2128
* Luck of a Lowland Laddie, The' CROMMELIN. 2	751	— poem to O'Connell by (cited)	6 2219	

VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
MacConglinne, The Vision of	6 vii	Macreddin	6 2125
MacCon-Mara, Donough	6 2378	MacRoich, Fergus	4 1600
— DUNCADH	10 3937, 3939	Macroom	1 354
MacCool, Finn; mac-Cumhail, Finn. See Finn MacCumhail.		MacRoy, Fergus, Captain of Queen Meave's guards	7 2746
MacCorse, The Tale of	2 xii	— Description of	7 2750
MACDAIRE, TEIGE (biography)	10 4023	MacSweeney of Fauat	2 633
— From a Poem by HYDE	4 1657	MacSycophant, Charles Egerton (character in 'How to Get on in the World')	6 2237
MacDáithí's Pig and Hound, Story of	HYDE 4 1613	MADDEN, DANIEL OWEN	6 2281
MACDERMOTT, MARTIN	6 2189	— on Grattan	4 1387
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL (portrait)	6 2193	— Mary A. See MRS. SADLER.	
— on The Sunniness of Irish Life	8 vii	— RICHARD ROBERT	6 2286
MacDonnell, Bishop, of Killala	6 2232	Maddyn or Madden, Daniel Owen	6 2281
— JOHN (biography)	10 4013	'Maelduin, The Voyage of'	4 1601
— (reference)	2 803	Mael-mic-Failbhe, Tenth Abbot of Hy	7 2710
MacEgan, Nehemias, Vellum book of	7 2709	Maev Leith-Dhér, The Lament of'	ROLLESTON. 8 2975
MACFALL, FRANCES E. (SARAH GRAND)	6 2206	Maeve. See Meve.	
MACFIREBIS, DUALD (biography)	10 4014	— of Leinster, The Half Red	7 2748
— cited by Archibishop McHale	6 2231	— The great army of	4 1432
— The Genealogy of	7 2614	— and Cuchulain	4 1437
M'GEE, THOMAS D'ARCY	6 2217	Maggee, on Irish Hotels	8 xxii
MacGillicuddy of the Reeks	4 1590	— WILLIAM K. (JOHN EGGLINTON)	6 2292
McGinley, Mr., The plays of	10 xiv	Magennis, Miss See FORRESTER.	3 1222
MacGorman, Finn	4 1660	Maggie Ladir FURLONG	4 1249
MacGrath's, W., On the Old Sod (color plate)	1 xvi	'Magh Leana, The Battle of' O'CURRY	7 2664
M'Guire, Conor	9 ix	Magh Lifé	4 1448
Macha, The Grey of	4 1435	MAGINN, WILLIAM (portrait)	6 2300
— Monga-Rue	7 2757	— as a parodist	6 xiv
— the Empress	9 3493	— M. F. Egan on	5 xv
— the Red-Haired	7 2749	— on Conviviality	6 x
MCUALE, ARCHBISHOP JOHN	7 2227	— spurious Irish songs	6 xxii
MACINTOSH, SOPHIE	6 2233	Maglone, Barney See WILSON.	
Mackenna's Dream	STREET BAL-LAD	Magog, son of Japhet	9 3549
Popularity of	8 3296	MAGRATH, ANDREW (biography)	10 4015
McKernie, James. See McBURNEY.	8 3270	— (reference) La-gaire Sugach	9 3508
MACKLIN, CHARLES	6 2236	Maguire, Hugh	2 639
— Anecdotes of	6 2241	— JOHN FRANCIS	6 2321
— the first considerable reviver of Shakespeare	5 1919	— J. H. McCarthy	6 2154
MacLean, M., on W. Stokes as a Celticist	7 3243	— The Bard O'Hussey's Ode to the MANGAN	6 2369
McLennan, William, M. F. Egan on	5 xlii	— Father Tom	8 3275
Mac-Liag, The poems of	6 2377	MAHAFFY, JOHN PENT-LAND	6 2328
MACLINTOCK, LETITIA	6 2242	Mahon, Brian's Lament for King HOGAN	4 1591
MacLise, Meagher on	6 2420, 2422	MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER [FATHER PROUT] (portrait)	6 2336
MacLughaidh	2 629	Maid of Cloghroe, The. STREET BAL-LAD	9 3299
MacMahon, Marshal	3 941	Maiden City, The TONNA	9 3428
MACMANUS, JAMES (SEUMAS)	6 2254	Mailly	4 1252
— M. F. Egan on	5 xlii, xvii	Mailligh Mo Stoír (Molly Astore) OGLE	7 2734
— MRS. SEUMAS (ANNAN JOHN-STON)	6 2267	Maine, Son of Maeve	4 1443
— T., and Young Ireland	9 xi	Mairgread ni Chealteadh WALSH	9 3503
MacNessa, Conobar	7 2748	Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality LEVER	5 1964
— Conor	2 xii	Make thyself Known, Sibyl DOWDEN	3 877
McNEVIN, THOMAS	6 2274		
Macpherson	6 2231		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Malaprop, Mrs. (character in 'The Rivals')</i>	SHERIDAN..	8 3078	Manuscripts.		
Malinmore		5 1866	— National Library of Paris	7	2673
Malloc		2 439	— See Ancient Irish Illuminated MSS.		
<i>Mallow, The Rakes of.</i> STREET BAL- LAD		9 3312	Many years have burst upon	SAVAGE	8 3026
' Malmorda; A Metrical Romance	CLARKE	2 596	Maove, the Magic	7	2593
Malone, A		7 ix	Map of Ireland, His- torical	9	3708
— EDMUND		6 2346	— of to-day	10	4030
Malplaquet, Battle of		9 3445	Marco, Polo, Irish ver- sion of the Travels of	7	2672
Malvern Hill		6 2423	Marcus	5	1847
' Man of the World, The'	MACKLIN	6 2237	Marital relations	5 1923; 6	2204
— for Galway, The. LEVER		5 1975	Market Day (half-tone engraving)	8	2940
— is no mushroom growth	INGRAM	4 1660	Marlow (character in 'She Stoops to Con- quer')	4	1349
— Octopartite. From the Middle Irish. STOKES		8 3262	Marot, Clement, Father Prout on	6	2338
Man-a-nan M'Lir		6 2223	Marriage	SKRINE	8 3152
Mananan, the sea-god. See <i>Naisi Receives his Sword.</i>			— between relations in ancient Greece	6	2332
Manchester Martyrs, The		7 2608; 9 3323, 3339	— customs. See <i>Love Making in Ireland and Shane Fadh's Wedding.</i>		
— Rescue, The		6 2153	Dean Swift on	8	3377
<i>Mangaire Sugach, La- ment of the</i>	WALSH	9 3508	— law in Scotland	2	754
MANGAN, JAMES CLAR- ENCE (portrait)		6 2350	— of Florence Mac- Carthy More	SADLIER	8 3018
— The Woman of three Cows		10 3831	— Three Weeks Af- ter'	MURPHY	7 2564
— W. B. Yeats on		3 ix	Marriages in Ireland	6	2193
— See <i>The Dead An- tiquary</i>		6 2218	Marrying season in Ire- land, The	6	2194
Mangan's delight in riv- ers		6 2455	Marsh, Bishop, Library founded in Dublin by	5	1915
' Manifold Nature, Our' MACFALL		6 2206	Marten Cats, Supersti- tions about	9	3680
Manners and Customs in Ireland		2 xx; 3 943	Martin and 'Young Ire- land'	9 xi	
— of the Ancient Irish		2 629	MARTIN ROSS (see also E. OE. SOMER- VILLE and VIO- LET MARTIN)	8	3166
— of Ancient Erinn'	O'CURRY	7 2666	— VIOLET. See MARTIN ROSS.		
— of Ireland in olden times		7 2771	MARTLEY, JOHN	6	2382
— The Squire's running foot- man		7 2772	MARTYN, EDWARD	6	2383
— See <i>Castle Rack- rent and Keen- ing and Wake;</i> also Customs and Manners.			— The plays of	10	xiii
— Morals (see also Customs and Manners)		1 286; 4 1417	Martyrs, Fox's Book of	8	3060
Manning, Mr. See note to <i>An Heroic Decep- tion.</i>			— The Manchester	7 2608; 9 3323, 3339	
' Manuscript Materials of Irish History, Lec- tures on'	O'CURRY	7 2670	Mary Alkenhead, Her Life, Her Work and Her Friends ATKINSON ..	1	28
Manuscripts.			— and St. Joseph (folk song)	HYDE	10 3807
— Dispersion of, by invasions		7 2680	— D'Este, Queen of James II	2	768
— Irish; collection in the Bodleian Library at Ox- ford		7 2673	— Maquire	FURLONG	4 1246
— British Museum		7 2672	— Neil'	8	3271
— Burgundian Li- brary, Brussels		7 2673	— of The Nation.' See	DOWNING	
— Royal Irish Academy		7 2672	— Queen, and Ireland	9 ix	
			— Tudor'	DE VERE ..	3 851
			<i>Marys, The Keening of the Three</i> (folk song) HYDE	10	3789
			Mary's Well (religious folk tale)	HYDE	10 3795
			Maryboro'		5 1939
			Masbrook, The woods of	6	2230
			Masks, The, in Ireland	9	3498
			Mason, Mr. Joseph Monck		7 2673

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Mass, Key-Shield of the.....	10	3965	Meave, the great queen, was pacing to and fro	YEATS	9 3697
Massacre at Drogheda..BARRY.....	1	150	— The Old Age of Queen	YEATS	9 3697
MURPHY	7	2567	‘Mecca, Personal Nar- rative of Pilgrimage to’	BURTON	1 408
— of 1641, The	3	954	Medge, Baron		1 142
Massagete, The	9	3549	‘Medical Student, Mis- adventures of a’		9 3607
Massarene, Lady, daugh- ter of Harry Deane Grady	7	2733	Medieval Towns		4 1420
Massari, Dean of Fermo- Masters, Annals of the Four (see Four Mas- ters, Annals).	1	32	Meehan, The Rev. C. P.		1 32
Matchmaker in Ireland, The	6	2194	Meenavalla ; Grouse- shooting In		6 2256
Materialism, J. S. Mill on	9	3464	Meeting of Anarchists, A	BARRY	1 156
— Tyndall on	9	3464	— the Waters, The	MOORE	7 2532
Mathematics, Irish pro- ficiency in	4	1280	(color plate)		7 Front
MATHEW, FRANK	6	2391	Memoirs. See Char- acter Sketches, etc.		
— THEOBALD	6	2396	— of James II. (cited)		8 3324
Matthew, Saint (color plate)	9	Front	— John Cartaret Pilkington (cited)		7 2693
Matterhorn, Thoughts on the	TYNDALL	9 3478	— Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.	EDGEWORTH	3 1073
Maturin, C., M. F. Egan on	5	vii	— the Count de Grammont	HAMILTON	4 1542
Maureen, acushla, why. BOYLE	1	277	— the Countess of Blessington	MADDEN	6 2286
Maury's Song	TRENCH	9 3433	Memorial by Wolfe Tone to French Govern- ment, Extract from a. TONE		9 3421
Mave's Repentance	GILBERT	4 1265	Memories	M'GEE	6 2224
Mawworm, Mr. (charac- ter in ‘The Hypo- critic’)	BICKERSTAFF	1 182	Memory, A	MACALEESE	6 2111
Max Müller on Nursery Tales	3	xxlii	Men's Dress in Ireland		9 3498
MAXWELL, WILLIAM HAMILTON	6	2400	Merchant marine of Ire- land, The		9 3362
— M. F. Egan on	5	xii	Mermald, The		2 736
May Love Song, A	MILLIGAN	6 2438	Memory of Earth, A	RUSSELL	8 3003
Mayflower	O'REILLY	7 2834	— the Dead, The	INGRAM	5 1659
Maynooth	7	2485	Mend, son of Sword- heel		4 1617
Maynooth College (color plate)	3	Front	Merriment in Irish hu- mor		6 ix
Mayo	6	2438; 7 2856	Merrion Square, O'Con- nell's residence in		3 815; 8 3064
— Duelling in	1	145	Merrows, The		2 697; 3 xviii; 5 1878
— Famine and pesti- lence in	4	1573	Mervin, Audley		7 ix
— Lord, on the Irish Church	6	2155	Messiah, Handels, first produced in Dublin		5 1918
— government of India by	3	941	Meters in ancient Ire- land		2 xviii
— The County of. From the Irish Fox	4	1224	Mève. See Maeve, Meadhbh, Midhe.		
— Viscounts, Ances- tor of the	7	2858	— and Oilioll		4 1613
Mazarin, Cardinal	4	1347	— The white Bull of		2 xviii
Meade, L. T.....See MRS. TOULMIN SMITH.			Meyer, Professor Kuno		4 1608
MEAGHER, THOMAS FRANCIS	6	2414	— Work for Celtic literature		2 xviii
— and ‘Young Ire- land’	9	xii	Michael of Kildare, the first Irish poet in English		4 ix
— in the civil war	6	2324; 7 2833	— Robartes Remem- bers Forgotten Beauty	YEATS	9 3708
— J. F. Maguire on	6	2324	Michelstown		5 1714
Meanings of Irish names	9	3546	Midhe (Meath). Origin of the name		7 2667
Meath	7	2748, 2827, 2864	Midir, the fairy chief		7 2668
— King Ferghal and the men of, at Almhain	7	2709	Midnight Escapade, A. SMITH		8 3158
— (Midhe). Origin of the name	7	2667	Funeral, A	DEENY	3 845
— of the Pastures	2	613			
— Parnell a member for, in 1875	6	2177			
Meave, Queen, Descrip- tion of	7	2746			

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe	10 4013	Modern Literature of the Irish Language . . . HYDE . . .	10 3711
— Mabel Kelly. From the Irish of O'CAROLAN FERGUSON . . .	3 1187	— Medievalism . . . BARRETT . . .	1 119
Miles O'Reilly, Private. See HALPINE.		— political feuds . . .	3 967
Milesians, The	9 vii 3549	— Society, The Church and . . . IRELAND . . .	5 1662
Milesius	2 444	Moira, Lord	9 3521
Milford	6 2244	O'Neill See SKRINE.	
Military life in Ireland	6 2403	Moirfin	3 861
Mill, J. S., on Material- ism	9 3464	Molière	3 873
Millbank Prison	3 839	Moling, Bishop of Ferns	7 2706, 2709
MILLIGAN, ALICE	6 2427	MOLLOY, JAMES LYMAN	6 2457
— The plays of	10 xiii	Molly Asthore FERGUSON . . .	3 1182
MILLIKEN, RICHARD AL- FRED	6 2439	— Carew LOVER . . .	5 2076
— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of	6 xiv	— Muldoon STREET BAL- LAD	9 3300
Millmount, The	7 2568	MOLYNEUX, WILLIAM	6 2460
Milton MULLANEY	7 2561	— Irish literature be- gins before	2 vii
Miltown	7 2715	Moment, A BROOKE . . .	1 300
‘Ministry of all the Talents, The’	1 119	Monaghan, County	7 2696
Minrowar, son of Ger- kin	7 2757	Monallen	6 2279
Minstrel, A Wandering. LE FANU . . .	5 1934	Monamolin	5 1804
Boy, The MOORE	7 2535	Monasterboice, Cross at (half-tone engraving).	9 3486
‘Minute Philosopher, Alciphron or the’ BERKELEY . . .	1 175	Monasteries, Irish Fran- ciscan	1 32
	176	Monastic establish- ments	8 2882
Miola (rivulet), The	6 2280	Monck, Lord	3 941
Mirabeau	7 2660	Money, Large sums of, sent home by the Irish in foreign lands	6 2197; 7 2618
Miracles of Brigit	8 3246	Mongan and Colum Cille	4 1600
Miraculous Creatures. YEATS	9 3678	— Love of Dubh- lacha for	4 1608
Miriام's Song (Sound the Loud Timbrel) MOORE . . .	7 2537	Monks of the Screw CURRAN . . .	2 797
‘Mirror of Justice, The’	9 3374	LEVER	5 1952
— The Wonderful Chinese	4 1337	Monna Lisa, Leonardo’s (half-tone engraving). DOWDEN . . .	3 877
‘Misadventures of a Medical Student’	9 3607	Monomia McCARTHY . . .	6 2172
Misconceptions of the Irish. See <i>The Na- tive Irishman</i> .		Monotony and the Lark. RUSSELL . . .	8 3005
‘Miss Erin’ BLUNDELL . . .	1 225	Monroe Doctrine, The	2 464
Mistake of a Night, The GOLDSMITH . . .	4 1348	— Dorothy, the fa- mous beauty	4 1377
Mr. Orator Puff had two tones MOORE . . .	7 2541	MONSELL, JAMES SAM- UEL BEWLEY	7 2465
Mister Denis's Return. BARLOW . . .	1 114	Montana, Prospecting in	3 965
MITCHEL, JOHN	6 2443	Montorio, Tombs in the Church of O'DONNELL . . .	7 2684
— and E. Walsh	9 3502	Moon Behind the Hill, The KENEALY . . .	5 1788
— and ‘Young Ire- land’	9 xi	— Moonachug and Meena- chug’	4 1650
— cited by Meagher	6 2415	Mooney, Dr. of Trinity College	5 1986
— News of sentence of	6 2185	MOORE, FRANK FRANK- FORT (portrait)	7 2468
— on XIX. Century religion	6 2446, 2449	— GEORGE	7 2482
— See <i>By Memory In- spired</i>	8 3274	— M. F. Egan on	5 xv
‘Mitchel's, John, Jail Journal’ MITCHEL . . .	6 2444	— on ‘The Heather Field’	6 2385
	2454	— Norman, on Sir S. Ferguson	3 1168
Mizen Head, The	8 2852	— The Burial of Sir John WOLFE . . .	9 3633
Mo Craobhín Cno WALSH . . .	9 3505	— THOMAS (portrait)	7 2505
Modern Ægeria, A CAMPBELL . . .	2 448	— (reference)	8 3071
— Gaelic writers (see also Vol. 10)	2 xviii	— A neechote of O'Curry and	7 2663
— Irish	10 4025	— Holmes, O. W., on	7 2505
— Drama	10 xiii	— in college	9 3523
— Poetry, Yeats on	3 vii		
— Stories	10 3875		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Moore, Lines from the Centenary Ode to the Memory of	6 2131	Mountmorris, Lord, duel with Francis Hutchinson	1 143
— Meagher on Christianity in Ireland	6 2424	Mourne	6 2354
— on Conviviality	9 3400	Mourning Bride, Extracts from the	2 615
— on Emmet's character	6 xi	Moville, Donegal	6 2248
— on Sheridan	3 1087	Moynal	5 1743, 1745
— on the parting of Byron and the Blessing-ton	3 1197	Moyle, The (river)	6 2534
— Rogueries of MAHONEY	6 2337	Moy-Mell, the plain of everlasting pleasure	5 1714, 1732
— the Spanish type in Ireland	4 1589	'Moytura'	5 1876
W. B. Yeats on	3 viii	Moyvore, The Rath of	4 1255
Moral and Intellectual Differences between the Sexes. LECKY	5 1920	Muckish mountain, The	6 2251
— force and intellectual achievement	9 3468	Muckross Abbey, Ruins of	8 3020
Morals, American	1 336	Muirredach	9 3487
— of Irish people	1 34	Muirne	4 1447
Moran, Michael, the last Gleeman	9 3683	'Muirthemme, Cuchulain of'	GREGORY 4 1426 1431
More, MacCarthy	4 1500;	Mulberry Garden, The	1 166
Morfydd, To	JOHNSON	Mullholland, Rosa. See LADY GILBERT.	
MORGAN, LADY	5 1698	Mulla	6 2276
— Description of	7 2542	Mullach-brack	6 2356
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii, xv	Mullaghmast	5 1801
— inherently Irish	1 xi	MULLANEY, PATRICK FRANCIS	7 2556
— Dress of	9 3495	Mullen, The Sorrowful Lamentation of Caltaghan, Greatly, and STREET BAL-	
'Morgante the Lesser'. MARTYN	6 2383	LAD	9 3316
Morley, Professor, on antiquity of Gaelic Literature	4 vii	Mullingar	6 2438
— on Steele and Addison	8 3198	MULVANY, CHARLES PELHAM	7 2562
Morna	7 2526	Munachar and Mana-char	HYDE 4 1647
Morning on the Irish Coast (half-tone engraving)	LOCKE 5 2003	Municipal Corporation Bill, The Irish	6 2176
Mornington, Lord, a Monk of the Screw	2 797	— Franchise Bill, The Irish	6 2176
— Musical academy presided over by	5 1919	— Privileges Bill, The Irish	6 2176
Mortgage, Foreclosure	8 3230	Munremar	4 1616
Morty Oge	2 445	Munster, Aldfrid in	6 2376
Morris, William, on Art and Society	9 3662	Bards, The	7 2615
Moses at the Fair	GOLDSMITH 4 1305	— Cashel of	FERGUSON 3 1181
— (character in Sheridan's 'School for Scandal')	8 3109	— 'Pacata Hibernia,' A record of	7 2740
— The Burial of	ALEXANDER 1 1	— Raleigh in	DOWNEY 3 909
Mother, Boy who was long on his	HYDE 10 3765	— The Dean of Fermo on hospitality in	1 32
— is that the passing bell?"	KEEGAN 5 1767	— The women of	1 30, 32
Mount Eccles	7 2701	— War-Song, The	WILLIAMS 9 3607
— Gabriel	7 2851	— William of	See KENEALY.
— Saint Jerome	6 2420	— Women, Dress of	1 33
Mountain Cottage in Killarney (half-tone engraving)	4 1484	Murchad, son of the King of Leinster	7 2711
— Fern, The	GEOGHEGAN 4 1255	Murmurs of Love	O'DOHERTY 7 2676
— Theology	GREGORY 4 1455	MURPHY, ARTHUR	7 2564
Mountains of the Setting Sun	2 417	— DENIS	7 2567
Mountjoy, Lord	7 2740	— Father, See Mac-kenna's Dream.	
— The Wood of	1 3	— JAMES	7 2574
		— Murphys' Supper, The	BARLOW 1 103
		— Musgrave, Sir Richard	1 129
		— Music has charms to soothe	CONGREVE 2 615
		MUSIC IN IRELAND.	
		— Irish Music	PETRIE 8 2885
		— The Irish Intellect	GILES 4 1288
		— An Irish Musical Genius	O'DONOGHUE 7 2690
		— Lines Written to	WOLFE 9 3634
		— National	BURKE 1 400
		— The Last	JOHNSON 5 1700

	VOL.	PAGE	N.	VOL.	PAGE
Musical glasses, The.....	7	2690	Naas Jail	5	1887, 1894
— <i>Genius, An Irish</i> ..O'DONOGHUE	7	2690	<i>Naisi Receives his</i>	JOYCE	5 1746
Muskerry	1	353	<i>Sword</i>	MANGAN	6 2365
— Lady, a daughter of Harry Deane			<i>Nameless One, The</i>	LARMINIE	5 1871
Grady	7	2733	<i>Story, The</i>		
<i>Muster of the North</i> ..DUFFY	3	954	Names of places, Mean- ing of		6 2228
Mutiny Act, The	4	1391	(Naois speaks) O to see once more	TRENCH	9 3431
<i>My Ambition</i> ..Lysaght	6	2109	<i>Napoleon</i>	PHILLIPS	8 2888
— beautiful, my beau- tiful!	NORTON	7 2584	— An Historical Character of'	PHILLIPS	8 2888
— <i>Boyhood Days</i> ..EDGEWORTH	3	1073	— and Baron Denon	1	214
— Brown Girl Sweet'	8	3270	Narraghmore	5	1888
— <i>Buried Rifle, To</i> ..MCCARTHY	6	2172	‘Narrative of the War with China’	WOLSELEY	9 3636
— country, wounded WILDE	9	3573	<i>Nathaniel P. Cramp</i> ..MCCARTHY	6 2134	
— dear Vic' ses he.BARRY	1	151	<i>Nation Once Again, A</i> ..DAVIS	3 827	
— eyes are filmed ...MANGAN	6	2367	— <i>The, Founding of</i>	3 950	
— <i>First Day in Trin- ity</i> ..LEVER	5	1986	— Spirit of the'	x	
— girl, I fear your sense is not great at all' (Irish rann)	HYDE	10 3835	<i>National Characteristics</i> as Molding Pub- lic Opinion	BRYCE	1 331
— Grand Recreation	10	4016	— Dramatic Society	10	xiii
— <i>Grave</i>	DAVIS	3 827	— genius	8	2990
— ‘grief on the sea’..HYDE	10	3763	— independence, Plun- ket on		8 2001
— heart is far from Liffey's tide	WALSH	9 3505	— Land League	9	xi
— heart is heavy in my breast	FITZSIMON	3 1206	— League, The	9	xi
— <i>Inver Bay</i>	MACMANUS	6 2264	— Library of Paris, Collection of Irish MSS. in the		7 2673
— <i>Land</i>	DAVIS	3 831	— literature, A	1	x
— <i>Last Night in Trin- ity</i> ..LEVER	5	1990	— movement in Ire- land, The	3	834
— Life is like the summer rose'...WILDE	9	3597	— Music of Ireland'BURKE	1	400
— little one's going to sea	MOLLOY	6 2459	— Poet of Ireland, The'	See MOORE.	
— Lords of Strooge'WINGFIELD	9	3620	— spirit in Irish lit- erature		2 xviii
— love, still I think.REYNOLDS	8	2939	— literature now an accomplished fact	1	xiv
— love to fight the Saxon goesO'DONNELL	7	2686	— extinguished by Act of Union	1	xi
— <i>Mother Dear</i> ..LOVER	5	2087	— temperament in Irish literature	1	x
— name is Hugh Rey- nolds	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3292	— movement. Effect of, on literature	2	xiii
— Patrick Sheehan.KIRKHAM	5	1831	— Poets. See Mod- ern Irish Poetry.		
— it is Nell	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3306	<i>Nationality</i>	INGRAM	5 1661
— <i>Old Home</i>	O'LEARY	7 2797	— and Imperialism..RUSSELL	8 2969	
— Owen	DOWNING	3 916	— Irish, now recog- nized	1	xvii
— Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spunFERGUSON	3	1179	<i>Nation's History, A</i> ..BURKE	1	398
— prison chamber'ROSSA	8	2985	— Right, A	MOLYNEUX	6 2460
— spirit's on the mountains	WOLFE	9 3635	<i>Native Irishman, The</i> ..STREET BAL- LAD	9 3304	
— thoughts, alas, are without strength.GREGORY	4	1460	— <i>Land of Liberty</i> .IRELAND	5 1662	
— time how happy once	BICKERSTAFF	1 186	— literature of Ire- land original	2	vii
Mystery, Celtic love of	8	2974	Nativity, Chapel of the	9	3537
Mysticism in the new movement	5	vii	Natural scenery	2	439
Mythological Cycle, The	2	xi	— Theology, Paley's	5	1787
Mythology	4	1426	Naturalization Bill, The	4	1392
— 1431, 1445, 1447, 1455,	1459		Nature, Joy in	1	174
— of the Norsemen	8	3241	— Life, Art and	WILDE	9 3578
Myths and Legends.			— in Myth	9	3657
See Legends, and Folk Lore.			— Myths. See <i>The Celtic Ele- ment in Literature</i> .		
— Need for study	1	vii	— Love of, in Irish sagas	2	xv
— Wakeman on	9	3482	Nature (out-door life).		
— in Nature	9	3657	— <i>The Young Fisher</i> .GWYNN	6 2454	
— Nature. See <i>The Celtic Ele- ment in Literature</i> .			— <i>Rhapsody on Riv- ers, A</i>	MITCHEL	6 2454

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Nature.				
— Vicar of Cape Clear	OTWAY	7 2848	Nile, The	7 2512
— Ennishower	WINGFIELD	9 3620	Nine Hostages, Nial of	
Navan		5 1738	the	1 402; 2 444
Navigations		2 xii	'Ninety-eight'	9 3688
Navy, Irishmen in the	British	9 3422	— Lord Camden and	8 2930
Neagh, The	Lough	6 2112	— The events of	6 2229
Near Castleblayney	lived	3 1180; 5 1753; 6 2276, 2280	'No doubt sure,' 'My self believes,'	
Dan Delaney		8 3270	'Thin k's It,'	
Ned Geraghty's Luck	BROUGHAM	1 301	(Irish rann)	... HYDE 10 3835
Needy Knife-grinder	CANNING	2 467	— popery cry, The	8 3059
'Neighbors'	CROTTY	2 758	— rising column	
Neil O'Carree	HYDE	4 1638	marks this spot	EMMET 3 1094
Neill, Meaning of name		9 3546	— Snakes in Ireland	O'KEEFFE 7 2771
Nell Flaherty's Drake	STREET BAL-	9 3306	Noble Lord, A	MURPHY 7 2574
— D. J. O'Donoghue	LAD	9	— Extracts from a	
on		xii	Letter to a	BURKE 1 379
Nemedians, The		2 xi; 9 vii	Nolle Prosequi, A	7 2793
Nephin (mountain)		6 2229, 2231	Nora Creina	MOORE 6 2340
Nero		2 740, 746	Norbury, Lord, and Cur-	
Netterville, Nicholas,	Viscount	7 2728	ran	2 798
— Father Robert,	slain at Drog-		— at the Trial of	
heda		7 2572	Robert Emmet	3 1093
'Never Despair' (fac-			— duel with Fitzger-	
simile of verses)		7 2623	ald	1 143
'New Antigone, The'	BARRY	1 156	Norman work in Round	
'New Ireland,' by A. M.			Towers	9 3492
Sullivan		7 2619	Norman-Irish, The	9 3391
Irish, The		9 3391	Norse Sagas and Gaelic	
Misfortunes	GOLDSMITH	4 1309	Tales	8 2973
Potatoes	LOVER	5 2071	— Invaders drown	
Town Glens		7 2551	Irish books	2 viii
Newbery, John, Gold-			North, The Muster of	
smith on		4 1299	the	3 954
Newcastle, Duke of,			Northern Blackwater	KAVANAGH 5 1752
Sterne's reply to		8 3227	Northmen in Ireland	STOKES 8 3238
Newman, Cardinal		7 2556	NORTON, CAROLINE	
Newport		7 2857	(LADY STIRLING-MAX-	
— A Glimpse of his			WELL)	7 2583
Country-House near	BERKELEY	1 175	Not a drum was heard,	
Newry		3 954	not a funeral	
Election, Speech at	CURRAN	2 788	note	WOLFE 9 3633
Newspaper, The first			— a Star from the	
Irish (facsimile)		4 1258	Flag Shall Fade	HALPIN 4 1539
Nlagara		6 2132	far from old Kin-	
"— Dr. Johnson the,			vvara	FAHY 3 1134
of the New			— for the lucky war-	
World"		7 2472	riors	Gwynn 4 1529
Nial of the Nine Hos-			— hers your vast im-	
tages		1 402; 2 444; 9 3546	perial mart	LAWLESS 5 1884
Niall		6 2356	Nothing Venture, Noth-	
Niam	CHESSEON	2 593	ing Have	HAMILTON 4 1542
— of the Golden			Novel in The Figaro,	
Hair		5 1715	The	O'MEARA 7 2805
Nibelungen, Lied, The		4 1598	Novels, Irish	EGAN 5 vii
and Ireland		4 viii	Burlesque	1 119, 123
— Irish older than		2 viii	'Novum Organum,' Ba-	
Nicknames and So-			con's	6 2448, 2453
briquets		9 3547	Now all away to Tir	
'Night before Larry was			na n'Og	CHESSEON 2 590
stretched, The'	STREET BAL-		— are you men	PARNELL 7 2871
— D. J. O'Dono-	LAD	9 3308	— in the lonely hour	JOYCE 5 1747
ghue on		xix	— let me alone,	
closed around	MOORE	7 2536	though I know	
in Fort manus Vil-			you won't	LOVER 5 2080
lage, A	SIGERSON	9 3145	Memory, false	
Piece on Death,			spendthrift	
From a	PARNELL	7 2874	Memory	O'GRADY 7 2760
Nigra, Constantine, on			— when the giant in	
Celtic rhymes		xix	us	RUSSELL 8 3000
			— Translation from	
			the Irish of	10 4016
				3 930

Irish Literature.

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Nugent, Lord, Canning on	1	171	O'BRIEN, CHARLOTTE GRACE	7 2591
Nullum Tempus Bill	4	1395	— FITZ JAMES	7 2594
Number of Irish ancient MSS. extant	2	xii	— Manus, discovers Sarsfield's plow	9 3325
Numitorius	5	1848	— Michael, executed at Manchester	7 2608; 9 3339
Nursery Tales, Max Müller on	3	xxiii	— R. BARRY	7 2604
— Sir W. Scott on	3	xxiii	— on keening	9 3643
— Charles Welsh on	3	xxiv	— Smith	9 3414, 3550
O.				
O could I flow like thee.DENHAM . . . 3	849		— on Wolfe Tone	7 2604
— did you not hear of Kate Kear- ney?	MORGAN	7 2555	— and Young Ire- land	9 xi
— Erin, my Queen . . . PARNELL	7 2873		— defended by J. Whiteside	9 3550
— gentle fair maiden.SIGERSON	8 3143		— on T. McNevin	6 2274
— God, may it come shortly	10 3929		— WILLIAM	7 2614
— had you seen the Coolun	FERGUSON	2 1188	— WILLIAM SMITH (portrait)	7 2619
— heart full of song.O'SHAUGH- NESSY	7 2843		— and the Kille- naule affair	7 2798
— I'm not myself at all, Molly dear..LOVER	5 2083		— (reference)	10 3829
— King of Heaven who didst create.	10 3911		— D. J. O'Dono- ghue on art of	6 xi
— Mary dear, O Mary fair	FERGUSON	3 1182	O'Bryne. See <i>Macken-</i> <i>na's Dream</i>	
— Meaning of the prefix	9 3547		O'Byrnes of Wicklow	9 3397
— my daughter: lead me forth	ALEXANDER. 1	3	O'Burke, Father, on Davis' poems	3 822
— Peggy Brady, you are my darlin'	8 3268		O'Callahy, M. (now Caldwell)	10 3807
— say can you see	9 3331		O'CAROLAN, TURLOUGH (biography)	10 4017
— say, my brown Drimin'	CALLANAN	2 442	— and fairy music	3 xviii
— Sigh of the Sea..SIGERSON	8 3138		— Translations from the Irish of : — Grace Nugent	3 1186
— s t r o n g - winged birds	O'BRIEN	7 2591	— Mild Mabel Kelly	3 1187
— the brown banks of the river	JOYCE	5 1752	— Bridget Cruise	4 1244
— the days are gone.MOORE	7 2521		— Mary Maguire	4 1246
— the days of the Kerry dancing	MOLLOY	6 2457	— Peggy Browne	4 1252
— the sight entranc- ing'	MOORE	7 2530	— Why, Liquor of Life	3 805
— the sunshine of old Ireland	TODHUNTER. 9	3408	Ocean, The, in Irish sa- gas	2 xvii
— thou whom sacred duty calls	MACCARTHY. 6	2128	Och! a rare ould flag..HALPINE	4 1539
— were you on the mountain'	HYDE	4 1656	— girls dear, did you ever hear	DUFFERIN
— where, Kinkora, is Brian	MANGAN	6 2377	— hone! and what will I do?	3 935
— Woman of the Piercing Wall ..MANGAN	6 2352		— when we lived in ould Glenann	LOVER
— Woman of three Cows	10 3831		SKRINE	8 3157
— Woman, shapely as the swan	GRAVES	4 1414	O'CLERY, M. (biogra- phy)	10 4018
"Oaken-footed Elzevir," The			— Louvain collection of manuscripts made by	7 2673
Oasis	DOWDEY	3 876	— See <i>A Plea for the Study of Irish</i> . See O'Donovan.	
Oats, Binding the	COLEMAN	2 610	O'Connell, Chancellor, duel with the Orange Chieftain	1 143
Objective method of studying literature.		3 868	— DANIEL	7 2624
O'belisk, The Boyne (half-tone engraving).		8 3271	— (portrait)	7 2629
O'Berne Crowe on an- cient Irish MSS.		2 xi	— and Biddy Mori- arty	MADDEN
			— a n d Catholic Emancipation	9 x
			— and the move- ment for Re- peal	1 xii
			— Anecdotes of	7 2651
			— Ballads on	8 3268
			— Bulwer on	7 xxv
			— Dickens on	7 xxv

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
O'CONNELL, D., Erin's Lament for	8 3269	O'DONOGHUE, D. J., on Carleton	2 472; 5 xvii
— defended by J. Whiteside	9 3550	— A. B. Code	2 607
— Genius of, described	7 xxvi	— William Drennan's verse	3 924
— in prison	3 811; 6 2158	— Kirkham	5 xxi
— Liberation of	3 814	— William Kenealy	5 1783
— Monument, The (half-tone engraving)	7 2645	— Lover's humor	5 2003
— on the corn laws	7 2633	— MRS. POWER	7 2703
— on death of Davis	2 823	— of the Glens	4 1596
— on home market	7 2647	O'DONOVAN, JOHN	7 2705
— on T. D'Arcy M'Gee	6 2217	— on T. C. Irwin	5 1668
— on C. Phillips	8 2888	— Work of, for Celtic literature	2 xviii
— on property tax	7 2632	— The Dead quarry	McGEE 6 2218
Origin of	HOEY 4 1588	O'DRISCOLL drove with a song	YEATS 9 3701
Sheil's Pen-and-ink Sketch of	8 3064	O'DUGAN, Maurice	3 1188
talent of, for vulgarative language	6 2281	O'FARRELL	ix
John, in prison	3 812; 6 2128	O'DUIBHME, Diarmuid	2 629
O'CONNOR, F.	10 3713	O'FARRELL, Miss Agnes	NES 10 3967
Matthew, on Faulkner	4 1262	(biography)	10 4026
Rev. Charles, compiler of the Stowe Catalogue	7 2673	O'FLYNN, Lawrence	10 3713
Captain Teige	7 2570	Father	4 1412
THOMAS POWER (portrait)	7 2655	O'er the wild gannet's bath	DARLEY 2 809
O'Corra, <i>The Voyage of the Sons of</i>	JOYCE 5 1724	Of all trades that flourished of old	LEVER 5 1958
O'CULSIN, S., Plays of	10 xv	Drinking	FLECKNOE 3 1209
O'CURNAIN, D. (biography)	10 4019	old, when Scarron invited his companions	GOLDSMITH 4 1380
O'CURRY, EUGENE	7 2663	priests we can offer	GRAVES 4 1412
— on ancient Irish MSS.	2 xi	O'FLAHERTY, CHARLES	7 2713
— extent of ancient MSS.	2 xlii	Prince of Connemara	7 2857
— Work of, for Celtic literature	2 xviii	mara	7 2716
O'DALY, Aengus, satirist.	6 vii	O'FLAHERTY's cabin in Connemara	7 2615
Ode on his Ship	BROOKE 1 280	O'FLANAGAN, JAMES RODERICK	7 2723
— Written on Leaving Ireland. From the Irish	NUGENT 3 930	Oft have we trod the vales of Castaly	WILDE 9 3594
O'DOHERTY, MRS. KEVIN IZOD (EVA MARY KELLY)	7 2675	'in the stilly night'	MOORE 7 2527
Sir Cahrl	6 2430	Ogham stones (see also Ogham)	4 3545; 7 2668
O'Donnell, a National Tale	MORGAN 7 2549	O'Garas banished from Galway	8 2917
O'Donnell. See <i>A Song of Defeat and Tombs in the Church of Montorio</i> .		Ogham explained and illustrated	2 x
Aboo	McCANN 6 2126	O'GILLARNA, Martin Rua	10 3751
(reference)	8 3270	OGLE, GEORGE	7 2734
Capture of Hugh Roe	CONNELLAN. 2 632	— a Monk of the Screw	2 797
Hugh Ruadh. See Roisin Dubh.		— duel with Barney Coyle	1 143
Red Hugh	9 ix	O'GORMAN, Secretary, duel with Thomas Wallace	1 143
in the West	7 2743	O'GRADY of Killbally-owen	4 1590
JOHN FRANCIS	7 2678	— STANDISH	7 2737
Manus, grandfather of Hugh Roe	2 635	— on H. Grattan	4 1384
O'DONNELLS banished from Galway, The	8 2917	— (portrait)	7 2737
O'DONOGHUE, DAVID J.	7 2690	— Sir Horace Plunkett on	8 2911
— on Banin's verse	1 45	— STANDISH HAYES	7 2762
		— Work of, for Celtic literature	2 xviii
O'GNIVE, Lament of	CALLANAN 2 443	O'GYGIA,	O'FLAHERTY 7 2717
O'GYGIA,		William O'Brien on	7 2615
Oh, dark, sweetest girl.	FURLONG 4 1252	Dermot Astore!	
		between waking	CRAWFORD 2 658

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Oh! drimin donn dilis!	WALSH	9 3511	O'Heffernan, the blind.....	7 vii
fairer than the lily			O'Hussey's Ode to The	
tall	FAHY	3 1133	Bard Maguire	MANGAN ... 6 2369
farewell, Ireland, I			Oilioll	4 1613
am going	STREET BAL-		Oisin (see also Ossian,	
	LAD	8 3287	Usheen)	2 xii
God, it is a dread-	KEEGAN	5 1764	and Finn	4 1455
ful night'	TYNAN-		Cause of popular-	
Green and fresh	HINKSON.	9 3461	ity of	9 3660
if there be an Ely-			in <i>Tirnanoge; or</i>	
sium on earth	MOORE	6 2342	<i>the Last of the</i>	
in the quiet haven,			<i>Fena</i>	JOYCE ... 5 1714
safe for aye	ALEXANDER.	1 8	Macpherson's	
Larry M'Hale he			poems of	7 2673
had little to fear.	LOVER	5 2001	See <i>Niam and On</i>	
love is the soul...	CODE	2 607	<i>the Colloquy of</i>	
lovely Mary Don-			<i>the Ancients?</i>	8 2917
nelly	ALLINGHAM.	1 12	O'Kanes banished from	
many a day have			Galway	8 2917
I made	CALLANAN	2 441	O'Kearney	10 3789
many and many a			O'KELLY, PATRICK	7 2779
time	GRAVES	4 1415	O'KENNEDY, RICHARD	7 2782
my dark Rosaleen.	MANGAN	6 2363	O'KEFFE, JOHN	7 2770
my fair Pashteen.	FERGUSON	3 1184	and Sir Walter	
my sweet little			Scott	7 2691
rose	FURLONG	4 1247	<i>Old Age of Queen</i>	
Paddy dear, and			Maeve, The	YEATS ... 9 3697
did ye hear	STREET BAL-		Books of Erinn	7 2670
	LAD	9 3320	Celtic Romances	JOYCE ... 5 1724, 1731
Paudrig Crohoore			Custom, An	GRiffin ... 4 1481
was the broth of			Lady Ann	CROKER ... 2 660
a boy	LE FANU	5 1942	" of Thread-	
rise up, Willy			needle Street,	
Reilly	STREET BAL-		The"	8 3076
	LAD	9 3321	Pedhar Carty	
that my love and I.	FURLONG	4 1246	from Clonmore	McCALL ... 6 2122
the clang of the			White," a nec-	
wooden shoon	MOLLOY	6 2458	dotes of	8 xviii
the fern, the fern.	GEOGHEGAN.	4 1255	O'LEARY, ARTHUR	7 2789
the French are on			Dr.	2 797
the sea	STREET BAL-		ELLEN	7 2796
	LAD	9 3313	W. B. Yeats on	3 xi
the marriage'	DAVIS	3 825	JOHN	7 2798
the rain, the			on Kickham	5 1815
weary	MANGAN	6 2373	JOSEPH	7 2803
then tell me,			as a humorist	6 xv
Shawn O'Fer-			PATRICK	10 3953
rall'	CASEY	2 572	(biography)	10 4028
there was a poor			FATHER PETER (bi-	
man	STREET BAL-		ography)	10 4028
	LAD	8 3281	(reference)	10 3941
thou Atlantic,			Olkynn, Iris	See MILLIGAN.
dark and deep	CROLY	2 749	Ollamh, described	2 xii
'tis little Mary			Ollamhs. Costumes of	3 xxiv
Cassidy's	FAHY	3 1135	O'Longan on ancient	
to have lived like			Irish MSS.	2 xi
an Irish Chief.	DUFFY	3 959	"Olwen" in The Mabi-	
turn thee to me	FURLONG	4 1244	nogion	9 3656
'twas Dermot			O'Mahon, Counsellor,	
O'Nowlan McFigg.	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713	duel with Henry	
What a Plague is			Deane Grady	1 143
Love'	TYNAN-		O'MAHONY or MAHONY,	
	HINKSON.	9 3439	F. S. (FATHER PROUT)	6 2336
what was love			O'Maille, Breanhaun	
made for	MOORE	3 1087	Crone	7 2856
who could desire			O'Mealley, Grace	7 2856
to see better			O'Meara, KATHLEEN	
sporting		10 3919	(GRACE RAMSAY)	7 2805
who is that poor	STREET BAL-		O'MEEHAN, FATHER	10 3829
foreigner	LAD	8 3288	O'mium, Jacob. See HIGGINS	
yes, 'tis true, the			O'More, Roger	9 ix
debt is due	HOGAN	4 1592	O'More's Fair Daughter.	FURLONG ... 4 1252
O'HAGAN, JOHN		7 2767	On Carrigdhoun the	
O'Hara, Kane, D. J.			heath	LANE ... 5 1865
Donoghue on wit of		6 xlii	Catholic Rights	O'CONNELL ... 7 2629
			Conciliation with	
			America	BURKE ... 1 376

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
On Euripides' plays we debated	ARMSTRONG. 1 24	O'Neill's banished from Galway	8 2917
— Great Sugartooth	GREENE 4 1424	Only Son of Aoife, The	4 1426
— Irishmen as Ru- lers	DUFFERIN 3 938	Oracles, Ancient Irish	7 2717
— Land Tenure	BUTT 2 422	Orange lilies, A story of	3 970
— Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays.	6 2277	— The	EGAN 3 1080
— a Colleen Bawn	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3310	Societies	9 3520
— 'the Colloquy of the Ancients'	ROLLESTON. 8 2968	Orangeism.	
— Commercial Treaty with France	FLOOD 3 1219	— King William	3 967
— Death of Dr. Swift	SWIFT 9 3380	— Protestant Boys	9 3311
— deck of Patrick Lynch's boat	FOX 3 1224	— The Orange Lilies	3 1080
— fourteenth day, being Tuesday.	4 1484	— The Orangeman's Submission	9 3430
— ocean that hol- lows	GRIFFIN 4 1510	— Willy Reilly	9 3321
— Old Sod (color plate)	1 xvi	Orangeman's Submis- sion, The	TONNA 9 3430
— Policy for Ire- land	MEAGHER 6 2415	Orator, Canning as	1 179
— Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America	BERKELEY 1 180	Dean Kirwan as	1 127
— Travel	FLECKNOE 3 1209	Dr. Alexander as	1 8
— Wind	MARTYN 6 2383	Father Keogh as	3 1202
O'NAHAN, WILLIAM J.	7 2814	Flood as	3 1210
Onciropolos	See JOHNSTONE.	Flood, the first real	7 x
One blessing on my na- tive isle	CURRAN 2 767	Fox as	3 1191
— day the Baron		Gladstone the greatest in the Commons	7 2657
Stiffenbach	WILLIAMS 9 3610	Grattan, hero and	4 1384
Forgotten, The	SHORTER 8 3128	Isaac Butt as	2 421
Law for All	1 384	Meagher as	6 2414
morn a Peri at the gate	MOORE 7 2509	O'Connell as	7 2624
morning by the streamlet	O'BRIEN 7 2592	Pitt as	3 1191
ranging for rec- reation	8 3269	Puff	7 2541
walking out I o'ertook	ALLINGHAM. 1 16	Sheridan as	FITZGERALD. 3 1190
night of late I chanced to stray.	STREET BAL- LAD 8 3296	Orators, Great attribute of	7 vili
touch there is of magic white	ALEXANDER. 1 9	in Irish Parlia- ment (portraits)	7 vili
winter's day, long, long ago	KEEGAN 5 1762	Oratory.	
O'NEACHTAN, J. (biog- raphy)	10 4019	— Pulpit, Bar, and Parliamentary Eloquence	BARRINGTON. 1 127
John, Translations from Irish of		— Chat ham and Townshend	BURKE 1 391
A Lament	2 768	Extracts from the Impeachment of Warren Hastings.	BURKE 1 383
Maggie Ladir	4 1249	On American Tax- ation	BURKE 1 373
O'Neill, A Life of Owen Roe'	TAYLOR 9 3390	On Conciliation with America	BURKE 1 376
Hugh	8 3018	Disarming of Ul- ster	CURRAN 2 780
and his men, A vision of	1 354	Farewell to the Irish Parliament.	CURRAN 2 783
Flight of	6 2353	Liberty of the Press	CURRAN 2 778
The rebellion of	9 ix	On Catholic Eman- cipation	CURRAN 2 774
Submission of	9 3392	Speech at Newry Election	CURRAN 2 788
of Ulster	10 3851	Last Speech	EMMET 3 1087
Moira	See SKRINE.	Speech on Robert Burns	FERGUSON. 3 1170
Owen Roe	9 ix	Defense of the Vol- unteers	FLOOD 3 1217
Sir Phelim	9 ix	On a Commercial Treaty with France	FLOOD 3 1219
or O'Neil	3 928	Reply to Grattan's Invective	FLOOD 3 1212
	957; 4 249, 1530; 7 2686	Declaration of Irish Rights	GRATTAN 4 1387
		Of the Injustice of Disqualification of Catholics	GRATTAN 4 1405

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Oratory.				
— <i>Philippic against Flood</i>	GRATTAN ..	4 1400	ORR, JAMES	7 2839
— <i>Glory of Ireland</i>	MEAGHER ..	6 2420	— <i>The Wake of William</i>	DRENNAN .. 3 925
— <i>On the Policy for Ireland</i>	MEAGHER ..	6 2415	Orrery, Lord, Swift and Faulkner	4 1263
— <i>Speech from the Dock</i>	MEAGHER ..	6 2424	O'Ryan was a man of might	HALPINE .. 4 1540
— <i>Justice for Ireland</i>	O'CONNELL ..	7 2641	Osborne, Anecdote of Sir William	2 425
— <i>On Catholic Rights</i>	O'CONNELL ..	7 2629	Oscar, Keen, light-footed	7 2766
— <i>Common Citizen Soldier</i>	O'REILLY ..	7 2825	— Strength of	5 1723
— <i>Address Before the House, Washington</i>	PARNELL ..	7 2861	— with edged blade fighting	4 1525
— <i>Ambition of the Irish Patriot</i>	PHILLIPS ..	8 2892	Osgar (Oscur), grandson of Ossia	4 1455; 8 2753
— <i>Eulogy of Washington</i>	PHILLIPS ..	8 2891	O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR	7 2842
— <i>The Union</i>	PLUNKET ..	8 2896	O'SHEA, P. J.	10 3843
— <i>First Step toward Home Rule</i>	REDMOND ..	8 2926	(biography)	10 4029
— <i>Ireland's Part in English Achievement</i>	SHEIL	8 3057	Ossian (see also Oisin)	8 2990
— <i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax</i>	SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	(biography)	10 4020
— <i>In Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy</i>	WHITESIDE. 9	3550	— and Patrick, Lay of GWYNN ..	4 1523
— A century of. See <i>The Irish School of Oratory</i> .			— and St. Patrick	2 xvi; 4 1601
— in America, Bryce on		1 337	— <i>The Burthen of...</i> O'GRADY ..	7 2752
— Irish, pitched in a high key		7 viii	— See MACALEESE and <i>The Celts</i> .	
— Masters in		7 xxviii	— Ossianic lays, The	4 1606
— <i>The Irish School of...</i> TAYLOR ..		7 viii	— manuscripts in the Trinity College collection	7 2672
O'Reilly. See <i>Mackenna's Dream</i>		8 3297	— or Finn Cycle	2 629
— (Father) on naming children		4 1610	— poems, The	6 2231
JOHN BOYLE (portrait)		7 2825	— prose romances	8 2968
— His Life, Poems, and Speeches		7 2825	Ossian's prose among the Irish people	4 1609
— on Fanny Par nell's Land League songs		7 2870	Ossin, Ossian, or Oisin	5 1705
— Private Miles. See HALPINE.			O'Sullivan Bear, Dirge of	CALLANAN . 2 445
— Myles, F. M. Egan on		5 viii	— Gaelic	3 vii
Orford, Lord, on an Irish bull		3 1058	— Red	3 viii
Oriel, Dubhdun, King of		4 1623	— Rev. S. on the Burial of Sir John Moore	9 3632
Oriental bull, An		3 1056	Othello at Drill	LEVER .. 5 1979
— folk lore and Irish life		3 xvii	O'Trigger, Sir Lucius (character in 'The Rivals')	8 3082, 3088
Origin of Life, The	KELVIN ..	5 1784	O'Tundher	9 3515
— O'Connell	HOEY ..	4 1588	OTWAY, CÆSAR	7 2848
— the Irish, The	WARE ..	9 3547	— 'Old Master, The'	BARLOW .. 1 114
Originality of ancient Irish literature		1 viii	— <i>Plaid Shawl, The</i> FAHY	3 1134
— <i>Irish Bulls Examined</i> . The	EDGEWORTH ..	3 1055	— (color plate)	10 Front
Ormond, M. F. Egan on		5 xi	Our Exiles	SULLIVAN .. 9 3328
Ormonde on the massacre at Drogheda		7 2567, 2573	— long dispute must close	CROLY .. 2 1747
Ormsby, Sir Charles; a story of the butcher		1 144	— Manifold Nature, Stories from Life	MACFALL .. 6 2206
Oro, O darling Fair! SIGERSON ..		8 3142	— own Times, History of	MCCARTHY .. 6 2148
O'Dourke, Daniel	MAGINN ..	6 2313	— Road	MACMANUS .. 6 2273
O'Rory converses with the Quality	MORGAN ..	7 2549	— Thrones Decay	RUSSELL .. 8 3001
ORE, ANDREW		7 2837	Ourselves Alone	O'HAGAN .. 7 2767
			Out of Order	7 2793
			— upon the sand-dunes	TYNAN-HINKSON. 9 3460
			Outer, Lough	6 2277
			Outlaw of Loch Lene, The	CALLANAN .. 2 441
			— Outline of Irish History, An'	MCCARTHY .. 6 2174
				2179
			Outside Car (half-tone engraving)	2 788

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Outworn heart, in a time outworn	YEATS	9 3705	PARNELL, C. S., Address of, before the House, Washington, Feb. 2, 1879	7 2861	
Over here in England..	SKRINE	8 3154	— and the Land League	9 xi	
— moving water and surges white	MILLIGAN	6 2435	— National League	9 xi	
— the carnage rose prophetic a Voice	7 2827		— J. H. McCarthy on	6 2177	
Oveton, Father Richard, slain at Drogheda	7 2573		— Life of Charles Stewart'	O'BRIEN ... 7 2607 2611	
Owen Bawn	3 1179		— on the Manchester martyrs	7 2608	
— King of Munster..	2 444		— Service of, to English legislation	6 2178	
— Mór, King of Fern-mag	4 1616		— went into Politics, Why	O'BRIEN ... 7 2607	
— Roe (see also A Glance at Ireland's History)	3 959		— Epitaph on Doctor GOLDSMITH. 4 1383		
— O'Neill, Life of	TAYLOR	9 3390	— FANNY	7 2870	
Ownabhee, The	5 1865		— W. B. Yeats on	3 xii	
Ox Mountains, The.....	6 2229		— Sir John, and Ireland's independence	6 2170	
P.					
Pacata Hibernia	O'GRADY	7 2740	— Chancellor of the Exchequer	1 135	
— Author of	7 2744		— THOMAS	7 2874	
Paddy, agra, run down to the bog	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3285	— English poet	6 2177	
— Blake and the echo	3 1056		— W. B. Yeats on	3 vii	
— Corcoran's Wife	CARLETON	2 562	Parodist, Maginn the best	6 xiv	
— Fret, the Priest's Boy	O'DONNELL	7 2678	Parsons as a Monk of the Screw	5 1957	
— MacCarthy	HOGAN	4 1594	Partholomans, The	9 vii	
— the Piper	LOVER	5 2055	Partholan	2 xi	
Pagan Irish, Esthetic sensibility of the	2 xviii		Parties in Ireland in 1798	9 3426	
Pain's 'Age of Reason' condemned	9 3521		— The Chiefs of	MADDEN ... 6 2284	
Painting, Expression of female beauty by	5 1924		Partners in Crime	GRIFFIN ... 4 1494	
Pale, The	4 1255		Party Fight and Funeral'	CARLETON ... 2 559	
— English of the	9 3391		Passing of the Gael, The	MACMANUS ... 6 2267	
— The English	10 3867		Pasteur, Pouchet, and Bastian	5 1784	
Paler and thinner the morning	M'GEE	6 2222	Pastha, The, described	3 xx	
Palestine	7 2517		Pastheen Fion. From the Irish	FERGUSON ... 3 1184	
Paley's 'Natural Theology'	5 1787		Pat (comic paper)	6 x	
Palliser, Archbishop	5 1915		Pater, Walter, on George Moore	7 2483	
Palmerston, Lord	3 941		Pathos in Irish humor	6 viii	
Pamphlet, Power of the	7 ix		Patience of the Irish peasant	3 855	
Pamphleteer, Swift as a BOYLE	1 260		Patrician Bards, The	2 xviii	
Pantheon, The early Irish	9 3344		Patrick, A Lay of Ossian and	GWYNN ... 4 1523	
Paradise and the Peri	MOORE	7 2509	— and Ossian. See also Saint Patrick.	7 2753	
Paralon, or Migdonia	4 1484		— Sheehan	KICKHAM ... 5 1831	
Parents and children, Affection between	6 2196		Patriot, The Ambition of the Irish	PHILLIPS ... 7 2892	
Parliament, Farewell to the Irish	CURRAN ...	2 783	Patriotic Songs, Songs of War, etc.		
— How Ireland Lost her	McCARTHY	6 2161	— Siege of Derry	ALEXANDER. 1 3	
— Irish Houses of (half-tone engraving)	2 786		— "He said that he was not our brother"	BANIM ... 1 58	
— of Ireland closed	6 2170		— The Sword	BARRY ... 1 149	
— The rights of	6 2464		— The Saxon Shilling	BUFFY ... 1 358	
'Parliamentary Reform, Speech on'	2 465		— Gougane Barra	CALLANAN ... 2 439	
— speaking, Canning on	1 170		— "O say my brown drimin'"	CALLANAN ... 2 442	
PARNELL, CHARLES STEWART (portrait)	7 2860		— Rising of the Moon	CASEY ... 2 572	
			— Green little Sham-rock of Ireland	CHERRY ... 2 587	

Patriotic and War Songs.	VOL.	PAGE	Patriotic and War Songs.	VOL.	PAGE
— <i>The Fighting Race</i> CLARKE ... 2 598			— <i>Salutation of the Celts</i> M'GEE ... 6 2226		
— <i>Wearing of the Green</i> CURRAN ... 2 767			— <i>To Duffy in Prison</i> M'GEE ... 6 2220		
— <i>Fontenoy</i> DAVIS ... 3 823			— <i>My Inver Bay</i> MACMANUS ... 6 2264		
— <i>My Grave</i> DAVIS ... 3 827			— <i>Passing of the Gael</i> MACMANUS ... 6 2267		
— <i>My Land</i> DAVIS ... 3 831			— <i>Shielan-Gara</i> MACMANUS ... 6 2271		
— <i>A Nation once again</i> DAVIS ... 3 827			— <i>Dark Rosaleen</i> MANGAN ... 6 2363		
— <i>The West's Asleep</i> DAVIS ... 3 828			— <i>Fair Hills of Eiré</i> MANGAN ... 6 2378		
— <i>A Cushla Gal mo Chree</i> DOHENY ... 3 864			— <i>Kathleen-Ny-Hou-lahan</i> MANGAN ... 6 2380		
— <i>Brigade at Fontenoy</i> DOWLING ... 3 878			— <i>Kinkora</i> MANGAN ... 6 2377		
— <i>Erin</i> DRENNAN ... 3 924			— <i>Lament</i> MANGAN ... 6 2352		
— <i>Wake of W. Orr</i> DRENNAN ... 3 925			— <i>Buried Forests of Erin</i> MILLIGAN ... 6 2437		
— <i>Battle of Beal-Atha-Buidh</i> DRENNAN ... 3 928			— <i>After the Battle</i> MOORE ... 7 2536		
— <i>Ode on Leaving Ireland</i> DRUMMOND ... 3 930			— <i>'Fairest put on awhile'</i> MOORE ... 7 2529		
— <i>Innishowen</i> DUFFY ... 3 961			— <i>'Go where glory waits thee'</i> MOORE ... 7 2530		
— <i>Irish Chiefs</i> DUFFY ... 3 959			— <i>Irish Peasant to his Mistress</i> MOORE ... 7 2536		
— <i>Irish Rapparees</i> DUFFY ... 3 957			— <i>Meeting of the Waters</i> MOORE ... 7 2532		
— <i>Muster of the North</i> DUFFY ... 3 954			— <i>The Minstrel Boy</i> MOORE ... 7 2535		
— <i>Lines on Arbor Hill</i> EMMET ... 3 1094			— <i>'O the sight entrancing'</i> MOORE ... 7 2531		
— <i>Fair Hills of Ireland</i> FERGUSON ... 3 1185			— <i>'Rich and rare were the gems she wore'</i> MOORE ... 7 2532		
— <i>Song of the Irish Emigrant</i> FITZSIMON ... 3 1206			— <i>Song of Fiannuala</i> MOORE ... 7 2534		
— <i>County of Mayo</i> FOX ... 3 1224			— <i>The harp that once</i> MOORE ... 7 2535		
— <i>Roisin Dubh</i> FURLONG ... 4 1247			— <i>'When he who adores thee'</i> MOORE ... 7 2534		
— <i>Sorrowful Lament for Ireland</i> GREGORY ... 4 1459			— <i>Loch Ina</i> O'BRIEN ... 7 2602		
— <i>Ireland</i> GWYNN ... 4 1532			— <i>Tipperary</i> O'DOHERTY ... 7 2675		
— <i>Song of Defeat</i> GWYNN ... 4 1529			— <i>Spinning Song</i> O'DONNELL ... 7 2686		
— "Not a star from the flag shall fade" HALPINE ... 4 1539			— <i>Tombs in the Church of Montorio</i> O'DONNELL ... 7 2684		
— <i>Sarsfield Testimonial</i> HOGAN ... 4 1592			— <i>'I give my heart to thee'</i> O'GRADY ... 7 2760		
— <i>Memory of the Dead</i> INGRAM ... 5 1659			— <i>Dear Land</i> O'HAGAN ... 7 2768		
— <i>Ways of War</i> JOHNSON ... 5 1699			— <i>Ourselves Alone</i> O'HAGAN ... 7 2767		
— <i>Blacksmith of Limerick</i> JOYCE ... 5 1741			— <i>To God and Ireland True</i> O'LEARY ... 7 2796		
— <i>Crossing the Blackwater</i> JOYCE ... 5 1744			— <i>At Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862</i> O'REILLY ... 7 2831		
— <i>Fineen, the Rover</i> JOYCE ... 5 1743			— <i>Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer</i> O'REILLY ... 7 2830		
— <i>Irish Reapers' Harvest Hymn</i> KEEGAN ... 5 1765			— <i>From 'Wendell Phillips'</i> O'REILLY ... 7 2836		
— <i>Rory of the Hill</i> KICKHAM ... 5 1829			— <i>Mayflower</i> O'REILLY ... 7 2834		
— <i>Royal Love</i> LEAMY ... 5 1910			— <i>In Exile: Australia</i> ORR ... 7 2837		
— <i>Exiles Return</i> LOCKE ... 5 2003			— <i>The Irishman</i> ORR ... 7 2839		
— <i>War-Ships of Peace</i> LOVER ... 6 2085			— <i>Song of an Exile</i> ORR ... 7 2840		
— <i>The Croppy Boy</i> MC'BURNEY ... 6 2115			— <i>Erin, my Queen</i> PARNELL ... 7 2873		
— <i>Good Ship Castle Down</i> MC'BURNEY ... 6 2113			— <i>Hold the Harvest</i> PARNELL ... 7 2871		
— <i>O'Donnell Aboo</i> McCANN ... 6 2126			— <i>Post-Mortem</i> PARNELL ... 7 2870		
— <i>Pillar Towers of Ireland</i> MACCARTHY ... 6 2130			— <i>Fight of the Arm-strong Privateer</i> ROCHE ... 8 2961		
— <i>To my Buried Rifle</i> MCCARTHY ... 6 2172			— <i>Edward Duffy</i> ROSSA ... 8 2983		
— <i>The fair hills of Erin</i> MC CON MARA ... 10 3937			— <i>Shane's Head</i> SAVAGE ... 8 3024		
— <i>The Irish Exile</i> MAC DER MOTT ... 6 2189			— <i>The Lost Tribune</i> SIGERSON ... 8 3133		
— <i>Am I Remembered?</i> M'GEE ... 6 2225			— <i>Corrymeela</i> SKRINE ... 8 3154		
— <i>The Celts</i> M'GEE ... 6 2223			— <i>Lament for King Ivor</i> STOKES ... 8 3260		
— <i>Dead Antiquary, O'Donovan</i> M'GEE ... 6 2218			— <i>The Boyne Water</i> STREET BAL-LAD ... 8 3271		
— <i>Death of the Home-ward Bound</i> M'GEE ... 6 2222			— <i>Mackenna's Dream</i> STREET BAL-LAD ... 8 3296		
			— <i>By Memory Inspired</i> STREET BAL-LAD ... 8 3274		

Patriotic and War Songs.	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
— Protestant Boys.. STREET BAL-			People, Amusements of O'BRIEN ...	7 2620
LAD	9	3311	'Perhaps'	WYNNE ... 9 3649
— Shan Van Vocht.. STREET BAL-			Persecution by Protest-	
LAD	9	3313	ants and Roman Cath-	
— Wearin' o' the Green	STREET BAL-		olics alike	7 2790
LAD	9	3320	'Personal Narrative of	
— Dear old Ireland.. SULLIVAN ..	9	3341	a Pilgrimage to	
— God save Ireland.. SULLIVAN ..	9	3339	El Medinah and	
— Fairy Gold	TODHUNTER. 9	3411	Mecca'	BURTON ... 2 408
— Longing	TODHUNTER. 9	3408	'Sketches'	BARRINGTON. 1 127
— The Maiden City.. TONNA	9	3428	129, 138, 141	
— Orangeman's Sub-			Personification of Ire-	
mission	TONNA	9	land	vill
— 'Oh, green and			Perry, E. S., Speaker of	
fresh	TYNAN-		Irish House of Par-	
HINKSON. 9	3461		liament	7 ix
— The Exodus	WILDE	9	Petre, Lord, and Father	
— To Ireland	WILDE	9	O'Leary	7 2793
— Farewell to Amer-			PETRIE, GEORGE	8 2879
ica	WILDE	9	on the Round Tow-	
— Munster War-Song.. WILLIAMS .	9	3607	Petrie's 'Christian De-	
Patriotism.			scriptions' (cited)	9 3484
— Archbishop Ireland			Petticoats, Ancient Irish	9 3495
on		5	Phantom Ship, The	MILLIGAN . 6 2435
— of the Irish		2	Phaudrig Crohoore	LE FANU . 5 1942
— See <i>Nationality and Imperialism</i> .			Philandering	BOYLE . 1 277
Patterson, Chief Justice			Philippic Against Flood.. GRATTAN . 4 1400	
C. P. duels with gen-			Phillips, Bishop, of Kil-	
tlemen		1	lala	6 2232
PAYNE, PERCY SOMERS	7	2878	PHILLIPS, CHARLES	8 2888
Pearce, Sir Edward	5	1914	— Sir Thomas, pri-	
Pearl of the White			vate collector of	
Breast	PETRIE	8	Irish MISS	
— Peasant Lore from			'Philip-Junius.' See Sir	
Gaelic Ireland'. DEENY	3	845	Philip Francis.	
846, 847			Philology.	
— to his Mistress,			— Poetry of Words.. TRENCH ... 9 3434	
The Irish	MOORE	7	— Language of the	
— Superstitions of			Ancient Irish	WARE ... 9 3544
the Irish		6	— Place names in	
— English and Irish,			Ireland	6 2228
compared		5	— Surnames of the	
Peasantry and landlords	1	138	Ancient Irish	WARE ... 9 3546
— Character of the			Philosopher, Emerson,	
Irish	1 138; 3 854; 6	2193	The	7 2556
— Conditions of the		9 3426	— Philosophical Survey	
— Dress of the		9 3495	of the South of Ire-	
Peck, H. T., on George			land, A'	7 2695
Moore		7 2483	Philosophy.	
Pedersen, Dr., on the			— Extracts from 'The	
Irish vocabulary		4 1607	Querist'	BERKELEY . 1 177
Peel, Sir R., Challenge			— Glimpse of his	
of, to O'Connell		7 2625	Country House	BERKELEY . 1 175
— on E. Burke		1 -x	— True Pleasures	BERKELEY . 1 174
'Peep O'Day, The'	BANIM	1 46	— Thoughts on Vari-	
Peggy Brocne. From			ous Subjects	SWIFT ... 9 3377
the Irish	FURLONG ..	4 1252	— Twelve Articles	SWIFT ... 9 3388
Pelasgic style of archi-			Phoenix Park	1 146
ture			Phooka's Tower, The	6 2313
— Pen and Ink Sketch of			Phosphor, The Planet	
Daniel O'Connell' .. SHEIL ..	8	3064	Venus, Hesperus and CLARKE ... 2 601	
Penal Days, Women in			Picture of Ulster	MCNEVIN .. 6 2274
Ireland in	ATKINSON .	1 28	Pig Fair (half-tone en-	
Laws	McCarthy ..	6 2179	graving)	7 2484
(reference)		7 2615	— Pilgrimage to El Me-	
Injustice of the		5 1838	dinah and Mecca, Per-	
of 1695-97		9	sonal Narrative of a	
servitude, The hor-		x	BURTON ... 1 408	
rors of		3 839	Pilgrimages in olden	
— Penny numbers, The			times	1 32
evils of		2 640	Pilgrims	ARMSTRONG. 1 26
Pensions for veterans of			Pilkington, John Carta-	
the civil war		7 2829	ret	7 2693
Pentonville Prison	3	839	Pillar Towers of Ire-	
			land, The	MACCARTHY. 6 2130
			Pillars of Hercules	2 749
			Pinchbeck Heroes, The	
			Worship of	GOLDSMITH. 4 1338

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Piozzi, Signor	6 2471	Poets of Young Ireland, W. B. Yeats on.....	3 viii
Piper, A Blind Irish (half-tone engraving)	5 1762	Pole, Wellesley, a Monk of the Screw.....	5 1957
Pitch-capping	9 3447	Polemical ballads, On.....	8 3268
Pitt, William	MADDEN 6 2284	Policy for Ireland, On the	MEAGHER.. 6 2415
— and Sheridan	3 1194	Political humor	6 ix
— on Grattan's oratory	7 xv	— satire. See <i>Rack-renters on the Stump</i> .	
— Sheridan's retort on	8 3122		
Pitt's First Income Tax Bill, Speech in Opposition to	SHERIDAN .. 8 3072	Politics and Government.	
Pity of Love, The.....	YEATS .. 9 3704	— <i>Swift as a Pamphleteer</i> .. BOYLE .. 1 260	
Place of Rest, The.....	RUSSELL .. 8 2997	— England and Ireland .. BRYCE .. 1 346	
— names in Ireland	6 2228	— <i>Chatham and Townshend</i> .. BURKE .. 1 391	
Placidia	5 1925	— <i>Extracts from a Letter to a Noble Lord</i> .. BURKE .. 1 379	
Plague in Ireland, The Famine and the	1 58	— <i>Extracts from the Impeachment of Warren Hastings</i> BURKE .. 1 383	
Planet Venus, Hesperus and Phosphor, The.	CLARKE .. 2 601	— <i>On American Taxation</i> .. BURKE .. 1 373	
Plato	2 603	— <i>On Conciliation with America</i> .. BURKE .. 1 376	
Plato's 'Timaeus'	2 749	— <i>On Land Tenure</i> .. BUTT .. 2 422	
Players in London during the reign of Henry VII.....	6 2347	— <i>On the English Constitution</i> .. CANNING .. 2 465	
Plea for Liberty of Con-science	O'LEARY .. 7 2789	— <i>Disarming of Ulster</i> .. CURRAN .. 2 780	
— the Study of Irish, A	O'BRIEN .. 7 2614	— <i>Farewell to the Irish Parliament</i> CURRAN .. 2 783	
'Pleasant Ned Lyons'	6 2106	— <i>Liberty of the Press</i> .. CURRAN .. 2 778	
Pleasing, The Art of	STEELE .. 8 3206	— <i>On Catholic Emancipation</i> .. CURRAN .. 2 773	
Plebeian bards, The.....	3 xviii	— <i>Speech at Newry Election</i> .. CURRAN .. 2 788	
Pledge, Signing the	6 2398	— <i>How the Anglo-Irish Problem Could be Solved</i> DAVITT .. 3 832	
Plowter, The	COLUM .. 2 612	— <i>How to Govern Ireland</i> .. DE VERE .. 3 854	
PLUNKET, WILLIAM CONYNGHAM	8 2894	— <i>On Irishmen as Rulers</i> .. DUFFERIN.. 3 938	
— A master of oratory	7 xxviii	— <i>On a Commercial Treaty with France</i> .. FLOOD .. 3 1219	
— and the Irish national Parliament	6 2171	— <i>Reply to Grattan's Invective</i> .. FLOOD .. 3 1212	
— as a Monk of the Screw	5 1957	— <i>To the Duke of Grafton</i> .. FRANCIS .. 3 1228	
— Bulwer on	7 xxv	— <i>Duty of Criticism in a Democracy</i> GODKIN .. 4 1290	
— Oratory of, de-scribed	7 xxv	— <i>Liberty in England</i> .. GOLDSMITH. 4 1331	
PLUNKETT, SIR HORACE (portrait)	8 2908	— <i>Declaration of Irish Rights</i> .. GRATTAN .. 4 1388	
Pocket boroughs, Irish Parliament elected by	6 2162	— <i>Of the Injustice of Disqualification of Catholics</i> .. GRATTAN .. 4 1405	
Pockrich, Richard, in-ventor of the musical glasses	7 2690	— <i>Philippic against Flood</i> .. GRATTAN .. 4 1400	
'Poems'	YEATS .. 9 3704	— <i>Native Land of Liberty</i> .. IRELAND .. 5 1662	
Poet and Publisher	JOHNSTONE .. 5 1709	— <i>Politics at Dinner</i> KING .. 5 1833	
— How to Become a FAHY	3 1124	— <i>Faith of a Felon</i> .. LALOR .. 5 1855	
Poetry. (All poems are indexed under their titles and first lines.)		— <i>Beginnings of Home Rule</i> .. McCARTHY.. 6 2174	
— Irish, E. Spenser on	4 .. ix	— <i>How Ireland Lost Her Parliament</i> McCARTHY.. 6 2161	
— Modern Irish, Yeats on	4 .. vii	— <i>The Irish Church</i> McCARTHY.. 6 2148	
— of Words, The	TRENCH .. 9 3434		
Poet's Corner in West-minster Abbey	4 1319		
'Poets and Dreamers'. GREGORY	4 1455		
— in Ancient Ireland	2 xviii		
— of the Agrarian movement	3 xii		
— Fenian movement	3 xi		
— Nation. See Modern Irish Literature.			

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Polities and Government.			
— <i>Penal Laws, The..</i> MACCARTHY.	6 2179	Poynings Act passed in 1495	9 ix
— <i>On the Policy for Ireland</i>	MEAGHER ..	— Law	3 1210, 1213; 4 1395
— <i>A Nation's Right.</i> MOLYNEUX ..	6 2460	1401, 1403; 6 2161; 9 3390	
— <i>Colonial Slavery,</i> 1881	O'CONNELL ..	— Repealed	9 x
— <i>Justice for Ireland</i>	O'CONNELL ..	<i>Practical Illustration, A.</i> SHAW ..	8 3035
— <i>On Catholic Rights</i> O'CONNELL ..	7 2629	joking	8 xvi
— <i>Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate</i>	O'CONNOR ..	Prejudices, Swift on	9 3377
— <i>Address Before the House, Washington</i>	PARNELL ..	Racial	8 2995
— <i>The Union</i>	PLUNKET ..	Premium, Mr. (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3105
— <i>First Step toward Home Rule</i>	REDMOND ..	PRENDERGAST, JOHN	
— <i>Nationality and Imperialism</i>	RUSSELL ..	PATRICK	8 2913
— <i>Ireland's Part in English Achievement</i>	SHEIL ..	Prentice boys, The	9 3428
— <i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income-Tax</i> SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	Preponderance of Protestant power	9 3423
— <i>Our Exiles</i>	SULLIVAN ..	Presentation at the Vice-regal court, Dublin	1 246; 6 2203
— <i>Brass Half-pence</i> SWIFT	9 3369	Press, Liberty of the. DE VERE ..	3 852
— <i>Short View of Ireland</i>	SWIFT	— <i>The Liberty of the CURRAN</i> ..	2 778
— <i>Essay on the State of Ireland in 1720</i>	TONE	<i>Preternatural in Fiction.</i> BURTON ..	1 404
— <i>State of Ireland in 1798, The</i>	TONE	Prevalence of Irish humor	6 x
— <i>Some College Recollections</i>	WALSH ..	Priest, Love of Irish for BANIM ..	1 56
<i>Politics at Dinner</i>	KING ..	Priest's Brother, The.. SHORTER ..	8 3130
Bryce on American.....	1 338	Soul, The	4 3561
Pollruane	7 2763	Priests at Drogheda, Murder of the	7 2572
Pooka, The, described (see also Phooka)	3 xix	Primitive Irish, Antiquity of the	2 viii
Pope, A., on Sir John Denham	3 849	Prince of Dublin Printers, The	GILBERT .. 4 1258
— on the Earl of Roscommon	8 2981	— of Inismore, The.. MORGAN ..	7 2543
Poppaea, The Empress.....	2 740	Princess Talleyrand as 'A Critic, The'	BLESSINGTON 1 212
Popular Superstitions. See <i>The Celtic Element in Literature</i> ; Superstitions; Fairy and Folk tales, etc.		Principles of Government'	O'BRIEN .. 7 2620
Population of Ireland, Decrease in	9 3410	Printers, <i>The Prince of Dublin</i>	GILBERT .. 4 1258
Portland, Duke of, on the Union	8 2897	Prison Code, The	6 2178
Portlaoise to Paradise, From	DOWNEY ..	— Diary, Leaves from a'	DAVITT. 3 832, 837
Portmore	3 928	— To Duffy in	M'GEE .. 6 2220
Portsalon	6 2432	Private Miles O'Reilly. See HALPINE.	
Portstewart	4 1518	'Problems of Modern Democracy'	GODKIN .. 4 1290
Position of Women in the United States... BRYCE ..	1 343	Procession of peers at Lord Santry's trial	7 2725
Positiveness, Swift on.....	9 3377	Proclamation, a concerning Shane the Proud	10 3343
Posterity, Sir Boyle Roche on	1 135	Procrastination, Evils of	4 1535
Post-Mortem	PARNELL ..	Progress, Human	1 175
Pot of Broth, The.....	7 2870	Proleke Stone, The (half-tone engraving)	7 2666
Post Office, The, in 1830 (half-tone engraving)	10 xiv	Promised Wife, To my. WALSH ..	9 3510
Potato failure of 1846.....	6 2107	Progresses (migrations)	2 xii
"Potatoes and point"	4 1572	Property tax, O'Connell on the	7 2633
'Poteen Punch'	BODKIN ..	Prophecy regarding Jacob's Stone, The	7 2717
Poulanass	1 232	Prosecutions, Evils of State	9 3552
Poul-a-Phooka (half-tone engraving)	5 2052	Prospect, A	6 2107
	5 1796	Prospecting in Montana	3 965
		Protection to American Industry	4 1296
		Protestant Boys	STREET BAL-LAD .. 9 3311
		— Garrison in Ireland, The	6 2153, 2156
		— power in Ireland	9 3423
		— The great orators in Irish Parliaments were	7 viii

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE	
Proud of you, fond of you	DOWNING ..	3	916	Racing, Irish love of	8	xlii
Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding. McCANN . . .	6	2126	Rackett Lady(character in 'Three Weeks After Marriage')	7	2564	
PROUT, Father. See MAHONY.			Sir Charles (char- acter in 'Three Weeks After Mar- riage')	7	2564	
— Famous Blarney- Stone stanza of, in <i>The Groves of Blarney</i>	6	2441	Rackrenters on the <i>Stump</i>	SULLIVAN ..	9	3333
— on 'Lalla Rookh.'	6	2342	Raftery, Anthony	10	3917, 3923	
— Moore's 'Nation- al Melody'	6	2342, 2345	(biography)	10	4022	
— T. C. Croker	2	680	and Mary Hynes	9	3667	
'Reliques of Fa- ther'	MAHONY ..	6	and the Bush	9	3671	
Proverbs, Early Irish, joyous	6	vii	How long has it been said	10	3917	
— See Irish Ranns	10	3833	The Cuis Da plé	10	3917	
Prussia, The King of, cited on land tenure	7	2866	Raftery's poems among the people	4	1609	
Psalter of Rosbrine	7	2853	poetry	9	3671	
Psalters of Tara and Cashel, The	7	2664	Repentance	HYDE ..	10	3911
Psychological method of studying literature	3	868	Raglan, Lord, at Bal- aklava	8	3012	
Public opinion, Effect of French Revolution on	9	3424	Railroad Story, A. See <i>In the Engine-Shed</i> .			
Puca, The, becomes Puck in Shakespeare	4	ix	Raise the Cromlech high	ROLLESTON ..	8	2975
Pue's Occurrences (a Dublin newspaper)	5	1919	'Raising the Wind'	KENNEY ..	5	1805
Puff, Orator	MOORE ..	7	Rakes of Mallow, The STREET BAL- LAD	9	3312	
Pugin's 'Revival of Christian Architecture' (quoted)	8	3238	Raleigh in Munster	DOWNEY ..	3	909
Pulpit, Bar, and Parlia- mentary Eloquence	BARRINGTON. 1	127	Rambling Reminiscen- ces	MILLIGAN ..	6	2427
Purdon, Epitaph on Ed- ward	GOLDSMITH. 4	1383	Ramelton	4	1512; 6	2252
Put your head, darling. FERGUSON... .	3	1183	Ramillie cock-hat, The	9	3496	
Pyramids, The	WARBURTON. 9	3529	Ramsay, Grace. See O'MEARA.			
Pythagoras	2	602	Randle, Dr., Bishop of Derry, cited on Lord Santry's Trial	7	2726	
Q.						
Quare Gander, The	LE FANU ..	5	Ranelagh Gardens	1	165	
Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'enterre. MAROT . . .	6	2338	Ranns, Irish	10	3833	
Quarrelsome Irishmen	O'KEEFFE ..	7	Raphoe, Donegal	6	2251	
Quarterly Review, The, founded by John Wil- son	CROKER ..	2	Rapparee, The, among the hill fern	3	1255	
Quebec, Darby Doyle's Voyage to	ETTINGSALL. 3	1114	Rapparees, The Irish	DUFFY ..	3	957
Queen and Cromwell, The	WILLS ..	9	Raps	9	3369	
Queen's County Witch, A (fairy and folk tale)	ANONYMOUS. 3	1150	Rath Maolain (Rath- mullen)	2	633	
Queenstown (half-tone engraving)	2	427	— of Croghan, The	3	1162	
Querist, Extracts from The	BERKELEY..	1	Cruane	7	2752	
Querns or hand-mills	5	1736	Rathdowney	3	1150	
Quiet Irish Talk, A	KEELING ..	5	Rathdrum, Beautiful scenery between Ark- low and	7	2532	
Quin, Matthew and Mary	8	2915	Rathmore	2	573	
Quotation, A Pointed	7	2652	Rathmullen	6	2431	
R.						
Rabelais	3	873	Hugh Roe at	2	633	
Race prejudices	8	2995	Ray, T. M., and Repeal	9	x	
Racial flavor in Irish literature	2	xviii	in Prison	6	2128	
<i>The Social Condi- tion of Europe'</i>						
READ, CHARLES ANDER- SON			Ray's 'Social Condi- tion of Europe'	2	423	
Reason for Accepting the Doctrine of Pur- gatory (anecdote)			READ, CHARLES ANDER- SON	8	2918	
Rebel chaunt, A			— out the names	CLARKE ..	2	598
Rebellion of 1798			Reaper's Harvest Hymn, The Irish	KEEGAN ..	5	1765
Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism			Reason for Accepting the Doctrine of Pur- gatory (anecdote)	7	2793	
O'LEARY	7	2798	Rebel chaunt, A	6	2113	
			Rebellion of 1798	9	x	

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Recollections of John O'Keeffe, The'	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2771	Repeal movement, The, effect of, on literature	1 xii
Recruiting Song, Tipperary	STREET BAL- LAD .. 9 3318	— of the Union	O'CONNELL .. 6 2644
Red Bog, Bog Cotton on the	O'BRIEN .. 7 2591	Repealers in Prison and Out	DAUNT .. 3 811
— Branch Cycle, The	2 xi; 2 804	Remember, Denis, all I bade you say	FORRESTER .. 3 1222
— Knights, The	7 2748, 2749	Representative, The Duties of a	BURKE .. 1 391
— House of the	5 1741; 7 2593	Rest	PAYNE .. 7 2878
— Duck, The (folk song). { Gaelic by HYDE .. } English by WELSH ..	10 3779	Retaliation, Extracts from	GOLDSMITH .. 4 1380
— Man's Wife, The (folk song)	HYDE .. 10 3749	Retentive Memory (anecdote of O'Connell)	7 2654
— Pony, The	LARMINIE .. 5 1866	'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation'	MADDEN .. 6 2281
REDMOND, JOHN EDWARD (portrait)	8 2926	Revenue, Irish, decrease in	9 3416
Reform and Emancipation	8 3058	Revolution of 1798.	
— Speech on Parliament	CANNING .. 2 465	— Lynch Law on Vinegar Hill	RANIM .. 1 76
Reformation, The	9 ix	— Rising of the Moon	CASEY .. 2 572
— Carlyle on the	3 951	— Lines on the Burying Ground of Arbor Hill	EMMET .. 3 1094
Registration of Voters Bill, The Irish	6 2176	— Memory of the Dead	INGRAM .. 5 1659
Rehan, Ada, as Lady Teazle (portrait)	8 3105	— Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798	LEADBEATER .. 5 1886
REID, MAYNE	7 2932	— Shamus O'Brien.. LE FANU .. 5 1937	
Reign of Terror, The	6 678	— How Ireland Lost her Parliament	MCCARTHY .. 6 2161
Related Souls	WILDE .. 9 3572	— The Irish Church	MCCARTHY .. 6 2148
‘Relation of Amboya, The’	6 2573	— Noble Lord, A.. MURPHY .. 7 2574	
Relatives, Auctioning Off One's	SHERIDAN.. 8 3105	— Capture of Wolfe, Tone	O'BRIEN .. 7 2604
Relics of Brigit	8 3260	— Story of Father Anthony O'Toole	TYNAN- HINKSON .. 9 3444
Religion in America	1 336	— The American	6 2153
— Swift on	9 3377	— The French	1 136
Religious Belief in Ireland, Carlyle on Freedom of	3 952	Revolutionary Tribunal	2 678
— Legend. See The Story of the Little Bird.		Revue Celtique	4 1459
— oppression, Father O'Leary on	7 2789	Rewriting of destroyed MSS. begun	2 ix
— sects in Ireland, proportions of the	9 3422	REYNOLDS, GEORGE NU-	
— Songs of Connacht	HYDE .. 10 3795	GENT ..	8 2939
	3813, 3823, 3829, 3917	— Sir Joshua, and John O'Keeffe	7 2777
‘Reliques of Father Prout’	MAHONY .. 7 2337	— Goldsmith on	4 1380, 1382
‘Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift’	BOYLE .. 1 260	Portrait of O. Goldsmith	4 1298
Remedies, Vulgar	2 759	— of Sheridan	8 3020
Reminiscences. See Character Sketches.		— of Sterne by	8 3210
Remnant? What is the Magee	6 2292	— See A Goodly Company.	
Remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow	4 1357	Rhapsody on Rivers, A.	MITCHEL .. 6 2454
Renaissance in art and letters, The	9 xi	Rhetoric in Irish literature	2 xiii
— M. F. Egan on the Irish	5 vii	Rhyme, Celts taught Europe to	2 ix
— The new Irish	2 xxi	Rhymers' Club, The	5 1693; 9 3403
Rent-Day (fairy and folk tales)	ANONYMOUS. 3 1160	Rhine, The	7 2586
Rents, Lalon on	5 1857	RHYS, GRACE	8 2940
Repartees of Curran	6 ix	Rich and rare were the gems she wore	MOORE .. 7 2532
Repeal, The agitation for	9 x	(reference)	8 3270
— Association, The	6 2416	Richard II. in Ireland (color plate)	8 Front
O'Connell's	2 812	Riddell, Mrs. J. H.	8 2949
		Riddles by Dean Swift.	9 3389
		Ridge, Counselor John.	4 1380
		Ridgeway	See TAYLOR.

	VOL PAGE		VOL PAGE
Rife, To My Buried ... McCARTHY..	6 2172	Rón Cerr	4 1622
Righ Shemus he has gone to France ... DUFFY	3 957	Rope, Twisting of the HYDE	10 3989
Right of Free Speech	9 3551	Rory of the Hill	5 1829
'Rights of Man, The'.....	8 3269, 3270	(reference)	8 3270
— of Parliament, The.....	6 2464	O'More	6 2084
Ringedlet Youth of my Love (folk song) ... HYDE	10 3735	Dirge of De VERE... 3 859	
Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo	1 32	Rosbrine, The Psalter of	7 2853
Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries' ... MEEHAN ...	1 32	— place where insurrections were planned	7 2852
— up and come for the dawn	10 3917	Roscommon	4 1607
Rising of the Moon..... CASEY	2 572	EARL OF	8 2981
Rival Swains, The	BULLOCK ..	W. B. Yeats on	3 viii
'Rivals, The'	GRIFFIN ..	Duelling in	1 145
— SHERIDAN ..	8 3078	Rose o' the World, she came	CHESSON ... 2 592
	3088	— of Ardee, The	8 3270
River of billows, to whose mighty	DE VERE... 3 852	— of the World, The YEATS	9 3706
— Roe, The	8 3270	Ross, Martin. See MARTIN ROSS.	
Roads in Ireland	5 1739	Red-Haired	4 1444
Robertson, Frederick William	BROOKE ... 1 291	The Siege of	6 2115
— Life and Letters of'	BROOKE ... 1 291	Rossa, J. O'DONOVAN	8 2983
Robespierre, R e v o l t against	2 677	Rosstrevor	6 2454
'Robinson Crusoe'; Princess Talleyrand's amusing blunder	1 213	Roubillac in Dublin	5 1919
— W. M. F. Egan on	5 viii	Round of Visits, A ... O'KENNEDY. 7 2782	
Roche, Lady	7 2733	Table of Stories	GILBERT ... 4 1265
— Sir Boyle	1 134	— Towers, The' ... PETRIE	8 2880
— JAMES JEFFREY (portrait)	8 2959	— described in de- tail	9 3491
Rocky Mountains, First Sight of the	BUTLER ... 2 415	Petrie on	9 3489, 3490
Rogers, Michael	10 3807	— of Ireland, Forts, Crosses and	WAKEMAN and COOKE. 9 3482
Rougherries of Tom Moore, The	MAHONY ... 6 2337	'Rover, The'	CANNING ... 2 466
Roe, Owen (see also A Glance at Ireland's History)	3 959	Rowan, A. H.	2 778; 9 3513
Roisin Dubh. From the Irish	FURLONG ... 4 1247	Curran's defense of	xxiii
Roland, Song of	9 3657	Royal Fairy Tales, The	3 xx
— the Brave, Irish version of the history of	7 2672	— Irish Academy, Collection of manuscripts in	7 2672
Roll forth, my song	MANGAN ... 6 2365	— Love, A	5 1910
ROLLESTON, THOMAS W. HAZEN (portrait)	8 2968	Ruadh. See MACALEESE.	
— and the Rhymers' Club	5 1693	Ruadhan of Lorrha	7 2763
— on George Darley	2 807	Rückert, Gone in the Wind not a translation from German	6 2359
— the poetry of G. F. Savage-Armstrong	8 3027	Ruff, The, worn in Ireland	9 3498
'Rolliad, The'	3 1193	Ruined Chapel, The ... ALLINGHAM. 1 22	
Roman invasion had little effect on Ireland.....	9 viii	Race, A	SIGERSON... 8 3145
Romance. See Fiction; Myths and Legends; Fairy and Folk Tales.		Rushes that grow by the black water	TRENCH ... 9 3433
'Romances, Old Celtic'	JOYCE. 5 1724, 1731	Russell, Baron	1 381
Romanesque, The Irish style	8 3238	— GEORGE W. ("A. E.") (portrait)	8 2986
Rome, The Firing of	CROLY ... 2 739	Love Songs of	8 3659
		— "A. E." on the poems of W. Larminie	5 1866
		— Standish O'Grady	7 2787
		— W. B. Yeats' poetry	9 3651
		Plays of	10 xiii
		W. B. Yeats on	3 xiii
		Lord, and the movement to dis- establish the Irish Church	6 2159
		— MATTHEW HOWARD	8 3005
		— SIR WILLIAM HOWARD	8 3008

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Russian Air	7	2537	St. Matthew (color plate)	9	Front
Rutland, The Duke of	1	133	St. Molaga, The Black Book of	7	2664
Ryan, Crowe	1	145	St. Molaise's Church	8	2881
S.			St. Moling, The Evangelistarium of	7	2671
<i>Sack of the Summer Palace</i>	WOLSELEY...	9 3636	St. Ninian, Life of (quoted)	8	2884
Sabbata Pango (inscription on an old bell)	6	2343	St. Patrick. See also <i>Irish Astronomy</i>	4	1541
Sacramento, The	6	2132	— and Brigit	8	3249
Sacred subjects, Treatment of, by Irish wits	6	xv	— and Ossian	7	2753
<i>Sacrifice</i>	RUSSELL	8 2998	— Apostle of Ireland. TODD	9	3400
SADLIER, MRS. J.	8	3017	— Cross of St. Columba and, at Kells	9	3485
<i>Saga, Literary Qualities of the</i>	HULL	4 1597	— in the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'	8	2968
— Literature, its extent	2	xii	— introduced Christianity	9	viii
— its style	2	xiii	— Ireland converted from idolatry by	7	2718
— MS. of a Lost	4	1608	— Legend of	4	1457
Sagas, Minute description in	2	xv	— Pagan festivals adopted by	4	1600
— Norse and Gaelic tales in	8	2973	— The Order of	3	797; 5 1956
— The Irish described	2	xi	St. Patrick's Breastplate, The Hymn Called	8	3244
Sail bravely on, thou gallant bark	SULLIVAN...	9 3331	— Day, 1866, Address delivered in the People's Theater, Virginia City, on	MEAGHER	6 2420
St. Aengus, the Culdee, Litany of	8	2884	— Hymn before Tara, trans. by	MANGAN	6 2360
St. Augustine, Mother of	5	1925	— Success	TODD	9 3400
St. Basil, Mother of	5	1925	— Ward, In	BLUNDELL	1 215
St. Brendan, Church of	8	2881	St. Peter (folk story). HYDE	10	3813
St. Buithe, The Speckled Book of the Monastery of	7	2664	St. Pulcheria	5	1925
St. Chrysostom, Mother of	5	1925	St. Ricemarch, Saltair of		7 2671
St. Ciaran (see also St. Kieran)	4	1600	‘St. Ronan's Well,’ John O'Keeffe mentioned by character in		7 2691
St. Columba and Christianity	9	viii	St. Ruth (see also Mac-kenna's Dream)		8 3297
St. Columba and St. Patrick, Cross of, at Kells	9	3485	St. Stephen's Green, Dublin		5 1914
St. Cornin, Fada (meaning of)	9	3546	Sainte-Beuve method inaugurated by Goethe		6 2296
St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne	8	2882	Saints and Scholars, Ireland the Island of		1 xvii
St. Fechin, Church of	8	2881	— The Isle of		9 viii
St. Finbar, Shrine of	4	1255	‘Saints, Lives of the Mothers of the Irish.’		1 32
St. Francis and the Wolf	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 3451	Saladin, The History of my Horse	BROWNE	1 323
St. Gall, Monastery of	4	viii	Salamanca, Irish soldiers at		8 3063
St. Gregory, Mother of	5	1925	‘Salathiel the Immortal’	CROLY	2 739
St. Helena	5	1925	‘Sally Gardens, Down by the’	YEATS	9 3705
St. Isadore, College of, Irish manuscript in the	7	2673	‘Sally Cavanaugh’	KICKHAM	5 1824
St. James of Compostella	1	32	Salmon Fishing in Ireland		4 1519
St. John, Bayle, on ‘The Arabian Nights’	1	406	Saltair of Cashel, The Bodleian Library)		7 2673
St. John's Well	5	1766	— of St. Ricemarch		7 2671
St. Kieran (see also Ciaran)	8	2979	— of Tara, The		4 1611
St. Kevin, King O'Toole and	LOVER	5 2046	Salutation to the Celts. M'GEE		6 2226
* St. Lawrence, From the Land of	EGAN	3 1080	Samhain		4 1611
— The (river)	7	2540			
* St. Mary of Egypt	9	3684			

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Samhain, Article on	2		Sceoluing	2 629
Irish Drama in	5	xxvi	Scheld, The	4 1357
— Time	4	1451	Schiehallion	TRENCH 9 3432
Sanders and the insurrection of Tyrone and Desmond	7	2852	Schiller and Goethe at Weimer	6 2297
Sanson and Fouquier	2	677	'School for Scandal, The'	SHERIDAN 9 3099
Santry, Lord, Trial of	6	1917; 7 2723	— life in England	3105
Sarsfield, Patrick, Earl of Lucan	ONAHAN	7 2814	— in Ireland	2 616
— Patrick (Lord Lucan)	3	957; 9 ix	English Academy, The	BANIM 1 60
— at Segrnmoor	8	2816	Schools, Irish in the	10 3713
— Death of	7	2824	Science. See Astronomy.	
— on the battle of the Boyne (cited)	7	2819	Scientific Limit of the Imagination	TYNDALL 9 3471
— Statue, The (half-tone engraving)	4	1592	The Claims of Science	TYNDALL 9 3463
— Testimonial, The	HOGAN	4 1592	The Origin of Life	KELVIN 5 1784
— See Blacksmith of Limerick, The	5	1742	Scientific use of the imagination	1 xvii
— See Mackenna's Dream	8	3297	Scotland, Marriage law in	2 754
— See Song of De-feat, A	4	1530	Scott, Burke on	1 397
Sarsfield's Ride	SULLIVAN	9 3323	and Maria Edgeworth	3 994; 5 xi
Satire. See also Humor.			C. Johnstone	5 1709
— A Prospect	LYSAGHT	6 2107	Sir Walter, on Faulkner	4 1260
— Cease to do Evil			on Hamilton's Memoirs of Grammont	4 1542
Learn to do Well	MACCARTHY	6 2128	on nursery tales	3 xxiiil
— On Wind	MARTYN	6 2383	Scriblerus Club, The	7 2874
— Sheelagh on her Proposals of Marriage	PLUNKET	8 2906	Scully	2 445
— Rackrenters on the Stump	SULLIVAN	9 3333	Sculpture.	
— On the death of D. Swift	SWIFT	9 3880	Celt in expression of male beauty by	9 3487
— on English institutions		9 3355	Scythians, The	5 1924
Satirists, Early Irish		6 vii	Sea, Burial at	ALEXANDER 1 10
— Political		6 ix	Seadhna	O'LEARY 10 3941
Savage, A	O'REILLY	7 2835	Seadhna's Three Wishes	O'LEARY 10 3941
— JOHN		9 3024	Seanchan the Bard and the King of the Cats	WILDE 9 3566
— A R M S T R O N G, GEORGE FRANCIS		9 3027	Seanchus Mor, The (ancient laws of Ireland)	7 2705
— F. on William Wilkins		9 3600	Sear Dubh (the hound)	2 629
— Marnion, The art of		6 xv	Sedgmoor, Sarsfield at	7 2816
Saved by a Straw		7 2653	Seed-Time	COLEMAN 2 609
Saurin the Huguenot		1 128	Seek not the tree of silkiest bark	DE VERE 3 862
Saxon churches in Ireland		8 2880	Seest thou how just the hand	CONGREVE 2 615
— Shilling, The	BUGGY	1 358	Self-government, Irish capacity for	1 349
Scalp, The	SAVAGE	ARMSTRONG 8 3030	— help	1 179
— Hunters, The	REID	8 2932	Denying Ordinance, A	HAMILTON 4 1549
Scandal Class Meets, The	SHERIDAN	8 3099	Selfish Giant, The	WILDE 9 3584
— The School for	SHERIDAN	8 3099	Senach, Bishop	7 2763
		3105	September, In	TODHUNTER 9 3406
Scandinavia, Ireland's association with		4 1599	Set in the stormy Northern sea	WILDE 9 3588
Scandanavian Vikings in Ireland		8 3239	Seven Baronets, The	BARRINGTON 1 129
Scathach		4 1426	‘Seventy Years of Irish Life’	LE FANU 5 1927
Scene from ‘Catilene’, CROLY		2 747		1945
Scene in the Famine, A. KEARY		5 1755	Sexton and the Land League	9 xi
— in the Irish Famine, A.	HIGGINS	4 1573	Sgueluidhe Gaodalalach.	
— in the South of Ireland, A.	BUTT	2 427	From the Irish of the HYDE 4 1625, 1631	
Scenery, Irish		9 3622	— See selections from HYDE 10 3713	
Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798	LEADBEATER	5 1886		3737, 3751, 3765
			Shadwell's Plays	5 1920
			Shakespeare	WISEMAN 9 3628

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
'Shakespeare, A Critical Study'	DOWDEN ... 3 870	'Sheep and Lambs'	TYNAN-HINKSON. 9 3454
— and Burns Kick-ham's favorite authors	7 2802	SHEIL, RICHARD LALOR.	8 3055
— the musical glasses	7 2690	— and Lyndhurst on Irish 'Aliens'	7 xxvii
— Celtic influence on	9 3656	— Lord Beaconsfield on	7 xxvii
— Goldsmith's opinion of	7 2691	— Bulwer on	7 xxvi
— Irish influence on work of	4 vii	— Gladstone on	7 xxvi
Shakespeare's favorite characters	3 875	— O r a t o r y of, described	7 xxvi
— <i>Portraiture of Women</i>	DOWDEN ... 3 875	Sheoques, described	3 xviii
— <i>Youth, England in</i>	DOWDEN ... 3 869	Shepherds, I have lost my love	OGLE ... 7 2735
Shall and Will, Confusion of	7 1062	SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY (portrait)	8 3068
— mine eyes behold thy glory	PARNELL ... 7 2870	— A master of oratory	7 xxviii
— they bury me in the deep	DAVIS ... 3 827	— as a wit	6 viii
— we, the storm-tossed	ROCHE ... 8 2966	— as <i>Orator</i>	FITZGERALD. 3 1190
Sham funeral, A	3 1044	— <i>Bons mots of family</i> , Heredity in the	8 3119
'Shamrock'	See WILLIAMS.	— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of	6 xiii
— <i>The</i>	EGAN ... 3 1085	— Meagher on	6 2421
— of Ireland, <i>The Green Little</i>	CHERRY ... 2 587	— Irish literature begins before	2 vii
Shamrocks	GILBERT ... 3 1279	— Parliamentary eloquence of	1 129
— A Bunch of	CASEY ... 2 565	— (reference)	5 1920
Shamus O'Brien	LE FANU ... 5 1937	— Speech on Hastings	1 129
Shan Van Vocht, <i>The STREET BAL-</i>	LAD ... 9 3313	— Thomas O'KEEFFE ... 7 2774	
— The'	MILLIGAN ... 6 2427	— Sheridans, Lives of the	FITZGERALD. 3 1190
— (reference)	8 2371; 10 xxi	— <i>Shiela-ni-Gara</i>	MACMANUS. 6 2271
— <i>The, a Story of 1798</i>	MURPHY ... 7 2574	Shillelagh, The	2 496
Shandon, <i>The Bells of</i>	MAHONY ... 6 2343	— <i>The Sprig of</i>	CODE ... 2 607
Shandon's Bells	5 2004	Shipping, Irish	9 3362
Shandy, Mr. and Mrs.	8 3210	Shoes, Gentlemen's	9 3298
Shane Fadh's Wedding.	CARLETON ... 2 512	Short Story, M. F. Egan on the	5 11
— the Proud	O'SHEA ... 10 3843	— <i>View of Ireland, 1727, A</i>	SWIFT ... 9 3362
Shane's Head	SAVAGE ... 8 3024	SHORTER, MRS. CLEMENT (DORA SIGERSON)	8 3126
Shanganagh, <i>The Valley of</i>	MARTLEY ... 6 2382	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiii
Shanly, Charles Dawson	8 3032	Show me a right	GRAVES ... 4 1410
Shannon, <i>The</i>	DE VERE ... 3 852	Shrovetide the marrying season	6 2194
— Cradle of the	6 2275	Shule Aroon	STREET BAL-LAD ... 9 3315
— in Van Dieman's land	6 2454	Siberia	MANGAN ... 6 2368
— Palace of Kin-Kora on the	6 2377	Siddons, Mrs., Sheridan on	8 321
Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest-hunter	10 3795	Sidhe, <i>A Call of the</i>	RUSSELL ... 8 2996
SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD.	8 3035	— <i>The Hosting of the YEATS</i>	9 3707
— William	6 2177	Siege of Derry, <i>The</i>	ALEXANDER. 1 3
She is a rich and rare land	DAVIS ... 3 831	Sieges	2 xii
— far from the Land'	MOORE ... 7 2533	SIGERSON, DORA. See MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER.	
— my love	GRAVES ... 4 1413	— GEORGE	8 3132; 10 3937
— Stoops to Conquer'	GOLDSMITH. 4 1348	— <i>The Blackbird of Derrycaern</i>	2 xvi
— walks as she were moving	ROLLESTON. 9 2978	— on J. J. Callanan	2 439
Sheares, J. and H., and '98	9 x	— Gerald Griffin	4 1466
— The brothers	8 3275	— <i>Ireland's Influence on European Literature</i>	4 vii
SHEEHAN, P. A.	8 3044	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiv
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii	— MRS. HESTER	8 3145
Sheelagh on her Proposals of Marriage	PLUNKET ... 8 2906		
Sheelin, Lough	6 2277		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE		
<i>Sign of the Cross For Ever, The</i> (folk song)	HYDE	10	3829	Sneer (character in Sheridan's 'The Critic')	8	3114	
Silent as thou, whose inner life	IRWIN	5	1673	Sneerwell Lady (character in 'The School for Scandal')	8	3099	
— O Moyle, be the roar	MOORE	7	2534	So, my Kathleen, you're going	DUFFERIN	3	934
Silk of the Cows		2	442	Sobriquets or nicknames		9	3547
'Silva Gadhalica, The'	O'GRADY	7	2762	Sociability of Irish Celt		2	vii
(reference)		8	2968	Sociable Fairies, The		3	xviii
'Silver Cross, The'	KEIGHTLEY	5	1774	Social conditions in Ireland		2	426; 4
— Question, E. L. Godkin on the		4	1293	1417; 9	3367		
Silvester		5	1725	— Heredity	INGRAM	5	1060
'Since we should part.'	GRAVES	4	1413	— life, described in			
'Single Speech' Hamilton		7	ix	‘IRISH LITERATURE’		2	xix
Sir Fretful Plagiary's Play	SHERIDAN	8	3114	— in America		1	343
— Roger and the Widow	STEELE	8	3198	Ancient Ireland		5	1735
Sirius	See E. MARTYN.			Dublin		5	1918
Skeleton at the Feast	ROCHE	8	2965	Ireland		1	32, 193, 246
Skerret, Bishop, of Killala		6	2232	3	995, 1165; 4		
Sketch of Mr. Gladstone	O'CONNOR	7	2656	1557; 5	1735		
‘Sketches in Ireland’	OTWAY	7	2848	— See also Keening and Wake		9	3640
— of the Irish Bar	SHEIL	8	3064	Society of United Irishmen		6	2162
SKRINE, MRS. W. (MOIRA O'NEILL)		8	3152	— originally a peaceful, constitutional association		6	2164
— W. B. Yeats on		3	xiii	— The Church and Modern	IRELAND	5	1662
— M. F. Egan on		5	viii	Soggart Aroon	BANIM	1	56
Skull, The bay of		5	2852	Soldiers, Irish, in the British Army		8	3062
— To a	IRWIN	5	1673	Solitary Fairies		3	xix
Slane, The Star of	STREET BAL-LAD	9	3217	Solomon! where is thy throne?	MANGAN	6	2359
— Yellow Book of		8	2664	Some anecdotes of Father O'Leary		7	2793
Slaughters		2	xii	— of O'Connell		7	2651
Slewmary		6	2376	— College Recollections	WALSH	9	3513
Sliabh, Breagh		2	638	— Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate		7	2844
‘Sliabh Cuilinn,’ See also J. O'HAGAN.		7	2767	SOMERVILLE, E. C., and VIOLET MARTIN	See MARTIN ROSS.		
Dallain (mountain)		7	2668	Song.			
Sliav, Ruadh		4	1242	Had I a heart...	SHERIDAN	8	3118
Sliav-na-man		5	1829	— Has summer come without the Rose	O'SHAUGHNESSY		
Sieve Bladhma		4	1447	— How happy is the sailor's life	BICKERSTAFF	1	180
— Cullian (half-tone engraving)		7	2767	— I'm very happy where I am	BOUCICAULT	1	257
— Donnard		6	2275	— I made another garden	O'SHAUGHNESSY		
Echtge		4	1456	— My time how happy. From ‘Thomas and Sally’	BICKERSTAFF	1	186
Bloom		7	2675	— O'er the wild gan-			
Slievecarn		7	2766	net's bath	DARLEY	2	809
Slievenamon		7	2752	— One morning by the streamlet...	O'BRIEN	7	2592
— An Adventure in	BANIM	1	46	— Seek Not the Tree	DE VERE	3	862
Kickham at		7	2800	— The Silent Bird..	GILBERT	4	1279
Slieve-nan-Or		4	1455				
Sieve Piol (Red Mountain)		2	636				
Sligo		6	2357				
— Dwelling in		1	145				
— in Election Time. See <i>An Irish Mistake</i> .							
SLINGSBY, I. F. See J. F. WALLER.							
Slop ('Dr. Slop')		8	3210				
Slow cause of my fear		10	4020				
Smerwick Harbor, Ruins at		8	2883				
Smith, G. Barnett, on William Carleton		2	472				
SMITH, MRS. TOULMIN (L. T. MEADE)		8	3158				
— Sidney		6	2151				
'Snake's Pass, The'	STOKER	8	3228				
<i>Snakes in Ireland</i> , No.	O'KEEFFE	7	2771				

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Song.					
— There was a jolly miller	BICKERSTAFF	1 185	<i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax</i>	SHERIDAN	8 3072
— When I was young DE VERE	3 859	Sped on, speed on, good master!	SHANLY	8 3032	
— Whene'er with hag- gard eyes I view. From 'The Rover'	CANNING	2 466	<i>Spell-Struck, The</i>	ROLLESTON	8 2978
— Ireland the land of	S 3266	Spencer, H., on Fairy Lore		xxiii	
— of an Exile	ORR	7 2840	Spenser, Edmund, an enemy of Ireland		2150
— Defeat, A	GWYNN	4 1529	— in the palace of Desmond		2276
— Fionnuala, The	MOORE	7 2534	— on Irish scenery		ix
— Glen Dun, The	SKRINE	8 3156	— Ireland		4 ix
— Glenann, A	SKRINE	8 3157	Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland'		9 3397
— Maelduin	ROLLESTON	8 2980	(cited)		4 1248
— the Irish Emi- grant in Amer- ica, The	FITZSIMON	3 1206	<i>Speranza</i>	See WILDE.	
— Tony Lumpkins'	GOLDSMITH	4 1349	<i>Spes</i>	See CAMPION.	
— Songs of Con- nachts'	HYDE	10 3833	<i>Spinner's Song</i>	STIGERSON	8 3143
— Love poem in		9 3658	<i>Spinning Song, A</i>	O'DONNELL	7 2685
— of Ireland		6 2231	'Splendide Mendax',	GWYNN	4 1512
— Spurious Irish		6 xii	<i>Splendors of Tara, The</i>	HYDE	4 1610
— Street, and Bal- lads, and Anony- mous Verse	HAND	8 3265	'Spirit of the Nation, The'		3 x
<i>Sonnet Written in Col- lege</i>	WOLFE	9 3635	'Sports of the West, Wild'	MAXWELL	6 2411
'Soon and Forever'	MONSELL	7 2466	Spottiswood, Sir Henry,		2276
<i>Sorrow</i>	DE VERE	3 860	<i>Sprig of Shillelagh, The</i>	CODE	2 607
<i>Sorrowful Lament for Ireland, A.</i> From the Irish	GREGORY	4 1459	'Sprig, of Shillelagh, The' (quoted)		6 2193
— Lamentation of Callaghan, The	STREET BAL-	LAD	<i>Spring Time</i>	GREENE	4 1425
Soul, Butterfly symbol of the		9 3316	Squirrels, Superstitions about		9 3680
— Cages, The	CROKER	2 695	Stafford, Thomas		7 2744
'Sound the loud tim- brel'	MOORE	7 2537	STANIHURST, RICHARD (biography)		10 4023
Sources of Grattan's allusions		7 xxi	Stanley, Lord		6 2157
— Irish humor		6 ix	— O'Connell on		7 2642
— wealth		1 178	Stanley's amendment, Lord		6 2160
South African Bill, The		6 2178	'Star of Slane, The'		8 3270
— Sweet Singer of the	See WALSH.		<i>Star of Slane, The</i>	STREET BAL-	9 3317
'Southern, The.'	See DOWLING.		— Star Spangled Banner, The'		9 3331
— Gall, The'	See LOCKE.		'Starry Heavens, The'	BALL	1 36,41
<i>Sower and his Seed, The</i>	LECKY	5 1926	<i>Stars, The Distances of</i> the	BALL	1 36
Sowith, The, described		3 xx	— What They are Made of	BALL	1 41
Spaeman, The		3 xxi	State Church in Ireland, The		6 2160
Spanish bull, A		3 1058	— of Ireland in 1720, Essay on the	TONE	9 3415
— type in Ireland		4 1589	— 1798, The	TONE	9 3421
Spanker, Adolphus (character in 'London Assur- ance')		1 256	— prosecutions, Evils of		9 3552
— Lady Gay (charac- ter in 'London Assurance')		1 252	Statute of Kilkenny		9 3391
Spartan mothers		6 2333	Stearn, Bishop		5 1915
Species, Evolution of		5 1786	STEELE, SIR RICHARD (portrait)		8 3196
Spectroscope, The		1 42	— D. J. O'Donoghue on humor of		6 xiii
Spectrum analysis		1 41	— Thomas, in prison		6 2128
Special articles de- scribed		2 21	and Repeal		9 x
Speckled Book of St. Buithe's Monastery		7 2664	'Stella, The Journal to'	SWIFT	9 3378
— Spectator, The'	STEELE	8 3198	To	SWIFT	9 3387
		3204	Stephen, Leslie, on 'Junius'		3 1226
<i>Speech at Newry Elec- tion</i>	CURRAN	2 788	Stephens' article on 'Felon-setting'		7 2799
— from the Dock	MEAGHER	6 2424	Stern granite gate of Wicklow	SAVAGE-ARM.	
			Sterne, Lawrence (por- trait)	STRONG	8 3030
					8 3210

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Sterne, Dowden on	3	873	'Stripes and Stars, The'	6 2115
— D. J. O'Donoghue on the humor of	6	xiii	'Strooge, My Lords of'	WINGFIELD. 9 3620
— Some <i>Bons Mots</i> of	8	3227	Strongbow's Monument (half-tone engraving)	9 xiii
Stiffenbach, <i>The Legend</i> of	WILLIAMS . 9	3610	Study of Words, The	TRENCH . 9 3434
Stillorgan, Harry Deane Grady's place near	7	2733	Style, Celtic, M. Arnold on	2 xvi
Stirling-Maxwell, Sir William, on M. J. Higgins	4	1572	— of 'IRISH LITERA- TURE' logical	2 xiii
STOKER, BRAM	8	3228	— Saga literature	2 xiii
STOKES, MARGARET	8	3228	Subjection, A <i>Century</i> of	TAYLOR . 9 3390
— on Round Towers	9	3490	Sublician Bridge, The	3 827
— DR. WHITLEY	8 3243; 9	3520	'Suetonius, The Mod- ern'	See FITZPATRICK.
— Note on	6	2360	Suffolk Fencibles, The	5 1886
— on The Calendar of Aengus	8	3141	Sugach, <i>Lament of the Mangaire, for the Irish</i>	WALSH . 9 3508
— Work of, for Celtic literature	2	xviii	Sugar Loaf Mountain (half-tone en- graving)	3 2767
Stolen Sheep, The	BANIM . 1	85	— On Great	GREENE . 4 1424
Stone, F., portrait of Lady Dufferin	3	932	Suillidh (Lough Swilly)	2 633
Story, God bless you! I have none to tell, sir:	CANNING . 2	468	Suir, The	6 2354, 2379
— of <i>Childe Charity</i>	BROWNE . 1	314	Sullen, Mrs. (character in 'The Beaux' Stratagem')	3 1165
Early Gaelic Literature,	HYDE	4 1622	SULLIVAN, ALEXANDER MARTIN	9 3323
The	HYDE	4 1622	— on E. M. P. Down- ing's verse	3 916
Father Anthony	TYNAN- HINKSON . 9	3444	— Eva Mary Kelly	7 2675
O'Toole, The	JAMESON . 5	1679	— Smith O'Brien	7 2619
Genevieve, The	OTWAY	2856	— The Dublin com- memoration of the Manchester martyrs	7 2609
Grana Waike	SULLIVAN . 9	3323	— TIMOTHY DANIEL	9 3333
Ireland, The	STERNE	3220	— and the Land	9 xi
Le Fevre, The	STERNE	3220	— League	3 xi
MacDáth's Pig and Hound	HYDE	4 1613	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xii
the Little Bird	CROKER	2 734	Summer, Ireland in (half-tone en- graving)	5 1703
Yorick, The	STERNE	3213	— Sweet	TYNAN- HINKSON . 9 3457
tellers, Profes- sional	5	1738	Sun God, The	DE VERE . 3 858
telling, Irish, de- scribed	2	xiv	Sunburst, The Irish	9 3608
Irish gift of	2	xiv	<i>Sunniness of Irish Life</i> , The	MACDONAGH . 8 vii
in Ireland a pro- fession	3	xvii	Sunset and silence; a man	COLUM . 2 612
Stowe collection of Irish manuscripts	7	2673	Superstition about the angel's footprint	7 2852
Strabane	3	972	— Byron on	6 2290
Strange Indeed	DEENY	847	— Irish	4 1287
Strammore	6	2279	— about animals	9 3678
Street Arabs, Three Dublin	HARTLEY	4 1568	Superstitions. See also Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.	
ballad on Sir Kit			— Banshee, The	ALLINGHAM . 1 17
Rackrent	3	1012	— Fairy Greyhound	ANONYMOUS . 3 1154
Ballads (see also Street Songs)	8	3265	— Loughleagh	ANONYMOUS . 3 1142
change of taste	8	3270	— A Queen's County	
in	8	3270	— Witch	ANONYMOUS . 2 1150
See Wearing of the Green, The	2	767	— Rent-Day	ANONYMOUS . 3 1160
Scene in Dublin (half-tone en- graving)	6	2107	— Will-o'-the-Wisp	ANONYMOUS . 3 1136
Songs and Ballads, and Anony- mous Verse	8 3271; 9	3299	— The Cow Charmer	BOYLE 1 264
Article on	HAND	8 3265	— The Curse	CARLETON 2 559
See Phaudrig Crohoore and S h a m u s O'Brien.			— Fate of Frank	M'KENNA CARLETON 2 553
Strength in Elasticity, Irish	3	856	— Biddy Brady's Ban- shee	CASEY 2 565
			— Brewery of Egg- Shells	CROKER 2 731

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Superstitions.				
— <i>Confessions of Tom Bourke</i>	CROKER	2 681	Swift, J., Popularity of	1 262
— <i>Fairies or No Fairies</i>	CROKER	2 720	— W. B. Yeats on	3 viii
— <i>Flory Cantillon's Funeral</i>	CROKER	2 724	— Swilly, Lough 2 633; 4 1518; 6 2126, 2427 — a leading Ulster lake	6 2277
— <i>The Haunted Cellar</i>	CROKER	2 707	Switzerland, described in Goldsmith's 'The Traveller'	4 1361
— <i>The Soul Cages</i>	CROKER	2 695	<i>Sword, The</i> BARRY 1 149 — of Tethra, <i>The</i> LARMINIE 5 1876	
— <i>Tigue of the Lee</i>	CROKER	2 714	'Sylvia' DARLEY 2 809	
— <i>A Blast</i>	CROTTY	2 758	<i>Symbolism</i> RUSSELL 8 3000	
— <i>Little Woman in Red</i>	DEENY	3 846	Synge, Mr. The plays of	10 xxv
— <i>A Midnight Funeral</i>	DEENY	3 845	Synonyms, Copiousness of, in Irish literature	2 xiii
— <i>The Changeling</i>	LAWLESS	5 1877	Syria	8 2517
— <i>The Black Lamb</i>	WILDE	9 3569		
— <i>The Demon Cat</i>	WILDE	9 3557		
— <i>The Horned Women</i>	WILDE	9 3558	T.	
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i>	WILDE	9 3561	Taaffe, Father Peter, Slain at Drogheda	7 2572
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature, The</i>	YEATS	9 3654	Taclmac, Trén	7 2753
— <i>The Devil</i>	YEATS	9 3673	Tain Bo Cuailgne, The'	2 629; 4 1600
— <i>Village Sports</i>	YEATS	9 3673	Take a blessing from my heart	MANGAN 6 2378
Superstitions of the Irish peasant	WILDE	9 3558	— my heart's blessing	10 3937
— Lady Wilde on	WILDE	9 3561	Talbot, Richard, later Duke of Tyrconnell	7 2573
Supreme Summer	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 xxiii	'Tale of a Town, The' Story of the play of	10 xviii
Sure, he's five months	SKRINE	8 3154	'Tales of Trinity College'	LEVER, 5 1986, 1990
this is blessed Erin	SKRINE	8 3156	<i>Talk by the Blackwater</i> DOWNING 3 916	
Surely a Voice hath called her	GREENE	4 1424	Tallaght	7 2673
Surface, Charles (character in 'The School for Scandal')	8 3105	Talleyrand	9 3420	
— Joseph (character in 'The School for Scandal')	8 3099	— as a Critic, <i>The Princess</i>	BLESSING-TON 1 212	
— Sir Oliver (character in 'The School for Scandal')	8 3105	Tamney	6 2244	
Surnames of the Ancient Irish	WARE	9 3546	Tandy, James Napper	1 143; 9 3513
Swarm of Bees in June is Worth a Silver Spoon, A	HAMILTON	4 1549	Tanistry, The case of	9 3394
Swedenborg, The Irish, "A. E." so called	8 2988	— The laws of	7 2857	
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village	GOLDSMITH	4 1367	Tara, Antiquity of	6 2228
— Chloe	LYSAHT	6 2109	Conn made King at	5 1732
— is a voice in the land of gold	SIGERSON	8 3144	— Desertion of	4 1613
— Land of Song! thy harp doth hang Lover	6 2086	— Five great highways from	5 1730	
— 'Melodious Bard.' See MOORE.			— Halls of	7 2535
— 'Sing'r of the South'	See WALSH.		— Hill of	6 2354
SWIFT, JONATHAN	9 3340	— Knights of	1 146	
(portrait)	9 3343	— Seven Kings of	8 2979	
— and Faulkner	4 1258	— <i>The Cursing of</i> O'GRADY 7 2762		
— as a Pamphleteer Boyle	1 260	— The far shining	7 2747	
— Dean, on Irish	6 xii	— The Fes of	5 1738	
— influence of, on Irish Parliament	7 ix	— The Splendors of HYDE 4 1610		
— Irish literature begins before	2 vii	— The tongue of	7 2617	
— on curates	7 2638	— The westward road from	7 2752	
— dress	9 3497	Tarah, St. Patrick's Hymn before	6 2360	
— the Death of Dr. SWIFT	9 3380	"Tarry thou till I come." See 'Salathiel the Immortal.'		
— the State of Ireland cited	9 3415	— yet, late lingerer RUSSELL 8 2996		
		Tasmania	6 2454	
		Taxation in Galway	8 2914	
		— Methods of	8 3092	
		— Speech on Ameri- can	BURKE 1 373	
		TAYLOR, JOHN F.	9 3390	
		Te Martyrum Candi- datus	JOHNSON 5 1701	
		Teach Móidechuarta	4 1611	
		Teamair, Eochaileadh at	7 2667	

	VOL.	PAGE	VOL.	PAGE
Teamhair at Samhain time	4	1451	The dying tree no pang sustains	DE VERE... 3 863
Teamor's Ancient Fame	1	281	—end of a ship is drowning' (Irish rann)	HYDE 10 3837
Tears, <i>The Fountain of O'SHAUGH-</i> NESSY	7	2845	—fountains drink caves subterren.	FLECKNOE . 3 1209
Teazle, Lady (character in 'The School for Scandal')	8	3100	—girl I love is comely	CALLANAN . 2 440
—Miss Farren as	8	3122	—gloom of the sea- fronting cliffs	DOWDEN ... 3 876
—Sir Peter (charac- ter in 'The School for Scan- dal')	8	3102	—Groves of Blar- ney'	MILLIKEN . 6 2439
Technical Instruction, Department of	8	2908	—harp that once through Tara's halls'	MOORE 7 2535
Teetotalism	6	2398	—host is riding from Knocknarea	YEATS 9 3707
"Teigne of the Lee"	CROKER	2 720	—kindly words that rise	O'REILLY .. 7 2833
Tell me, my friends, why are we met here?	STREET BAL- LADS	3 3311	—Little Black Rose shall be red	DE VERE .. 3 858
Teltown (Taillteann) on the Blackwater	5	1738	—long, long wished for hour	DOHENY ... 3 864
Temora, The maids of	4	1591	—lord of Dunker- ron'	CROKER ... 2 736
Temperance.			—lying man has promised' (Irish rann)	HYDE 10 3841
—Apostle of Temper- ance in Dublin, The	MATHEW ..	6 2397	—man who only took' (Irish rann)	HYDE 10 3841
—Irish Cry, The'	WILSON ...	9 3617	—Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone	MOORE 7 2535
“Temperance, The Apostle of”	See MATHEW.		—Muse, disgusted at an age	BERKELEY . 1 80
Templeoge, near Dublin,		7 2728	—old priest Peter Gilligan	YEATS 9 3702
Tennyson, Lord, on Mrs. Alexander's verse	1	1	—pillar towers of Ireland	6 2130
—on 'Joyce's Celtic Legends'	5	1713	—Pope he leads a happy life'	LEVER 5 2002
—The Charge of the Light Brigade	8	3014	—satisfied man for the hungry one never feels' (Irish rann)	HYDE 10 3837
Tenure, Isaac Butt on fixity of	2	425	—savage loves his native shore	ORR 7 2839
—Lalor on fixity of	5	1860	—sea moans on the strand	TODHUNTER. 9 3404
of land, The	7	2862	—silent bird is hid in the bough	GILBERT ... 4 1279
—Parnell and fixity of	6	2179	—silent heart which grief	PARNELL .. 7 2876
Terence's Farewell	DUFFERIN	3 934	—room, the heavy creeping shade	WILDE 9 3593
Tethra, The Sword of	LARMINIE	5 1876	—Southern	See DOWLING.
Th' anám an Dhia—But there it is	LOCKE	5 2003	—Stars are watching	O'DOHERTY. 7 2676
Thackeray, Irish char- acters of, M. F.			—sun on Ivera	CALLANAN . 2 445
Egan on	5	viii	—sunny South is glowing	ORR 7 2837
—on Goldsmith	4	1301	—tears are ever in my wasted eye	D'ALTON .. 2 803
and G. P. O.	8	xvi	—time I've lost in wooing'	MOORE 7 2522
J. Higgins	4	1572, 1573	—top o' the mornin'	COLEMAN ... 2 609
in Ireland	8	xx	—tuneful tumult of that bird	2 xvi
—on Irish Chap- books	3	xxi	—wild bee reels from bough to bough	WILDE 9 3593
Dean Swift	9	3343	—winter fleeteth like a dream	GREENE ... 4 1425
Thankfulness of Der- mot. The	O'LEARY	10 3953	—work that should to-day	O'HAGAN .. 7 2767
Thanks, my lord, for your venison	GOLDSMITH	4 1377	—world is growing darker	ROSSA 8 2983
“That Popular Poet of Green Erin.” See MOORE.			—young May moon	MOORE 7 2526
That rake up near the rafters	KICKHAM ..	5 1829		
The actor's dead, and memory alone	BUNNER on BROUGHAM.	1 301		
—best of all wavs	MOORE ..	6 2338		
blue lake of Deven- ish	MACMANUS..	6 2269		
braes they are afame	MACMANUS..	6 2263		
brown wind of Con- naught	MACMANUS..	6 2272		
desire of my hero who feared no foe	2	xv		

VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
Theater in Blackfriars, The	6 2348
— Whitefriars, The	6 2348, 2349
— The Irish Literary	10 xiii
— Irish Literary. See MILLIGAN.	
— The Irish National. See MARTYN.	
Their Last Race	MATHEW .. 6 2391
Themes of Irish humor	6 x
Then Oberon spake	BARLOW .. 1 116
Theology, Irish devotion to	4 1281
— Mountain	GREGORY .. 4 1455
Theology and Religion.	
— Frederick William Robertson	BROOKE .. 1 291
— True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted	DOYLE .. 3 919
— Dispute with Carlyle	DUFFY .. 3 951
— The Irish Intellect GILES	4 1281
— Blessing of Affliction	KIRWAN .. 5 1844
— The Christian Mother	KIRWAN .. 5 1842
— The Irish Church MACCARTHY	6 2148
— Pled for Liberty of Conscience	O'LEARY .. 7 2789
— St. Patrick's Success	TODD .. 9 3400
There are veils that lift ROLLESTON	8 2980
— is a colleen fair as May	PETRIE .. 8 2886
— a green hill far away	ALEXANDER .. 1 3
— a green island CALLANAN	2 439
— a way I am fain to go	MACMANUS .. 6 2268
— not in the wide world	MOORE .. 7 2532
— many a man's dim closing eye	JOYCE .. 5 1749
— our murdered brother lies	DRENNAN .. 3 925
— was a jolly miller once	BICKERSTAFF .. 1 185
— a place in childhood	LOVER .. 6 2087
— were trees in Tir-Conal	MILLIGAN .. 6 2437
There's a dear little plant	CHERRY .. 2 587
— glade in Aghadoe TODHUNTER	9 3410
— wail from the glen	WILSON .. 9 3617
— grey fog over Dublin	CHESSON .. 2 591
— Sally standing by the river	TODHUNTER .. 9 3406
— sweet sleep	MACMANUS .. 6 2270
Thermopylae	3 827
These be God's fair high palaces	FURLONG .. 3 1239
Theseum at Athens, The	6 2335
'Thespis'	KELLY .. 5 1782
They are going, going	MACMANUS .. 6 2267
— chained her fair young body	ROCHE .. 8 2965
— knelt around the cross divine	1 150
'Third Blast of Retreat from Plays and Players, The'	6 2348
Thibishes, The, described	3 xx
Thirty-six Commandments, The, of Dueling	1 148
This morning there were dazzling drifts of daisies	WYNNE .. 9 3049
— wolf for many a day	TYNAN-HINKSON . 9 3451
— world is all a fleeting show'	MOORE .. 7 2538
— tomb inscribed to gentle	GOLDSMITH . 4 1383
Tholsel, The	4 1258; 5 1914
Thomas and Sally, or 'The Sailor's Return'	BICKERSTAFF 1 186
Thomas Sheridan	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2774
Thomond	4 1657
— The Bard of. See HOGAN.	
THOMPSON, SIR WILLIAM	See KELVIN.
Those delicate wanderers	RUSSELL .. 8 2998
— dressy and smooth-faced young maidens	GRiffin .. 4 1482
— evening bells!	MOORE .. 7 2527
'Thou art, O God!'	MOORE .. 7 2538
— golden sunshine in the peaceful day!	STOKES .. 8 3260
'Though the senseless and sensible'	HYDE .. 10 3837
Thoughts on the Mat-terhorn	TYNDALL .. 9 3178
— Various Subjects SWIFT	9 3377
Thracian Hebrus, The	6 2455
Thraska River	1 360
Three Counsellors, The RUSSELL	8 3002
— Dublin Street	
— Arabs	HARTLEY .. 4 1568
— F's, The	6 2179
— Hundred Greeks at Thermopylae, The	3 827
— Rock Mountain	6 2121
— Romans at the Sub-lician Bridge, The	3 827
— Shafts of Death, The	10 3968
— Weeks After Mar-riage	MURPHY .. 7 2564
Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy	DAVIS .. 3 823
— in the night the priest arose	SHORTER .. 8 3130
Through air made heavy WILKINS	9 3600
— the Solitudes	SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG .. 8 3028
— untraced ways'	DENHAM .. 3 850
Thrush and the Black-bird, The	KICKHAM .. 5 1824
Thunder our thanks to her	O'REILLY .. 7 2834
Thurlow, Burke on Lord Thurrot	1 396
— Thus sang the sages of the Gael	STOKES .. 8 3262
Tierney on Sheridan	3 1194
Tigernas, King	7 2718
Tim Hogan's Ghost COYNE	2 645
— the Smith DOYLE	10 3887
Timber in Ulster	6 2279
Time	SWIFT .. 9 3389
— I've lost in woo-ing, The'	MOORE .. 7 2522
— of the Barmecides, The	MANGAN .. 6 2367

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Timoleague, Lament over the Ruins of the</i>			<i>To The Duke of Grafton</i>		
<i>Abbey of Timeus,</i> Plato's	FERGUSON	3 1177	<i>Francis</i>	3	1228
<i>Tipperary</i>	O'DOHERTY	7 2675	<i>the Leanan Sidhe</i>	BOYD	1 258
— Duelling in		1 145	<i>Memory of Isaac</i>		
— The County of; Sir William Osborne's experiment			<i>Butt</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
— Recruiting Song	STREET BAL-	2 425	— sound of evening bells	TRENCH	9 3437
— (reference)	LAD	9 3318	<i>Tobarnavian, Origin of name</i>		6 2229
— See <i>The Munster Bards.</i>		5 1831	<i>Toby of the Ship, Granra-na Walle's son</i>		7 2858
<i>Tir-Conal.</i> See <i>The Buried Forests of Erin.</i>			<i>Uncle</i>		8 3210, 3220
— Connell: <i>O'Donnell Aboo</i>		6 2127	<i>To-day chance drove me</i>	BROOKE	1 300
<i>Tireonnell, Hugh Raudh O'Donnell of</i>		2 633; 4 1247	<i>Todd, James Henry</i>		9 3400
— Lord of		2 633	<i>Todhunter, John (portrait)</i>		9 3408
— See <i>Lament</i>		6 2353	<i>and The Rhymers' Club</i>		5 1693
<i>Tir-na-nög, Oisin and</i>		7 2755	<i>Toler, John, A Monk of the Screw</i>		5 1957, 1958
<i>Tirnanoge, Oisin in; or the last of the Fena</i>	JOWSE	5 1714	<i>Tom Moody</i>	CHERRY	2 588
— the Land of Youth		5 1714, 1716	<i>Tombs in the Church of Montorio, on the Janiculum</i>	O'DONNELL	7 2684
<i>Tir na n'ög, Tirnanoge</i>		2 590	<i>Tone, Theobald Wolfe</i>		9 3413
<i>Tir-na-mbeo; the land of the ever-living</i>		5 1714	— and '98		9 x
<i>Tir-na-Tonn; the land under the sea</i>		2 594	— and Froude		6 2166
<i>Tir-oén. See Owen Bawn.</i>			— and Lough Sculley		6 2434
'Tis I go fiddling, fiddling	CHESSON	2 592	— Death of		7 2607
— not for love of gold, I go	BANIM	1 57	— founder of the Society of United Irishmen		6 2162
— War we Want to Wage. From the Irish	HYDE	4 1657	— Fate of		9 3507
— now we want to be wary, boys	STREET BAL-		— Kickham on		5 1831
— pretty to see	DAVIS	3 823	— Graham on		4 1385
— the last rose of summer	MOORE	7 2528	— 'The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe'	TONE	7 2604
— what they say		10 3749	— TONE		9 3421
<i>Tithes, Sidney Smith on</i>		6 2151	— <i>The Capture of Wolfe</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2604
"Tithes," The cow stamped with		7 2653	— Walsh's recollections of		9 3513
<i>To a Beautiful Milk-maid</i>	MOORE	6 2340	— with his mangled throat		4 1531
— wayward man			<i>'Tome's Journal,' Extract from</i>	TONE	9 3418
— thine advice to bring' (Irish rann)	HYDE	10 3835	<i>To-night as the tender glooming</i>	BLAKE	1 190
<i>Skull</i>	IRWIN	5 1673	<i>Tonna, Mrs. (Charlotte Elizabeth)</i>		9 3428
— drift with every passion till my soul	WILDE	9 3505	<i>Tony Lumpkins (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')</i>		4 1348
— drink a toast	LEVER	5 1975	<i>Too long have the churls</i>		10 4015
<i>Duffy in Prison</i>	MCGEE	6 2220	<i>Toomevara, A Chronicle of</i>	ECCLES	3 967
— God and Ireland True	O'LEARY	7 2796	<i>Total abstinence</i>		6 2398
— Gold	WILDE	9 3596	<i>Toulouse, Irish soldiers at</i>		8 3063
<i>Ireland</i>	WILDE	9 3573	<i>Towers in Ireland</i>		8 3239
— me by early morn.	CLARKE	2 596	— of Ireland, The Pillar	MACCARTHY	6 2130
— Meath of the Pastures	COLUM	2 613	— The Round	FETRIE	8 2880
— Morfudd	JOHNSON	5 1698	<i>'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century'</i>	GREEN	4 1417
<i>My Bicycle</i>	ROLLESTON	8 2976	<i>Townshend, Chatham and</i>	BURKE	1 391
<i>Buried Rifle</i>	MCCARTHY	6 2172	— Lord		4 1377
<i>Promised Wife</i>	WALSH	9 3510	— Marquis of, a Monk of the		
<i>Stella</i>	SWIFT	9 3387	— Screw		2 797

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
‘Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland’.. WOOD-MAR-	TIN	9 3640	Tribunal, The Revolu-
Trade and the Union.....	8 2902		tionary
— of Galway	8 2916		Tribune, <i>The Lost</i> .. SIGERSON .. 8 3133
‘Traditions, Fairy Le- gends and’..... CROKER. 2 695, 736	xii		Tried by his Peers .. O’FLANAGAN. 7 2723
Tragical deaths	2		Trim, Corporal
Traig-Baile Mic-Buain			8 3210
(ancient name of Dundalk)	2 639		Trinity College, Collec-
Tralee	6 2198		tion of an- cient manu-
Tramore	6 2223		scripts in
‘Transcripts and Stud- ies’..... DOWDEN. 3 866, 875		7 2671	— Attitude of, to- ward Irish
Transfusion of blood, Pockrich’s plan for	7 2700		Dublin (color plate)
Translation of Irish, Difficulties of	10 3711		— Story of a stu- dent in
Transportation in Ire- land	9 3362		— English, not Irish
Transubstantiation is the faith we depend upon	8 3270		— Irish manu- scripts in, cat- alogued by John O’Dono- van
Travel, adventure, description.			— Tales of’ .. LEVER. 5 1986, 1990
— <i>History of My Horse, Saladin</i> . BROWNE ... 1 323			Trinket’s Colt
— <i>Journey in Dis- guise</i>	BURTON ... 1	408	SOMERVILLE and ROSS. 8 3182
— <i>An African Queen</i> . BUTLER ... 2	418		Tristan
— <i>Sight of the Rocky Mountains</i>	BUTLER ... 2	415	— and Isolde, Irish scenes in
— <i>City in the Great West</i>	DUNRAVEN. 3	963	4 viii
— <i>Ah Man</i>	MACFALL .. 6	2206	‘Tristram Shandy’ .. STERNE ... 8 3211
— <i>Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa</i>	MADDEN ... 6	2286	3213, 3220
— <i>Acropolis of Ath- ens and the Rock of Cashel</i>	MAHAFFY ... 6	2334	Trout-fishing in Ireland.
— <i>Rhapsody on Riv- ers</i>	MITCHELL ... 6	2454	4 1517
— <i>The Prince of In- ismore</i>	MORGAN ... 7	2543	Truagh
— <i>Dunluce Castle</i>	OTWAY ... 7	2853	3 957
— <i>The Vicar of Cape Clear</i>	OTWAY ... 7	2848	True Loveliness
— <i>Capture of an In- dian Chief</i>	REID ... 8	2932	DARLEY ... 2 807
— <i>Bethlehem</i>	WARBURTON. 9	3535	Pleasures
— <i>The Pyramids</i>	WARBURTON. 9	3529	BERKELEY ... 1 174
— <i>Sack of the Sum- mer Palace</i>	WOLSELEY. 9	3636	‘Trust to luck’
Travel, On	FLECKNOE. 3	1206	STREET BAL- LAD ... 9 3319
Traveler, The	GOLDSMITH. 4	1357	Tuam-da-Gualann
Travels of Marco Polo, Irish version of the (MS. in the Royal Irish Academy)	7 2672		5 1725, 1728
Treaty of Limerick, The	3 957; 9	x	Tuatha de Danann
— Stone, Limerick (half-tone en- graving)	3 957		— Tribes and build- ings of
— with France, On a Commercial’	FLOOD ... 3	1210	8 2882
Trees, The	FURLONG ... 3	1230	Tuathal Teachmar
— in the Irish sagas.....	2	xvii	7 2706
TRENCH, HERBERT	9 3431		‘Tudor, Mary’
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiii	DE VERE ... 3 851
— ARCHBISHOP RICH- ARD CHENEVIX	9 3434		Tuileries, Garden of
Triangulation	1	37	the
Tribulation, George Wither on	9 3436		2 676
			Turlockmór, A folk tale of
			4 1632
			Turloughmore, Faction fight at
			9 3316
			— St. Columcill’s home
			4 1455
			‘Twas beyond at Mac- reddin
			MC CALL ... 6 2125
			— but last night I traversed
			M’GEE ... 6 2220
			Twelfth Century, Ire- land in the
			10 3845
			Twelve Articles
			SWIFT ... 9 3388
			Twenty Golden Years Ago
			MANGAN ... 6 2373
			— Questions. Can- ning and the game of
			1 167
			Twisting of the Rope, The
			HYDE ... 10 3989
			Two Centuries of Irish History
			BRYCE ... 1 346
			— E s s a y s , on the Remnant
			MAGEE ... 6 2292
			Songs
			BICKERSTAFF 1 186
			Tyledan. See A Mem- ory.
			TYNAN-HINKSON, KATH- ARINE
			9 3439
			— W. B. Yeats on
			3 xiii
			— M. F. Egan on
			5 vii
			TYNDALL, JOHN
			9 3462
			— and imagination
			1 xvii

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Tyndall, J., and Dr. Sigerston	8 3132	Ulster, William de Burghs, Earl of Prohibition of marriage by	3 1179
Tyrawley, Scenery around	6 2230	Ultonian, or Red Branch Cycle	2 xii
Tyrawley's duel with Lord Clonmell	1 142	Uncle Remus	See KAVANAGH.
Tyronnell	1 14; 2 633	'Unhappy Island in the West, An	KEELING . 5 1769
— The Duke of: his recollections of Drogheda	7 2573	Union, The	PLUNKET . 8 2890
— Lord, on Sarsfield	7 2818	Ireland cheated into	9 x
— The Mountains of	6 2276	Irish songs of	6 xii
— See Tirconnell.		Repeal of	O'CONNELL . 7 2644
Tyrconnellian princes buried at Rome, The	6 2353	The Act of	6 2169
Tyrone	1 3	Curran on	2 790
— and Desmond, The insurrection of	7 2852	Duke of Portland on	8 2897
— Earl of: English fear of	2 633	Effect of, on commerce	8 2902
— Hugh O'Neill; battles fought by	7 2743	Extinguished national spirit	1 xi
— Militia, The	5 1886	hated from the first	9 x
— See <i>The Siege of Derry</i> .		Repeal of	9 x
<i>Tyronian and Tyrconnellian Princes, Lament for the</i>	MANGAN . 6 2352	See <i>Sheelah on her Proposals of Marriage</i> .	
Tyrowen, Gold found in	6 2280	United Irishmen, Society of the	6 2162; 9 3513, 3520
— The mountains of	6 2275	— States, <i>The Position of Women in the</i>	BRYCE . 1 343
— watered by Lough Neagh	6 2277	Unity of Irish literature	2 xviii
Tyrrell, Carden (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2387	University of Göttingen, Canning's poem on the	2 466
— Kit (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2386	<i>Unspoken Words</i>	O'REILLY . 7 2833
— Miles (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2386	'Untilled Field, The'	MOORE . 7 2483
U.		Unto the deep	RUSSELL . 8 2997
Ua Maighleine, the royal clown, The shout of	7 2711	Up the airy mountain	ALLINGHAM. 1 18
Ulcecean, Dubh O!		Up the sea-saddened valley	DE VERE . 3 859
(Irish air)	10 3937	Urbs Marmons	See CAMPION.
— (quoted)	8 viii	Usna, Uisnech, or Ushnagh, The Hill of	5 1731, 1738
Uisnach, First Druidical fire lighted on the Hill of	7 2667	Ussher (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2386
Ulster, Aldfrid in	6 2376	— Sir William; Letter to him cited as causing the Ulster confiscation	6 2352
— Cause of confiscation of	6 2352		
— colonized	5 1861		
— Conor, King of	4 1613		
— Cuchulain fights for the honor of	4 1435		
— Grief of O'Donnell and O'Neill at leaving	7 2685		
— in support of Henry Flood	3 1217		
— Picture of	McNEVIN . 6 2274		
— Tenant Right	2 424		
— The bogs of	6 2278		
— Confiscation of	McNEVIN . 6 2274		
— Disarming of	CURRAN . 2 780		
— English expelled from	3 1179		
— Invasion of, by Maeve	7 2751		
— Undertakers' in	3 955		
V.			
Va où la gloire t' invite	6 2339		
Vale of Avoca, The (half-tone engraving)	7 2532		
Valley of Shanganagh, The		MARTLEY . 6 2382	
Van Diemen's Land		ROCHE . 8 2966	
V-A-S-E, The		CLERKE . 2 601	
Venus, Hesperus and Phosphor, The		Batt	
Vernet's, Horace, Battle of Fontenoy (half-tone engraving)		tern	
Vernay, Sir Edward, slain at Drogheda		3 886	
Versification of Irish sagas		7 2568	

VOL.	PAGE	W.	VOL.	PAGE
Verulam, Lord, and the echo	3 1056	Wages in Ireland	3 922	
Very Far Away	ALEXANDER. 1 9	Waistcoats, Styles of	9 3498	
Vtlands, The Vision of		Waiters in Ireland	8 xx	
From the Irish of Aniar MacConglinne	SIGERSON .. 8 3134	Waiting	TODHUNTER. 9 3408	
Vicar of Cape Clear, The	OTWAY 7 2848	Wake of William Orr, The	DRENNAN .. 3 925	
— of Wakefield, The'GOLDSMITH. 4 1301		WAKEMAN, WILBUR F., and JOHN COOKE .. 9 3481		
	1305	Wake, Keening and	WOOD-MARTIN .. 9 3640	
— (cited)	6 2421			
Vicar's Home, The....	GOLDSMITH. 4 1301			
Victoria, Queen, and Louis Philippe	1 151			
View from Honeyman's Hill, The	BERKELEY . 1 176			
— of London	DENHAM .. 3 850			
— of the State of Ireland	4 1248; 9 5397			
Vile and ingrate! too late	CONGREVE .. 2 615			
Village Garland, The	HALL 4 1534			
— Ghosts	YEATS 9 3673			
— Life in Ireland. See Honesty Fair, The.				
— See Night in Fortmanus Village, A.				
— Sovereign, A....	LYNCH 6 2088			
Vimlera, Irish soldiers at	8 3063			
Vine culture possible in Ireland	7 3696			
Vinegar Hill	2 591, 599			
— Lynch Law on	BANIM .. 1 76			
Violante, Madam, the dancer	6 2473			
Virginia City, Nevada, Earl of Dunraven at	3 963			
— The Death of	KNOWLES .. 5 1847			
'Virginius'	KNOWLES .. 5 1847			
Virtues of the Irish peasant	3 854			
Vis et Armis. See LOCKE.				
Vision of McConglinne, The	6 vii			
— of Vtlands, The. From the Irish of Aniar Mac-Conglinne	SIGERSON .. 8 3134			
Visions	2 xii			
Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad'	JAMESON .. 5 1679			
Vocabulary of the Irish people	4 1607			
Vocal stones	7 2717			
Volcanic action, Inundation of country around Loughs Erne and Foyle due to	6 2277			
Voltaire, Dowden on	3 873			
Volunteer Movement, The	6 2106			
Volunteer's Song, A.....	6 2113			
Volunteers, A Defense of the	FLOOD .. 3 1217			
Vowel-rhyming	10 3919			
Vowels, The	SWIFT .. 9 3389			
'Voyage of Maelduin, The'	4 1601			
— of the Sons of O'Corra, The....	JOYCE .. 5 1724			
— royal, A.....	6 2463			
— The First	MOLLOY .. 6 2459			
Wages in Ireland				
Waistcoats, Styles of				
Waiters in Ireland				
Waiting				
Wake of William Orr, The				
WAKEMAN, WILBUR F., and JOHN COOKE ..				
Wake, Keening and				
WALKER, JOSEPH CooPER ..				
— of the Snow, The				
Wallace, Thomas, duel with Secretary O'Gorman				
WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS				
Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses				
WALSH, EDWARD				
— W. B. Yeats on				
— JOHN				
— JOHN EDWARD ..				
— Michael, murdered by Viscount Netterville				
Wandering Minstrel, A.				
War correspondent, An Irishman in the first				
— not all of History				
— The Irish in the				
— Ways of				
— with China, Narrative of the				
— Ship of Peace, The				
— Song, The Munster				
WARBURTON, ELLIOT				
Ward, Father Hugh, collector of Irish manuscripts for Louvain				
WARD, OWEN (biography)				
— Poem by Mangan from the Irish of				
WARE, SIR JAMES.				
— Irish literature begins before				
Warren, Colonel, slain at Drogheda				
Was She Complainin'? KEELING ..				
Washington, A Eulogy of				
Waste Not, Want Not..				
Water-eruptions				
— Fairies, The, described				
— Sherie, The, described				
Waterford election of 1826				
— King John at				
Waterloo, Irish soldiers at				
Wathers o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin'				
SKRINE ..				

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Watt, James, John			Wexford surrendered to the insurgents of Vinegar Hill	1	76
Mitchel on	6	2449	Whang and his Dream of Diamonds	GOLDSMITH.	4 1341
Waves' Legend on the			'What are owtward forms?'	BICKERSTAFF	1 187
Strand of Bala, The.	TODHUNTER.	9 3404	'hath Time Taken?'	BROWNE	1 321
Ways of War	JOHNSON	5 1699	'is a gentleman?'..	O'DONOGHUE	7 2703
We are little airy crea-			'is the Remnant?'	MAGEE	6 2292
tures	SWIFT	9 3389	'rights the brave?'	BARRY	1 149
— stood so steady	JOYCE	5 1744	'shall I give thee?'	DE VERE	3 851
— summoned not the			'sowest thou, Orion'	TYNAN-	
Silent Guest	ROCHE	8 2965	HINKSON.	9 3456	
— who are old, old			— shall we mourn?..	O'REILLY	7 2836
and gray	YEATS	9 3705	— sorrow wings	DRUMMOND.	3 930
— won't go home till			— the Stars are Made of	BALL	1 41
morning		3 1194	— we say of a thing which is just		
Wealth, Bishop Berke-			— come in fashion	GOLDSMITH.	4 1299
ley on sources of		1 178	— will you do, love?'	LOVER	6 2085
Wearin' o' the Green,			Whatever on Irish educa-		
The	STREET BAL-		tion		4 1609
LAD		9 3320	When all beside a vigil		
Wearing of the Green,			keep	DAVIS	3 828
The	CURRAN	2 767	— April rains make		
Wearing of the Green			flowers bloom	EGAN	3 1085
The	KING	5 1833	— boyhood's fire was		
Weary men, what reap			in my blood	DAVIS	3 827
Weaver Poet, The.	See ORR.		Erin first rose	DRENNAN	3 924
Wedding of the Clans,			— first I met meek		
The	DE VERE	3 860	Peggy	LOVER	5 2079
Weddings in Ireland		6 2202	— I saw thee, Kate	LANE	5 1863
Wedding-feast, A		2 534	— to this country		
Weep no more about my			a stranger I		
bed	READ	8 2924	came		8 3261
Weeping Irish, a term			— unto this town I		
for sorrow		9 3661	came	STREET BAL-	
Welcome, The	DAVIS	3 830	LAD		7 3280
We'll See About It	HALL	4 1534	— he who adores		
Wellington, Duke of.			thee'	MOORE	7 2534
See also 'He			I was young	DE VERE	3 859
said that he was			like the early rose	GRIFFIN	4 1509
not our brother.'		1 58	lovely woman		
— O'Connell on		7 2626	stoops to folly	GOLDSMITH.	4 1315
— J. W. Doyle on		3 919	my arms wrap you		
— on Irish soldiers		8 3062	round, I press	YEATS	9 3708
WELSH, CHARLES (por-			my feet have wan-		
trait)		9 vii	dered	MONSELL	7 2465
— A Glance at Ire-			on my sickly couch		
land's History		9 vii	I lay	SWIFT	9 3387
— on Oliver Gold-			Pat came over the		
smith		4 1298	hill	LOVER	6 2081
— Foreword		1 xvii	round the festive		
— on Fairy and Folk			Christmas board	M A C D E R-	
Tales		3 xvii	MOTT		6 2189
Nursery Tales		3 xviii	St. Patrick our or-		
The Red Duck		10 3779	der created	CURRAN	5 1962
'Wendell Phillips,'			this order	CURRAN	2 797
From	O'REILLY	7 2836	the breath of twi-		
Were you ever in sweet			light	RUSSELL	8 3004
Tipperary	O'DOWDERTY	7 2675	eagle shall nest		
Wesley, John, on the			in the hollow		
Irish character		8 xiv	glen'	(Irish	
West, A City in the			Rann)	HYDE	10 3841
Great	DUNRAVEN.	3 963	the time comes	ROLLESTON	8 2979
— Wild Sports of			'When you are old'	YEATS	9 3704
the'	MAXWELL	6 2411	Whene'er I see soft		
Westminster Abbey Cor-			bazel eyes	FERGUSON	3 1183
onation Chair,			with haggard eyes		
The (half-tone			I view	CANNING	2 466
engraving)		7 1717	Where Foyle his swell-		
Goldsmith on		4 1317	ing waters	TONNA	9 3428
West's Asleep, The	DAVIS	3 828			
Westward the course of					
empire takes its way	BERKELEY	1 181			
		5 1664			
We've furled the banner	TONNA	9 3430			
Wexford, County, Noted					
members for		1 130			

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Where is my chief, my master	MANGAN ... 6 2369	WILDE, LADY, A keen taken down by	9 3645
— is thy lovely perilous abode	BOYD 1 258	— on Irish superstitions	3 23
— lurk the merry elves	TODHUNTER. 9 3406	— OSCAR	9 3577
— Sugarloaf with bare	GREENE ... 4 1424	— RICHARD HENRY	9 3596
While going the road to sweet Athy	STREET BAL-LAD 8 3290	Wilderness, Irish who fell in the battle of the	6 2423
Whisky, Address of a Drunkard to a		Wilkes among the eminent actors of the eighteenth century	5 1919
Bottle of	LE FANU .. 5 1946	WILKINS, WILLIAM	9 3600
Illicit distilling of	2 541	Wilkinson, Sir Gardner, On the building of the Pyramids	9 3533
drink divine?	O'LEARY ... 7 2803	Will and shall, Confusion of	3 1062
Whisper	WYNNE ... 9 3648	— O' the Wisp (fairy and folk lore)	ANONYMOUS 3 1136
Whistling Thief, The..	LOVER ... 6 2081	William, King	9 3324
White Cockade, The..	CALLANAN ... 2 442	— of Munster. See KENEALY.	
Mr. Luke: Association to raise the price of meat formed by	7 2633	— of Orange and Sarsfield	7 2816
Whitefriars, The theater in	6 2348	WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON	9 3607
WHITESIDE, JAMES	9 3550	Willis, N. P., Description of Lady Blessington by	1 173
Whitman, Walt, on art	9 3664	WILLIS, WILLIAM GORMAN	9 3612
Whitworth, Lord, The administration of	7 2637	Willy Reilly	STREET BAL-LAD 9 3321
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?	YEATS ... 9 3706	WILSON, ROBERT A	9 3617
— fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?	INGRAM ... 5 1659	Winckelmann on Greek Art	5 1923
Whoever the youth	3 1187	‘Wind Among the Reeds, The’	YEATS ... 9 3705
Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning Ireland, The’	WARE ... 9 3544 3546, 3547	— On	MARTYN ... 6 2383
‘Why are you wandering here?’	KENNEY ... 5 1807	— on the Hills, The SHORTER	8 3127
‘Liquor of Life?’	D'ALTON ... 2 805	— that Shakes the Barley, The	JOYCE ... 5 1746
— Lord Leitrim Slammed the Door	1 241	Window Song, A	IRWIN ... 5 1676
— T' o m a s D u b h Walked	MACMANUS... 6 2254	WINGFIELD, LEWIS	9 3620
— Parnell Went into Politics	O'BRIEN ... 7 2607	Winter Evening	TYNAN-HINKSON. 9 3459
Wicklow. See Art's Lough and The Scalp		WISEMAN, CARDINAL	9 3625
— County. Beautiful scenery of	7 2532	Wit. See Humor.	
— Hugh Roe in	2 636	— and humor, Irish, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6 vii
— Hills, Beauty of the	4 1424	— of Canning	1 170
— Pock-itch raising gees near	7 2697	Witch, A Queen's County	3 1150
‘Widow Ma'Hee’	LOVER ... 6 2078	Witchcraft and Wonders. See Folk Lore.	
— Malone, The	LEVER ... 5 1999	Witches' Excursion, The	KENNEDY ... 5 1799
— Wadman's Eye	STERNE ... 8 3211	With deep affection	MAHONY ... 6 2343
Widow's Message to Her Son, The	FORRESTER. 3 1222	— heaving breast the fair-haired Eileen sang	ARMSTRONG. 1 25
Wigs worn in Ireland	9 3498	— the Wilde Geese	LAWLESS ... 5 1884
Wilberforce on Canning	1 171	Wither, George, on tribulation	9 3436
— on Grattan	4 1387	Within a budding grove	ALLINGHAM. 1 15
Wild blows the tempest on their brows	ARMSTRONG. 1 26	— the window of this white	IRWIN ... 5 1676
— Geese, The’	CASEY ... 2 573	‘Wits and Worthies, Irish’	FITZPATRICK 3 1199
— (reference)	4 1530	Witticisms, Curran's	2 798
— With the Wild	LAWLESS ... 5 1884	Witty Savings of Burke, Some Wise and	1 396
— Irish Girl, The’	MORGAN ... 7 2543	Woffington, Peg	5 1919, 2473
— Snorts of the West	MAXWELL .. 6 2411	WOLFE, CHARLES	9 3632
WILDE, LADY (SPERANZA)	9 3556	WOLSELEY, VISCOUNT, Woman of Three Cows, The	9 3636
			10 3831

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Women, Churchbuilding by Irish	1	31	Yeats, W. B., on Sir Samuel Ferguson's poetry	3	1170
— in Ireland in Penal Days	ATKINSON .	1 28	— Nora Hopper's Ballad in Prose	2	590
— in the United States, The Posi- tion of	BRYCE	1 343	— Lionel Johnson's poetry	5	1694
— of Erin, History of the Illustri- ous'	1	32	— C. J. Lever	5	1948
— Shakespeare's Por- traiture of	DOWDEN ...	3 875	— Modern Irish po- etry	3	vii
Wonder and mystery, Celtic love of		8 2974	— the poetry of G. W. Russell, "A. E."	8	2987
'Wonderful Chair, The,' (half-tone engraving) BROWNE ...	1	314	— Plays of	10	xii
Wood, William, Swift on	1	261	— Sir Horace Plunk- ett on	8	2911
'Wooden Man in Essex Street'		4 1259	Yeats', J. B., portrait of G. W. Russell, "A. E."	8	2986
Wooden Shoon, The Clang of the	MOLLOY ...	6 2458	— Portrait of Father Dineen	10	3959
Woodfall, Henry S., printer of the 'Letters of f Junius'	3	1226	— Book of Slane, The	7	2664
— Memory, on Sher- idan	3	1190	Yelverton, Barry, and Father O'Leary	7	2793
— William, Gold- smith on	4	1381	— as a Monk of the Screw	2	797; 5 1957
Woodfall's Public Ad- vertiser		3 1227	— trial, The	9	3550
Woods, Enchanted	YEATS ...	9 3679	Yes, let us speak	LARMINIE ..	5 1874
Wood's half-pence	1 261; 9	3416	Yon old house in moon- light sleeping	MULVANY ...	7 2562
Woods of Caillino, The FITZSIMON.	3 1206		Yorick, The Story of	STERNE ...	8 3213
Wood-MARTIN, W. G.	9 3640		You all know Tom Moody	CHERRY ...	2 588
'Wooring of Sheila, The' RHYS	8 2940		— and I	SULLIVAN ..	9 3340
Wooings	2	xii	— Catholics of Erin give ear unto these lines I write		8 3270
Word was brought to the Danish King	NORTON ...	7 2587	— lads that are funny	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3289
Words, The Poetry of	TRENCH ...	9 3434	— matchless nine... STREET BAL- LAD		8 3284
— The Sturdy of'	TRENCH ...	9 3434	— must be troubled, Asthore	TYNAN- HINKSON ..	9 3455
Wordsworth's influence on Sir Aubrey De Vere	3	851	— saucy south wind. WYNNE	9 3648	
Works of Sir James Ware Concerning Ire- land, The Whole' ...	WARE	9 3544	Youghal, Raleigh at		3 913
3546			Young, Arthur, on Dub- lin society		5 1918
'World of Girls, A' ...	SMITH	8 3158	— Fisher, The	Gwynn ...	4 1516
Worship of Pinchbeck Heroes, The	GOLDSMITH .	4 1338	— Ireland Meeting, A MACCARTHY.	6 2180	
Wraxall on Sheridan	3	1190	— party, The		9 xi
Wrinkles, Pockrich's recipe for banishing.	7 2701		— and literature		1 xiii
Wundlich, Professor, Work for Irish litera- ture	2	xviii	— W. B. Yeats on the poets of		3 viii
Wyndham, Lord, at the trial of Lord Santry.	7	2725	— May Moon, The	MOORE ...	7 2526
WYNNE, FRANCES	9 3648		— Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn	LOVER ...	6 2084
Y.			Your proud eyes give me their wearied splen- dor	WILKINS ...	9 3606
Ye brilliant muses	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3317	— Yusef'	BROWNE ...	1 323
— good fellows all..	DAWSON ...	3 841	Z.		
Year after year.....	SAVAGE-ARM- STRONG ..	8 3031	Zermatt, Tyndall on	9 3478	
YEATS, WILLIAM BUT- LER (portrait)	9 3651		Zeuss, the founder of Celtic studies, cited on Celtic poetry	2 xix	
— and The Rhymers' Club	5	1693	Zimmer, Professor, Work of, for Celtic Literature	2 xviii	
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii	Zoz (comic paper)	6 x	
— on William Carle- ton	2	469	Zoziman (comic paper)	6 x	
— Chan-books	3	xx	‘Zozimus’	DOWLING ..	3 887
— T. Crofton Cro- ker	2	687	Zozimus (Gleeman)	9 3685	

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 06502 457 0

